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# THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—(1.) *The Works of Ben Jonson, in nine volumes, with Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir.* By WILLIAM GIFFORD. 1816.

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WHO knows not 'rare Ben Jonson,' and his epitaph, so laconic, yet so laudatory?—Ben Jonson, the joyous reveller at the Mermaid and the Apollo, to whom Fletcher, Randolph, Herrick, offered their gayest anacreontics, and whose 'wit-combats' with Shakspeare Fuller has celebrated? There is scarcely a writer in the whole range of our literature better known to popular fame than he, and yet by how few is he read! Although the phrase, 'our two great dramatic poets, Shakspeare and Jonson,' is so common that it might be stereotyped, very little is known of the marked difference between them. The case is, the finest works of Jonson are unknown to the general reader, for who among them has read his *Epigrams*, his *Forest*, his *Underwoods*, and how very few his beautiful *Masques*? We therefore thank Mr. Bell for his little volume, which brings Jonson the poet before the public.

A long literary career was Ben Jonson's, stretching out over forty years. He was contemporary of Greene and Marlowe, and of Killigrew and Davenant, the link between the two schools—how widely different!—of our dramatic literature: he was the friend of men who had rejoiced in the destruction of the Armada, and of those who hailed the Restoration. A chequered career too, was his, illustrating, in many curious traits, the literary life of his day. We will glance at it, in connexion with his writings, and thus endeavour to bring Ben Jonson and his works pleasantly before our readers.

The little that can be ascertained of the birth and parentage of Ben Jonson is derived from his own account, as given to Drummond. From this we find that his grandfather was a native of Scotland, who, removing to Carlisle during the reign of Henry VIII., was subsequently taken into that King's service. In the 'Privy Purse Expenses,' from 1529 to 1532, we find several entries of payments to one 'John Johnson, Master of the King's barge,' for 'serving the King's highness,' and also for the rent of a house at Westminster, 'where the hennemen (pages) lye.' It is very probable that this Johnson was the grandfather of the poet. His son, we learn from the same authority, possessed a considerable estate, but that he not only forfeited it, but suffered a long imprisonment, in the reign of Mary, for his attachment to Protestantism, and on the accession of Elizabeth he became a preacher—a grave minister of the Gospel, according to Antony à Wood—a phrase which seems rather to indicate him as a devoted pastor and teacher, than as a mere 'clerk in orders.' He probably married rather late in life, as the poet seems to have been his only child; but this child he was not permitted to behold, for he died a short time before the birth of the unconscious orphan.

It was in 1573 that Benjamin Jonson was born, in Westminster, and there seems to have been some allusion to the mournful circumstances of his birth in the name—at this period a very uncommon one—that was given him; it seems to tell alike the grief of the surviving parent, and the joy she felt in her new-born child. Very little, however, is known of the mother; and from the solitary allusion Ben Jonson has made to her, she would seem to have been more remarkable for a fierce and indomitable spirit, than for the exercise of the gentler virtues. Fuller traces her, while Jonson was yet a little child, to 'Hartshorn-lane, near Charing-cross, where she married a bricklayer for her second husband.' The name of this second husband cannot be ascertained—the claim of Thomas Fowler, whom Malone and Gifford assign to her, having been disproved by the fact that he survived his third wife, who died in 1590, while Jonson's mother was undoubtedly living in 1604-5. The more important fact, however, that he treated his step-son with fatherly kindness, is, we think, well established.

The first instruction young Jonson received was, we are told, at a school at St. Martin's-in-the-fields—doubtless the free school there—and from thence he was sent to that at Westminster. Gifford, determined to assimilate the customs of the sixteenth century to those of the nineteenth, has lamented over the degradation of a clergyman's widow marrying a bricklayer, and has told

us about some friend who, pitying the poor orphan, sent him at his own expense to Westminster School. Now, had that learned critic only condescended to have looked over the records in Strype, he would have found that the clergy in the days of Elizabeth occupied a far inferior station then, and that it was from among the small farmers and inferior tradesmen that their ranks were chiefly recruited; and have learnt, too, that although, in the nineteenth century, admission to Westminster School may require both money and interest, at this time it was, according to the intention of its foundress, 'a free grammar school.' It was expressly to afford an eleemosynary education to the youth of Westminster that Elizabeth founded Westminster School, and the bricklayer's step-son was as eligible as any one else. As the illustrious Camden was second master at the time when young Jonson was sent, and as he appears among his earliest friends, it is not unlikely that Camden might have been a friend of the family, and discovering the superior abilities of the young boy, might probably suggest his being sent thither. This is, however, but conjectural. That young Jonson amply profited by the advantages he thus secured, and always retained feelings of most grateful attachment to his master, are well-known facts.

How long Jonson remained at Westminster School, or whether it was originally intended that he should be sent to college, cannot be ascertained; but that he was *not* sent to Cambridge, but was taken from his studies to learn his step-father's calling, as he himself told Drummond, is proved both by the utter absence of any allusion to his college life in all his writings, and the omission of his name in the University Register. Among the numerous conjectures of Jonson's biographers as to the age at which he quitted Westminster School, it seems rather curious that the fact, that if he worked as a bricklayer he must have been an apprentice, never occurred to them. There seems little doubt, therefore, that, at fourteen, the reluctant young scholar, who probably hoped to have gone to college, was taken from his cherished studies, and bound to his step-father to learn 'the craft, art, and mystery of a bricklayer.' We have an interesting picture given us, in a few words, by Fuller, where he tells us the future dramatist 'helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, and, having a trowel in his hand, had a book in his pocket.' But most distasteful was this drudgery; 'he could not endure the occupation,' as he told Drummond. The haughty spirit chafed at the mean employment; the daring, adventurous youth, not yet eighteen, thirsted for a more stirring life than the indentures of the apprentice would allow; so, like many another 'prentice tall' of those days, he left his trade for the 'gentlemanly profession of arms,



and flung aside the trowel to trail a pike in the Low Countries.

It is very unlikely, we think, that this was with the consent of his step-father or his mother. The character of the volunteers employed in Flanders was very low; their pay was not good, their privations were often great; and, on their return, sick or maimed, their only resource was the pass—equally the right of the wandering beggar—and the precarious benevolence of the passer-by. Indeed, to go as a man-at-arms in the days of Elizabeth, was the climax of the hard fate generally prophesied to the scapegrace of the family.

Young Jonson, however, went. As large reinforcements were sent to Ostend—then garrisoned by English troops—in 1591, Gifford supposes this was the date of his enlistment, and Ostend probably his destination. His stay was short, apparently only one campaign; but his impulsive courage displayed itself by his killing an enemy in single combat, and carrying off his spoils in the sight of the two armies, as he told Drummond, exultingly, almost thirty years after. Whatever might be the cause of his returning so soon, disgust of his profession had no share in it. He seems to have ever looked back on his campaign in Flanders with pride and pleasure, always declaring he loved the profession of arms; and many years after, in his epigram addressed ‘To True Soldiers,’ he says—

‘I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love,  
Your great profession, which I once did prove,  
And did not shame it by my actions then,  
No more than I now dare do with my pen.’

It was probably about the close of 1591 that Jonson returned to England. He was now utterly without means of subsistence. Whether his father-in-law was still living is uncertain; but those biographers who seem to think that disgust of his trade alone prevented Jonson from resuming the trowel, are all forgetful that his indentures having been broken, he really could *not* return to his calling. If, as was most probably the case, he ran away, then the hard labour and hard fare of Bridewell—name of fear to the refractory apprentice of those days—were *in terrorem* before him; and well may we believe that that fiery spirit would endure every privation rather than risk the chance of such a punishment. In truth, the young soldier was now, in the eye of the law, ‘a masterless man,’ with no employment, without means of subsistence, forming one of that large class whose increasing numbers, during Elizabeth’s reign, had so frequently awakened the anxieties of her ministers, and against whom so many stringent laws had of

late been passed. Flung thus, a waif and stray, upon society, it is really creditable to the young adventurer of eighteen that he did not join some of the many bands of gipsies whose wild wandering life offered attractions to the youth of that day almost equal to those of the merry outlaws of Sherwood, or some company of bearwards, or jugglers, or, half beggar, half bully, haunt Tower-hill, or Moorfields, with courty bow entreating the honourable gentleman 'for the loan of a peece of silver, the price of two cans of beer'—a far more lucrative trade then, it would seem, than the one he adopted—but that he joined the most reputable class of outcasts, and became 'a hireling player.'

A singular phase of literary life does the biography of our dramatic writers, in the reign of Elizabeth, unfold to us. Men herding together in mean or disreputable localities, existing literally from hand to mouth, the 'covenanted servants' of employers who had often risen from the lowest ranks as tapsters or bearwards—writers receiving the poor pittance, even in those days, of 'five shillings a weeke for the first yeaere, and six and eightpence for the seconde,' and, if honoured to compose or to alter plays, paid from three to five pounds in lingering instalments, or fifteen or twenty shillings for 'addycions;' sometimes flaunting in hat and feather, and brave cloak of 'cremysine, passimented wyth silvere,' sometimes begging the loan of a threadbare 'gowne, for all myne be in pawne;' sometimes carousing with sack and canary, or the Rhenish, so fatal to poor Greene, and then piteously praying for an advance of five shillings, to pay some necessary debt incurred for wife or child—how strange is this! But stranger still is it to remember that these men were mostly of good family, had received a university education, many authorized to write M.A. after their names, and all writers of vigorous prose, and sweetest and noblest poetry, men who have made the English drama famous for all time! And yet, what a standing was theirs! Paris Gardens raising its flag to tell that the bull-baitings were about to begin; and the Rose and the Hope theatres, hard by, raising theirs, to summon an audience to tremble at the fearful end of Faustus, to laugh with Falstaff, or to weep over the sorrows of the *Woman Killed with Kindness*, or the deeper sorrows of *Lear*. And then, when the bright days of summer came, these very writers, trudging beside the heavily-laden cart from town to town, looked upon as scarcely better than vagrants, and still sharing the popular favour with jugglers and bearwards. The bearward, with Sackerson and the well-muzzled mastiffs—the players, with Peele, Nashe, Heywood, Jonson, Shakespere, in their train—alike entering the country town, and proclaiming, with beat of drum, the entertainment each was prepared to give—the

bearward, with badge on his arm, as servant of some nobleman, the players only guarded from the stocks and tunbril by the same protection; both humbly suing permission of the worshipful mayor, ere they were allowed to amuse her Highness's liege subjects; and both sharing the largesse equally bestowed 'on ye bearewardes and ye players thys Whitsontyde.'

Can we wonder that men thus placed should have been reckless and profligate? Can we wonder at the sad fate of Greene and Marlowe, or the 'shirking life' of Nashe and Peele? The wonder is, that among these poor outcasts any one should have retained his self-respect; that some few should have been decent, striving family men; that the greatest among them should, when but just passed his middle age, have retired to his native town honoured as a worthy householder, as well as famed as our greatest dramatist; and that the chief actor of his day, Alleyn, the employer too, of so many of our foremost writers, should, in his honoured old age, have numbered nobles and prelates among his guests at 'God's Gift College,' and taken the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Donne) for his second wife. There must have been a depth of moral feeling among all classes of society in the reign of Elizabeth, which has not been sufficiently recognised, to account for this; the salt must have penetrated deeply, when we find, too, that even the most profligate among these dramatists dared not to treat morality or religion with the scorn which was considered indispensable in the days of Charles the Second, and that whatever coarseness may be found in their writings, the more serious charge of calling evil good, and good evil, cannot be brought against them.

In society such as we have just described there must have been much attraction for the young man-at-arms whose earlier years had been passed at Westminster School. Wild excitement, licence, unknown to the sober craftsman under whose roof his childhood had been fostered, Jonson had doubtless already found in camp and garrison; but here, with equal excitement, with equal freedom, were now the superadded pleasures of converse with educated and highly-gifted men. We can scarcely assign a later date than the beginning of 1592 for Jonson's introduction to the stage: and, at that time, both Greene and Marlowe were living. With them he may have revelled, perhaps quaffed with them draughts of the 'rich canary' so celebrated by him in after days; and then, Peele, Nashe, Dekker, Heywood, Shakespere, ere long became his associates. Jonson's first engagement, we are told, was at the 'Green Curtain,' near Shoreditch, an inferior theatre, but which has given its name to a locality which, through all the changes of more than two hundred and sixty years, it has

retained ; and the Curtain-road still reminds the passer-by of the spot where 'rare Ben Jonson' first trod the boards, and made his first essays in dramatic literature.

From various sources we learn that Jonson gained but little credit as an actor. His huge size, though not as yet spread out to the enormous bulk of his later years, the awkward bearing which his satirizers always ridicule, and a humour in his face—very probably resulting from insufficient diet during his sojourn in Flanders—for inveterate scurvy was one of the commonest diseases of the disbanded man-at-arms—all were against him as an actor, and all were sarcastically brought forward, years after, in the course of his bitter feud with Marston and Dekker. But even had Jonson been more favoured in person, it is very unlikely that he would have been a good actor, for we have not a single instance on record of a superior dramatic writer being so. Most probably therefore, Jonson, like most of his contemporaries, began early to write for the stage, and although still an actor, looked to his pen as his chief means of subsistence. About this time, it would seem, he married ; who his wife was, even her Christian or surname, cannot be ascertained ; she was probably of low origin, and, from the epitaph on his eldest daughter, we find she was a Roman Catholic. The marriage seems to have been an ill-assorted one ; and five years before her death, which was some time previous to 1618, he wholly separated from her. His remark to Drummond, that she was honest, but a shrew, seems to place her before us as a homely, ignorant woman, certainly all unfit to be a poet's bride.

The earliest dramatic efforts of Ben Jonson have, doubtless, like so many more of our fine early dramas, been wholly lost ; for the first work that can be definitively traced to him is *Every Man in his Humour*, as it was played with the Italian characters some time in 1596 : a play not only displaying so much talent, but such dramatic skill, that it cannot be accepted as the first-fruits of his genius. As an earlier composition, although by no means as the earliest, we should be inclined to place the comedy, published in 1609, with his name, but without his direct sanction, of *The Case is Altered*. This play, which contains some admirable writing, very much resembles those of Greene, and Greene we know was a writer upon whom many of the rising writers for the stage formed their style. As one of Jonson's earliest plays, it is deserving especial notice for the great sweetness with which the character of Rachel is delineated. Indeed, this is the *only* interesting female character to be found in the whole range of Jonson's plays. From the Green Curtain, Jonson seems to have transferred himself to the Rose, at Bankside, and to have become

'a covenanted servant' to Philip Henslowe, the 'serjeant of the Bear Garden, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, and joint shareholder in the Fortune,' whose curious diary is so valuable an illustration of the literary history of that day. From entries here, we find that *Every Man in his Humour*, called in the old manager's book *The Comedy of Humours*, was performed by Henslowe's company early in 1596. It appears to have been very successful, but we cannot ascertain the sum 'Benjemy' received for it. He was now, however, evidently one of Henslowe's regular play-writers, and, like most of his brethren, was continually receiving small sums in advance for work in hand. He was probably at this time very necessitous, for among other entries there is a loan of five shillings to him, while we never meet with his name among the purchasers of cloaks, 'sylke stockens,' cloth, or jewellery, all of which Henslowe was accustomed to supply in the regular tally-shop fashion, taking instalments of a shilling or sixpence a week, and doubtless stopping the salary if not duly paid. Indeed, from the sarcastic remark of Dekker, 'how you borrowed Roscius' (Alleyn's) cloke to be mad in,' it would seem that Jonson at this time was destitute even of the usual actor's apparel. Still, at this very time, his name, as we learn from contemporary writers, stood high, not only as a writer of comedies, but of *tragedies*; Meeres especially, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, ranking him with Marlowe, Peele, Shakespere, and some others, as 'the best in England for tragedy.' In that year, Jonson offered his amended play of *Every Man in his Humour* to the Blackfriars Theatre, where Shakespere then was; and the story which Gifford so angrily impugns of this play being on the point of rejection when Shakespere interposed in its favour—a kindness which led to the subsequent friendship between these two great dramatists—seems very probable, especially as we find that Shakespere himself took the principal character.

But ere the end of this year, Jonson became involved in a quarrel with an actor which led to serious results—a fight in Finsbury-fields, where, having killed his opponent, he was committed to prison on the charge of murder. Many have been the conjectures of Jonson's biographers, both as to who his opponent was, and what the cause of their quarrel might be. The latter is still unknown, but a letter of Henslowe, addressed to his son-in-law Alleyn, then at the Brille, in Sussex, dated September 26th, 1598, supplies specific information as to the former. 'Since you were with me,' he writes,—we do not give his spelling, which really beats all the bad spelling we ever saw,—'I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabriel (Spenser), for he is slain in Hoxton-fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson,

‘bricklayer; therefore, I would fain have a little of your counsel, ‘if I could.’ Mr. Collier, to whom we are indebted for the publication of this letter, remarks on the singular fact of Henslowe calling Jonson—although, as well as Gabriel Spenser, one of his own company,—a writer too, actually in his pay, and who, not a month before, had received, as we learn from his diary, an advance of money for a play written by himself and two others—‘a bricklayer,’ as though he really did not know who he was. But this could not be the case; more likely was it that the wary manager of the Rose, and now about to become joint proprietor of the Fortune, within sight of which, in those pleasant Finsbury-fields, the deadly encounter had taken place, dreaded the discreditable report of a fatal duel fought by *two* of his company, and therefore ignored the actor and dramatist, and rested the charge on the ‘bricklayer.’ An entry of not a month later in his diary,—evidently before Jonson could have stood his trial,—curiously illustrates this supposition: ‘Lent unto Shaw and Jewby, to lend unto Mr. Chapman on his book, and two acts of a tragedy of Benjannin’s plot, 3*l*.’ Master Henslowe well knew the low estimation in which ‘hireling players’ were held by the city authorities, and the severe punishment with which their brawls were visited; not unlikely therefore,—for he had a character to maintain, he was churchwarden of St. Saviour’s but a few years after,—he kept aloof from all reference to Jonson as one of his company, until the result of the trial should be known. This result was favourable; Jonson was acquitted, and there seems no reason to doubt that the case was, as he informed Drummond, ‘that Spenser acted dishonorably, by fighting with a sword ten inches longer than his own.’ It was during the interval between his committal and trial that Jonson, ‘taking his religion upon trust,’ as he says, turned Roman Catholic. With the remembrance of his father, and his sufferings for a purer faith, the careless manner in which Jonson relates this change seems very heartless. Twelve years afterwards, he, however, returned to the Church of England, and characteristically enough, signalized his reconciliation by drinking off the full cup of Sacramental wine. ‘Jonson did everything lustily,’ says Mr. Bell; we may add, it is to be feared, he did everything recklessly, and from the impulse of the moment, rather than from principle.

On his release from prison, Jonson returned to his former profession; and we now find his name again at full length in Henslowe’s book. His play of *Every Man out of his Humour* was brought out at the Globe early in the next year; and in the August, we find him associated with Dekker in the composition of a play, now lost, called *Page of Plymouth*. Jonson’s

fortunes were now evidently rising; he seems to have gained some friends at Court, and we find that Queen Elizabeth on one occasion honoured *Every Man out of his Humour* with her presence. There are notices of other works on which he was employed by Henslowe, and among them, one entitled *The Scots Tragedy*. This is lost, but that strange jumble of classical mythology and personal satire, *Cynthia's Revels*, still remains to us. It was acted at Blackfriars by the children of the Queen's chapel, and is chiefly deserving notice for the arrogant style in which the author speaks of himself, both in the prologue and epilogue. *His muse*, he remarks,—

‘Shuns the print of any beaten path,  
Nor hunts she after popular applause,  
Or foamy praise that drops from common jaws;  
The garland that she wears *their* hands must twine  
Who can both censure, understand, define,  
What merit is.’

Nothing like this do we ever find in Shakespeare; and in how different a spirit did Milton introduce his beautiful *Comus* to the world.

That his brother dramatists were annoyed at this assumption of superiority was very natural, and that they let him know it, was very natural too. Among these, Marston and Dekker seem to have been foremost; so in the following year, Jonson brought out his *Poetaster* with the express intention of holding them up to ridicule as Crispinus and Demetrius; and to show, also, that even

‘Virgil, Horace, and the rest  
Of these great master spirits, did not want  
Detractors then, or practisers against them.’

This wearisomely dull play, in which a Roman citizen talks of andirons and cushions for the parlour window-seats, and his wife comes in with ‘whalebone boddice’ and muff, was, however, soon after prohibited by authority, in consequence of sarcastic reflections in it upon the army and the law. With the former, Jonson soon reconciled himself; but the law was more inexorable, and it was only through the good offices of the ‘worthy master Richard Martin’ that he was saved from its visitations. The dramatists whom he had made the especial objects of his satire next took their turn, and in the *Satiromastix* everything discreditably to Jonson that could be collected was brought forward, with much bitterness, but certainly not without some humour. Gifford, who almost rages against the memory of Marston and Dekker because

of this Satire, might have remembered that it was Jonson who began the quarrel,—that if it were cruel in them ‘to depress a young writer depending on his pen for subsistence,’ it was equally cruel in him to do the same to them; and that if they did strike the hardest blows, the combatant who began the strife had only himself to thank for it. There seems, we think, little doubt, judging both from this feud and subsequent ones, that Jonson was haughty and overbearing, while his campaign in the Low Countries had rendered him both impatient of contradiction, and ready to take up any real or imaginary ground of quarrel. Indeed, his pugnacity is often referred to by himself, and he boasts of the beating he gave Marston, in addition to the figurative castigation he bestowed upon him.

Notwithstanding the open contempt he had avowed for a popular audience, Jonson still continued to write for the Rose, and the Fortune, and was still glad to receive instalments from Henslowe for work in hand. In June this year (1602) we find ‘lent unto Benjemy Jonson, in earnest of a book called *Richard Crookback*, and for new additions for *Jeronymo*, the sum of 10*l*.’ Shakespere’s *Richard* had now been more than five years before the public; it is curious, therefore, to find Jonson taking up the subject so long after. This play is lost, but the additions to *Jeronymo* have been given by Mr. Collier, in his edition of Dodsley’s *Old Plays*. During these years Jonson seems to have lived near the Fortune, for we find from the registers that an infant son was buried at St. Giles, Cripplegate, in 1599, and another in 1600, at Bishopsgate; of his infant daughter Mary, on whom he wrote that beautiful epitaph, no record has been found.

About this time Jonson seems to have formed acquaintance—probably through the introduction of Camden—with many learned men. Sir Henry Saville, Sir Robert Cotton, Selden, and perhaps Bacon, were among these. He also became a member of that celebrated club at the Mermaid, in Bread-street, which now boasted a list of illustrious names never equalled in the annals of the thousand clubs which have sprung up, flourished, and died away since then. It is highly creditable to Jonson, that he owed this companionship with the first scholars of the age to his deep and various learning. Ever, from the time when, with trowel in his hand and book in his pocket, he worked at Lincoln’s Inn, he seems to have been a hard student; and when we look back upon the wandering precarious life he had led, we are astonished at the energy with which he continued to pursue those studies which, under the auspices of Camden, he had far more favourably begun at Westminster School. This superior learning doubtless pointed him out to the notice of the Court on



the accession of James, and although the *Entertainment of the King, in passing to his Coronation*, was only partially assigned to Jonson, he 'doing' the Latin and the long speeches, while his rival, Dekker, took the larger part and most of the poetry, the graceful masque that welcomed the Queen and Prince Henry at Althorpe, and the May-day entertainment at Sir William Cornwallis's, at Highgate, were both his composition. But about this time a deep sorrow overwhelmed him, in the loss of his eldest son, by the plague; and the grief-stricken father recorded his irreparable loss in those beautiful lines, beginning—

'Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;  
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;  
Seven years thou wert lent to me—I thee pay,  
Exacted by thy<sup>9</sup> fate, on the just day.'

He seems now to have removed to Blackfriars, and as we soon after find notices of his library—which subsequently became very large and valuable—he must have been relieved from the pressure of immediate want. He still, however, continued writing for the stage, and produced *Sejanus*, the first of his tragedies which has been preserved to us. This met with violent opposition, and it was withdrawn. The following year Jonson was involved in greater difficulties. In conjunction with Chapman and Marston, —with whom he was now reconciled—he brought out that admirable comedy of old London manners, *Eastward Ho*, which is especially deserving of notice as the source from whence Hogarth derived the outline of his powerful series, the 'Idle and Industrious Apprentices.' In this there was a passage which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch, and James, with an arbitrariness which must have startled the nation, sent Chapman and Marston forthwith to prison. Jonson, feeling himself equally responsible, though not included, nobly accompanied them. It was reported that the favourite punishments of the Stuart dynasty, ear-cutting and nose-slitting, were to be the penalties, but Jonson had friends at court, and on due submission, and the expunging of the obnoxious passage, the luckless playwrights were set free. On his liberation Jonson gave a banquet, at which his aged mother was present, who, drinking to her son, showed him a paper of poison which she had prepared to mix in his wine, and to take herself, if the threatened sentence had been inflicted. Fortunately, as Mr. Bell remarks, 'the fierce 'old lady was spared the tragedy she contemplated, but the anecdote is curious, as revealing the source from whence Jonson 'derived his hot blood and indomitable spirit.' It is curious to find that, notwithstanding this narrow escape, Chapman and

Jonson, not much above a year after, were again imprisoned for some personal reflections in a play. The nature of these is not known, nor even the name of the play, but Jonson's admirable letter to the Earl of Salisbury, inserted in Gifford's life, seems to hint that the licence taken by the players with the text was the cause, for he urges—'My noble lord, they deal not charitably who are witty in another man's works, and utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words.' He therefore prays 'to be examined by all my works, past and present, and not trust to rumour, but my books.' His application was successful, and soon after we find him again in favour at court, and commissioned to prepare the *Masque of Blackness* for the Queen against twelfth-night, 1605. In this year he brought out *Volpone*, which met a more fortunate fate than Jonson's earlier plays, and the following Christmas he was again engaged at Whitehall, where he produced his *Masque of Hymen*, in honour of the ill-starred marriage of the boy-Earl of Essex, and the already profligate girl, the Lady Frances Howard. The poet was no prophet, but his masque excited great admiration, while his learned allusions and learned notes not improbably introduced him to the notice of the King. The preface to the first edition of this masque curiously illustrates Jonson's pride in recondite learning. 'Howsoever,' he says, 'some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning, and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little (or, let me not wrong them), no brain at all, is superfluous; I am contented these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes, where, perhaps, a few Italian herbs picked up and made into a sallad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.' The sarcasm of 'a few Italian herbs,' is evidently levelled at the former writers of the court masques, Drayton and Daniel, both excellent Italian scholars; but Italian literature seems to have been viewed with a strange contempt by the pupil of Camden, and the friend of Sir Robert Cotton, and Selden.

From this time Jonson appears to have been duly recognised as 'the court poet,' and to have passed his time chiefly at Whitehall, or in visiting the houses of the nobility. And a joyous life he there led; while his former associates, Shakespere excepted, were still striving hard, even for bread; Massinger earnestly imploring Alleyn for the loan of a few pounds, and Dekker sending grateful letters from the King's Bench Prison, acknowledging the kind manager's aid. We cannot see that there was any superior prudence, or aught of higher principle, in Jonson, thus to raise

him above them, but he was singularly adapted for the station. It is true that the roughness of the man-at-arms who had trailed a pike in Flanders, and the love of licence, the recklessness of the wandering player, were with him to the last, and woe to the silken gallant, even within the verge of the court, who dared the thrust of that rude and ready hand. Strange, too, must he have looked among the favourites of James with their gorgeous dress and almost feminine beauty—that huge, unwieldy man, scarred, coarse-featured, shaggy-eyebrowed, with loud voice and louder laugh, and almost Spartan scorn of rich clothing. But there were qualities in that rude, rough-looking man, that made him welcome to them all. He could discourse right learnedly upon witchcraft, with chapter and verse from Lucan, and Apuleius, down to ‘Cornelius Agrippa, Bodin, Remigius and Delrio,’ for the delectation of the ‘high and mighty King James;’ he could ridicule puritanism in its every form, for the solace of the mitre-wearing and mitre-expectant church dignitaries; he could soothe with gracefullest compliments and sweetest verse the fair Court ladies; he could join in riotous carousals, and quaff off goblet after goblet of canary with the deepest drinkers of a Court disgracefully renowned for drunkenness and riot; and yet he could charm by his witching converse and learned discourse, Donne, Selden, Bacon, and gather around him the rising scholarship of a learned age, all anxious to be called his sons, and in their whimsical phrase, ‘to be sealed of the tribe of Benjamin.’ No wonder that, once established at Court, he maintained his place there until sickness, and premature old age compelled him to retire.

It would be occupying our space with merely a long catalogue of titles were we to specify in order all Ben Jonson’s subsequent productions; his plays, among which the *Alchemist* is conspicuous, his beautiful *Masques*, and his *Epigrams*—a kind of anthology, rather—and his *Forest*, that earlier collection of his poems, published with his other works in the folio of 1616. In the *Epigrams* and the *Forest* we meet with many tributes to his personal friends which are highly creditable to his friendship and his gratitude. To the earliest fosterer of his genius,—

‘Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe  
All that I am in arts, all that I know—’

he has addressed a noble outpouring of grateful veneration, worthy alike of the master and the scholar. To ‘Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each muse,’ his tribute is remarkably graceful. Beaumont receives an admiring homage which proves how far Jonson was above all mean jealousy; while a graceful

copy of verses to Alleyn, who probably had often befriended him while a struggling writer for the Rose and the Fortune, celebrates his worth and his talents, and bids him,

- ‘Wear this renown, ’tis just, that who did give  
So many poets life, by one should live.’

The year that witnessed the publication of his earlier works was a sorrowful one to Jonson, for during 1616 he lost both Beaumont and Shakespere,—Beaumont, so long his pleasant associate at the Mermaid, and who celebrated so joyously with him ‘the rich canary,’ and his ‘gentle Shakespere,’ whose wit combats with him after those merry suppers Fuller has so graphically painted. Ben must have felt that the light and glory of that supper-table was indeed dimmed; and we cannot but think that these sad recollections, to which ere long were added those of other cherished friends, induced him eventually to give up the meetings at the Mermaid, and establish his own club, the Apollo.

It is worth while, especially remembering the extravagantly paradoxical conjecture which has lately been offered with regard to the authorship of Shakespere’s plays, to refer to Jonson’s noble and heartfelt tribute,—‘To the memory of my beloved master, William Shakespere, and what he has left us.’ In this, which is far too long to insert, not only is Shakespere as a *dramatist*, placed above Lyly and Marlowe, but—

‘all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.’

And then he continues,—

‘Look, how the father’s face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespere’s mind, and manners brightly shines,  
In his well turned, and well filed lines.’

Now Jonson was intimately acquainted with Shakespere, and being a writer for the stage too, was as well acquainted with the authorship, or joint-authorship, of all the plays brought forth during the last twenty years, as any dramatist in London; and yet he never hints a doubt of the *complete* authorship of the plays attributed to Shakespere. Jonson, too, knew Bacon, to whom these plays have been so extravagantly assigned; he had conversed with him, had sat at his table, and with his keen observation must have detected some hints of the well-kept secret. But no idea, save that Shakespere really did write the plays contained in Hemming’s and Condell’s folio, seems ever to have

occurred to his brother dramatist's mind, and he concludes his noble eulogy thus:—

‘Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,  
Which, since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,  
And, despairs day, but for thy volumes' light.’

In the summer of 1618, Jonson undertook his well-known journey into Scotland, on foot,—a singular mode of travelling in those days, when every man was an equestrian. Perhaps it was to ‘gather humours’ among the country folk,—perhaps among the gipsies too, for we find him *au fait* in the gipsy slang on his return, when he wrote the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*. However that might be, we find he arrived safely in Scotland, was feasted and honoured; and after paying a final visit to Drummond of Hawthornden, returned to London. The curious record which Drummond kept of this visit has been most furiously attacked by Gifford, who, with rabid bitterness, denounces ‘the bird of prey, striking at the noble quarry before him.’ Now, it is really difficult to perceive what crime against private friendship or public morals Drummond committed by merely noting down the conversations of a man not only standing very high in the world of letters, but the associate of nearly every celebrity of his day. The nonsense that Gifford sets down about ‘no qualifying word, no introductory or explanatory line,’ might have some meaning had the Scotch poet—like so many of our transatlantic cousins—taken notes with the specific purpose of publishing a goodly volume of ‘pencilings;’ but Drummond obviously noted down Jonson's remarks solely for his own private use. These were kept in manuscript until his death, and even an abridgment of them never saw the light until nearly a century after. Now when we remember that Drummond was a poet, and a scholar, far removed from literary society, and destitute of those helps to information which the periodical literature of the present day, in some measure, though imperfectly, supplies, what could be more natural than that after each colloquy he should, instead of trusting to memory, have fixed those recollections in writing for his own private use.’ Many of Jonson's remarks, thus preserved, are certainly bitter and sarcastic; but we have ample proof in his dedications and epigrams that he could be bitter enough. All his remarks, however, are not so; he gives unqualified praise to many, and though he speaks slightly of Sidney's *Arcadia*, and remarks that neither Spenser's ‘stanza or subject pleased him,’ what was this but a mere difference of taste and feeling, natural enough in a poet whose reverence for the

classics almost incapacitated him from forming a correct judgment of the more imaginative poets of modern times?

More than all beside, Drummond's general notes on Jonson's character excite Gifford's fury; but character-drawing was rather a favourite pursuit of the literary men of that day, and to be worth anything it must preserve the shadows as well as the lights. Now, that Jonson 'was a great lover and praiser of himself,' that he was jealous and irritable, even that 'drink is one of the elements in which he lives,' are assertions all fully borne out by his own testimony. Drummond could not but see all these, but if he noted them down, it was not to taunt his guest, or to expose him; he kept them,—like the notes of Jonson's criticisms,—but as private memoranda. That Jonson had always rejected 'thin potations,' and addicted himself to the rich and luscious Canary, which he tells us—

'Had Horace or Anacreon tasted,  
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted,'

is one of the most well-known facts of his history. He has not confessed to an equal devotion to the pleasures of the table, but we think both his poems and plays bear very suspicious indications of a truly aldermanic love of good cheer. How lusciously he goes over the list of Christmas dainties in his *Masques*; and in his poem of *Penshurst*, how he celebrates the 'purpled pheasant,' and the 'painted partridge,' not as adding new charms to a scene of sylvan loveliness, but because they are 'willing to be killed!' while the 'fat, aged carps run into the net,' and the pike and 'bright eels'

'leap on land,  
Before the fisher, or into his hand.'

Indeed, we fear that 'rare Ben Jonson,' in spite of his nobler qualities, too greatly resembled in his lower tastes his own Sir Epicure Mammon.

Too soon did the life-enjoying poet find in his unwieldy bulk and decaying strength that the penalties of excess will be exacted from the most gifted, even as from the meanest. There is a pathos in the graceful lines referring to some love passage which ended in the lady's refusal, and sent after his return from Scotland to Drummond, which sadly tells the regrets of the poet, who had—

'Squandered his whole summer while 'twas May,'

and now, though numbering only forty-seven years, already felt

the approach of old age. 'I now think Love is rather deaf than blind,' he sadly says, 'that she,

'Who I so much adore should so slight me;  
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,  
And every close did meet  
In numbers of as subtle feet,  
As hath the youngest he  
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.'

But then, 'his conscious fears' tell him of his huge size, his 'rocky face,' and his 'hundreds of grey hairs;' no wonder that—

'All these thro' her eyes have stopt her cars.'

Jonson, however, in true Anacreontic mood, did not suffer himself long to brood over his disappointment. He was heartily welcomed on his return from Scotland by his court friends, and there were still the gallant suppers, still the rich canary; and there were fair court dames too, Celia, Chloe, Charis, to receive the gay homage of his exquisite verse. So he spent the summer attending the King in his progress, providing the masque for the Christmas entertainment, and joined in the joyous celebration at York House of the sixtieth birthday of that great man whom he addressed in these lines, which so soon after must have sounded like a bitter mockery,—

'England's high Chancellor, the destined heir,  
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.'

But Jonson, although a court poet, was no servile courtier; we find that he deeply lamented Bacon's downfall, and nobly did he pronounce his eulogy when all his court friends had abandoned him. 'My conceit of his person was never increased toward him 'by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him for 'the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed 'to me ever, by his works, one of the greatest of men, and most 'worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages.'

Meanwhile the King continued his favour toward him, and appointed him laureate; and in 1621, Jonson having produced the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, both James and the favourite were so pleased—not with the exquisite poetry, for that was far beyond their comprehension, but with the coarse compliments paid to each in gipsy dialect, that the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels was conferred upon him, and the King, in the exuberance of his royal largesse, further proposed to bestow

the honour of knighthood. 'The poet 'scaped this honour narrowly,' says a court gossip, 'but his Majesty would have done it, 'had there not been means made (himself not unwilling) to avoid 'it.' Happily, this rejection of what James seems to have considered as one of his choicest favours, did not interrupt the friendly intercourse of the King with his laureate, who about this time was engaged in the very congenial task of establishing a new club at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, afterwards so well known by its title of 'the Apollo.'

Jonson now resided near Temple Bar, so the locality must have been extremely convenient, and hither he summoned his still remaining associates from the Mermaid—among them Herrick, that true son of the joyous poet,—together with a company of rising young singers, Carew and Randolph, both early cut off, Suckling, the royalist poet, Waller, so well known in after years, and many young scholars—Kenelm Digby, with his wild fancies, Master Edward Hyde, afterwards better known as Lord Clarendon, and Lucius Cary, still better known as Lord Falkland. Hither were they summoned by their president in those playful verses, so overflowing with joyous merriment—

'Welcome all who lead or follow  
To the Oracle of Apollo—  
Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
Or the tripes, his tower bottle :  
All his answers are divine,  
Truth itself doth flow in wine.'

And the unconscious poet, despite of indications of incipient dropsy,—he has told us in two lively poems that his weight at this time wanted only two pounds of twenty stone,—still continued one of the gayest at court, and once more offered sweetest homage to some fair court lady, whom he celebrates in most exquisite verse as Charis :—

'Let it not your wonder move,  
Less your laughter, that I love.  
Tho' I now write fifty years,  
I have had, and have my peers ;—  
Poets, tho' divine, are men,  
Some have loved as old agen.'

Alas ! evil days were at hand for the poet who sang with such joyous abandonment, for the gay reveller, who, like so many of his brother dramatists,

'Would not think of wintry age.'



In March, 1625, James, his liberal patron, died, and ere the close of that year Jonson was stricken down by paralysis, and lay helpless as a child.\* If his brain was at the first affected, this, the severest of visitations, certainly was soon removed, for he wrote an anti-masque for the court the following year, and several of the pieces contained in the *Underwoods* seem to have been written soon after. But that his bodily infirmities continued, we have the testimony of his petition to Lord Weston, early in 1631, where, in a strain of mournful pleasantry, more topeeling than clamorous lamentation, he says:—

‘Disease, the enemy, and his engineers,  
Want, with the rest of his concealed compeers,  
Have cast a trench about me now five years.

‘My muse lies blocked up, straitened, narrowed in,  
Fixed to the bed, and boards, unlike to win  
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been;’—

and he therefore prays the King’s charitable aid, since it would be

‘To relieve, no less renown,  
A bedrid wit, than a besieged town.’

To this petition we find the King responding by a liberal gift; and also by raising the laureate’s salary from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds. But Charles, although he was afterwards taunted with ‘studying Ben Jonson’s plays more than the Bible,’ certainly never displayed the partiality toward him shown by his father. The rough *bonhomie* of the laureate, which James could appreciate, though he could not his sweet poetry, and which he liked in all about him, must have been most distasteful to the cold and stately Charles; while the Queen, true to the mission for which, as we now learn from her lately-published letters, she had been so expressly prepared, was not likely to look favourably upon one who had given up the Romish faith for the Protestant, even if she had possessed knowledge enough of the language, or taste enough, to have duly estimated Jonson’s merits. Thus, one

\* About the same time, but the exact date cannot be ascertained, Jonson seems to have met with that sad calamity, the loss of a great portion of his library by fire, together with many of his unfinished works. It seems likely that this was the cause of his removal to Westminster, to ‘the house under which you pass to go out of the churchyard into the old palace,’ as Aubrey says, and where he died. He appears to have survived all his children; but it is probable that he married a second time, for in the register of Cripplegate church there is an entry of the marriage of ‘Ben Jonson and Hester Hopkins,’ in 1623. The female attendant to whom Aubrey also alludes, was therefore most probably his unacknowledged wife.

source, apparently a very lucrative one, of emolument arising from composing the court masques, was withheld from the needy poet, and thus, the year before this application to Lord Weston, he had again sought relief by writing the *New Inn*; which was produced at Blackfriars in 1630. Although in his epilogue he pathetically acknowledges that 'the maker is sick and sad,' and that if aught is wrong,—

'All that his faint and faltering tongue doth crave,  
Is that you not impute it to his brain;  
'That's yet unhurt, altho' set round with pain,  
It cannot hold out long,'

yet, for some cause that we cannot decipher, it was driven from the stage, and the author abused in the most virulent terms. We think some political feeling must have been the cause of this; and that Jonson, who had already rendered himself most obnoxious to the opponents of the Stuarts, especially the Puritans, whom, in the *Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*, he had so bitterly held up to ridicule, might have been suspected as the writer of some high Government pamphlets, or perhaps to be a Jesuit in disguise—a suspicion almost to be pardoned when we read the disgraceful flattery bestowed by his servile muse upon the Queen, especially that almost blasphemous address to her of 'Hail Mary full of grace,' which had just appeared. These compliments, however, were perhaps not without their influence upon the vain Henrietta Maria, for we find the following Christmas that Jonson was commanded to prepare two masques; these were *Love's Triumph through Callipolis* and *Chloridia*, both far inferior to his earlier productions, but important in connexion with his bitter quarrel with Inigo Jones.

On many former occasions Jones had been Jonson's co-adjutor, and the prefaces of the earlier masques frequently compliment the architect on the taste and ingenuity with which he adapted the intricate machinery to the demands of the subject. Indeed, Jonson, so far as we can judge from the testimony of his pen, always did honour to the skill and ability of Inigo Jones. On this occasion we find that offence was taken in consequence of Jonson's name being placed first on the title-page of the printed copies. We might scarcely have believed that so proper an arrangement of the names could have awakened Jones's hostility, were it not expressly stated so in a letter of Mr. Pory. In what way Jones expressed his anger we know not, but the fierce old poet, who, in his youthful days had so fatally measured swords with his opponent, and had subsequently so fiercely

attacked Marston and Dekker, now aroused himself for a combat *à l'outrance* with—

‘Master Surveyor, you that first began  
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man  
You are: from them leaped forth an architect,  
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct  
Both him and Archimede,’

and with the bitterest scorn he goes on to denounce those ‘shows, shows, mighty shows,’—the ‘mythology painted on slit deal,’—‘the new priming of the old sign-posts,’—everything that could irritate and annoy him professionally; while in the appended ‘epigram,’ in which he pretends to hear that Inigo is fearful of his satire, he concentrates his bitterness into these withering lines:—

‘Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain,  
Thou’rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:—  
The Libyan lion hunts not butterflies;  
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.  
If thou be so desirous to be read,  
Look out some hungry painter, who for bread,  
With rotten chalk, or coal, upon the wall,  
Will well design thee to be viewed of all,  
Thy forehead is too narrow for *my* brand.’

Poor Jonson! if he had the best in the contest, he had the worst in the result; for we find from the before-quoted letter, which is dated 1632, that ‘Ben Jonson is discarded (for the ‘masque’) by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, ‘Inigo Jones, whom Ben has made the subject of a bitter satire ‘or two.’

Never again was the author of the most beautiful court masques ever written, called upon, one Aurelian Townsend superseded him, and Jonson was again compelled, by his necessities, to resort to the drama. The following year he produced the *Magnetic Lady*, and soon after the *Tale of a Tub*—the last, curious for the picture it gives of the environs of old London, with the almost impassable road to Kentish-town, the bridal procession across the lone fields to Pancras church, and Tottenham Court, a complete country manor-house, although within sight of Whitehall. A passing gleam of royal favour seems to have enlivened the aged poet just now, for we find that this play was performed at Court in January, 1634, the part ridiculing Inigo Jones in the puppet-show being of course suppressed. But the play was coldly received; indeed, the King and Queen could scarcely have been expected to feel much interest in the ‘humours’ of mere clowns, who, although inhabitants of ‘Finsbury Hun-

dred,' are strangely represented as using a kind of Somersetshire dialect. With this ineffectual attempt to regain court favour, Jonson's public life closed. His infirmities and his necessities were now fast increasing, and, although it is gratifying to find that his 'sons' gathered round him with reverential homage, still they were able to offer little more than the tribute of their love. The Earl of Newcastle, soon after so well known in the parliamentary war, had, however, long been his friend, and now in his utmost need most liberally relieved him. For this kind patron, Jonson's latest masque, *Love's Welcome at Welbeck*, was written, and the letter accompanying it sadly refers to 'your lordship's 'timely gratuity,—I style it such, for it fell like the dew of 'heaven on my necessities.'

Ben Jonson's work was now almost done, though he lingered two years longer. His unfinished *Sail Shepherd* is said to have been the latest effort of that muse which, for more than forty years, had sung so sweetly; but when we are told by Isaac Walton of the deep sorrow and contrition, even horror, he expressed to Dr. Duppa, 'for profaning Scripture in his plays,' we should be inclined to place those two fine hymns which stand first in his *Underwoods* as his last effort. Stricken now by a second attack of paralysis, unable to move, awaiting the slow, but certain approach of death, how solemn is this prayer,—

'O! holy, blessed, glorious Trinity  
Of persons, still one God in unity,  
The faithful man's believed mystery,  
Help, help to lift

Myself to Thee; harrowed, and torn, and bruised  
By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused,  
As my heart lies in pieces all confused,

O take my gift!

\* \* \* \* \*

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!  
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire  
With grace, with love, with cherishing entire,

O then how blest!

Among thy saints elected to abide,  
And with thy angels placèd side by side,  
But in thy presence truly glorified,

Shall I there rest?\*

Who can doubt that this earnest cry 'out of the depths' of a broken heart was heard? And thus Ben Jonson, no longer the reckless voluptuary, no longer the haughty, overbearing scholar,

\* We can only insert the first and last verses of this fine hymn, *The Sinner's Sacrifice*, but to do it full justice it ought to be read as a whole.

humbly awaited his release, which at length came on the 6th of August, 1637. He was interred in Westminster Abbey on the 9th, and subscriptions were collected for a fitting monument; but the parliamentary strife prevented its erection, and thus the four words, which Aubrey tells us 'Jack Young,' half in jest, half in earnest, directed the mason to cut upon the stone which covered his grave, have been his sole sepulchral memorial. The customary tributes in verse, which celebrated the memory of the departed poet in those days, were, however, duly paid, and a collection of elegies, under the title of *Jonsonus Virginius*, appeared shortly after his death. The second folio of his works, containing his later plays, and his *Underwoods*, was also published some time after his death; but it is very probable that many of his smaller pieces have been lost.

The popular fame of Ben Jonson rests almost exclusively on his dramatic works, and it is to these that his critics have devoted their chief attention. We are not surprised at this, for his poems, more than his plays, belong to our earlier school of poetry, and his masques even more to that imaginative age, which, ere the close of the reign of James, was rapidly passing away, to be succeeded by those days of strife and conflict, and those again by that long songless interval, during which all our finest poetry lay forgotten as though it had never been. But during all this time Jonson's plays held their place; chiefly, we think, owing to the *prestige* of his learning, for among the critics of those days who condescended to glance at almost despised Shakespere, his 'small Latin and less Greek' was sure to be alluded to, and apologetically offered by the 'finger-counting' wise-heads as an excuse for his shocking violation of 'the unities,' which, as Buckingham observes, 'give plays so great a grace.' Nor can we wonder that, side by side with the miserable rant of Southern, and the vapid platitudes of Rowe, the scholar triumphantly pointed to the 'weighty bullion' of 'learned Jonson's' lines; still less shall we wonder that, side by side with the gross immorality of Congreve and Wycherley, Jonson, though the teacher of a very commonplace code of morals, should have been viewed as a great moral dramatist. Thus, during the long eclipse of our early dramatic writers, Jonson became the great object of interest to critics, who placed him on the same high eminence with Shakespere—indeed, we believe, would willingly have placed Jonson actually above him.

By the critic of the present day, Jonson must be tried by a more enlarged standard. His fellow dramatists are now resuscitated, and Jonson must no longer be compared with Rowe and Southern, with Congreve and Wycherley,—not even with

Dryden, but with Greene and Marlowe, with Heywood, Chapman, Dekker, Webster,—those fine, though unequal writers, inferior to none, save Shakespere. Now, when we turn over Jonson's plays, the first peculiarity that strikes us is the extreme scantiness of the story. What long prose tales will most of Shakespere's plays make; so will Greene's and Peele's. Marston, and Dekker, and Middleton, too, crowd incidents enough into theirs to have furnished Jonson with three or four. Now, take the plot of perhaps the most popular, and certainly the best known, of Ben Jonson's plays, *Every Man in his Humour*. The careful father receives a letter intended for his son, and fearing, from its contents, that he has fallen into bad company, determines to watch him. In the course of his journey from his country-house at Hoxton to the Old Jewry, he meets with several persons whose 'humours' are very amusingly painted,—Bobadil, with his blustering cowardice, and the pair of fools, Master Stephen and Master Matthew, and Kiteley, jealous without a cause, and then reconciled to his wife without a reason, and the rest; all admirably drawn indeed, but none helping to tell any story; and at length, after a game of cross purposes at the water carrier's house, all finishing with a good supper at merry Justice Clements'. Now, in this case the poverty of the plot may be passed over for the sake of the admirable variety of characters and the no less admirable dialogue; but when in the companion play, *Every Man out of his Humour*, we find quite as little incident, while the characters are no longer such 'solid flesh and blood' as Kiteley, Bobadil, Cob, and Master Stephen, but faintest abstractions,—'Puntarolfo a vain-glorious knight;' 'Fastidious Brisk, a neat, spruce, affecting courtier;' 'Sogliardo, an essential clown, enamoured of the name of gentleman,'—we wonder that even a courtly audience could ever have patiently sat it out.

Jonson, however, seems to have considered it as a matter of boast that, unlike his brother playwrights, he 'did not go begging for his plots.' With his apparently scanty powers of invention, we may wish that he had. Certainly in this respect he offers a marked contrast, not only to Heywood, Marston, Dekker, writers for whom he openly professed his contempt, but to Shakespere, and those dramatists too, who perhaps approach nearest his own style—Beaumont and Fletcher. Now, closely connected with this deficiency of incident, is the feeble interest his plays excite. His characters do little more than pass with a fitting speech or two before us, for we have not time to get acquainted with them, and there is nothing in the circumstances of their introduction to awaken our sympathy. How, indeed, can our feelings be aroused, save by a connected story? But, of

all the dramatists of that day, Jonson the least appeals to our feelings; and in this respect he appears rather as the precursor of the Davenants and Killigrews of the Restoration, than as belonging to the great writers of his own age. How overflowing are these in deep and gentle pathos, how heartfelt their exhibition of the domestic affections, too; how fine those bursts of feeling in Chapman that sometimes startle us in the midst of a dull scene; those depths sounded by Webster in his *Duchess of Malfy*; those touches, careless often, but so true to nature, which meet us in Dekker's homely plays; above all, the pathos of those unsurpassed last scenes of Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*! Now there is nought of all this in Jonson,—anxious father, loving mother, children dutiful and kind, brotherly affection, married faith and constancy,—not one exemplification of even one of these do we find in the whole catalogue of his plays.

This brings to our notice another singular peculiarity of Jonson's plays,—the very subordinate part women take in them, and their utterly uninteresting characters. It is mere ignorance to talk, as some of his critics have, of the absence of women from the stage being the reason; for Shakespeare, as well as every other dramatic writer, laboured under the same disadvantage, and yet the earlier drama presents types of noble womanhood—together, we allow, with many of a very different class—which the drama of the Restoration never could show. But while female characters are abundant in the plays of his contemporaries, Jonson only introduces one or two, to carry on the conversation, or to supply the necessary number of wives; whose portions, not whose merits, are to reward the bold adventurers. Indeed, in the whole range of his plays, Rachel, as we have remarked, is the only female that awakens the least interest; the rest are homely housewives and silly girls but just set free from the nursery, or ridiculous fine ladies and cunning hypocrites—a kind of coarser Becky Sharps—or bold, shameless women, for whom we feel that the carting and the stripes, and the harsh discipline of Bridewell in the sixteenth century, were the only punishments available for vice so utterly ingrained. How passing strange that such should be the representations of womanhood by the poet who has bequeathed us some of the most graceful love-songs in our language!—the laureate who feasted the court beauties with such exquisite verse, with homage so choice and refined!

But Jonson was evidently unable to paint the gentler virtues; and he seems to have been equally unable to paint high and

heroic virtue. Perhaps a deficiency of deep feeling was the cause of both; but in this respect also he stands almost alone among his contemporaries. Not only do we find nothing approaching to a hero among his characters, but heroic self-denial, patient self-negation, virtues which often invest the homely characters of Heywood especially, but also of Dekker and Chapman, with a kindly interest, never illumine the dark scenes of trickery and coarse vice which he almost exclusively presents. It may, however, be said, why seek for these? Jonson was not a painter of the high and heroic, of the pure and the good, he was the dramatic satirist of the evils of his age, the stern exhibitor of knavery, vice, and folly. Be it so; but then never let the names of Shakspeare and Jonson be conjoined again, the one making all human nature his own, the other only a portion, and that too often the vicious and the degraded. Be it so, that Jonson's characters are thus repulsive, still, even from among such, his fellow-dramatists could raise up a human interest. Ford's *Witch*, repulsive as she is, still excites our compassion by her desolate wretchedness; while Massinger's *Sin Giles Overreach*, in the wild abandonment of his horror when he sees the obliterated parchments, rises into tragic grandeur, and we forget the cruel usurer in the crushed wretch before us. Now, in *Volpone* and the *Alchemist*, and Jonson's other plays, none of the ruined knaves and dupes awaken even the faintest pity.

Of Jonson's two tragedies, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, we need scarcely remark that they are too coldly classical to be tragedies in anything beside the name. Whole pages of stately declamation adapted from the Latin classics, and interminable speeches—especially in the latter, where Cicero actually goes on for eight octavo pages, with only two short interruptions—might meet the approval of Jonson's learned friends, but we cannot be surprised that the crowds who flocked to the Globe and the Fortune turned coldly from such tragedies, although they welcomed the *Julius Cæsar* of Shakspeare. Would that a copy of Jonson's *Richard Crookback*—for which, and the 'addycions' to *Jeronymo*, Henslowe paid him the ten pounds—could be discovered; for then we might see whether he always wore his 'learned sock,' or whether, in earlier days, he was content to write naturally, and, therefore, with feeling. We are half inclined to think this was the case, for, singularly enough, his 'addycions to *Jeronymo*'—called subsequently the *Spanish Tragedy*—display far more pathos, and even power, than anything to be met with in his plays. The finest scene, which is a long one, is where the bereft



father gives his wild directions to the painter to paint the whole progress of the story to his cutting down the dead body of his son, and then 'you may show a passion';—

'Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,  
Make me well again. In the end leave me  
In a trance, and so forth.'

And when the painter asks, 'And is this the end?' the heart-broken reply,—

'O no, there is no end, the end is madness,—  
And I am never better than when I am mad;  
Then, methinks, I am a brave fellow, aye,  
Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me,'

reminds us of *Lear* in its wild incoherence.

But Jonson, whether from natural disinclination, or whether from a determination to strike out in a different path from that of his associates whom he so loftily despised, soon chose out another walk, and became, as Gifford truly says, 'the painter of humours, not of passions.' From thenceforth his failure as a popular dramatist was inevitable; for men engaged in everyday life demanded scenes drawn from actual, if not from everyday life, and characters that felt and spoke—kings and great men though they might be—as they themselves had felt and spoken in the depths of their grief, or the overflowings of their joy. The plays of the greatest poet the world ever saw were intelligible enough to them; but these careful studies of mere peculiarities of character, however accurately delineated, what were they but pieces of curious mechanism, not so interesting as a puppet-show. But with a very different feeling did Jonson's learned friends view these studies. The study of 'humours' was to them a classical pastime, while the very distaste for these plays evinced by the *profanum vulgus* was sufficient to ensure for them a favourable reception by scholars.

We think it very likely that Jonson soon discovered that his taste lay in a different direction to dramatic writing. Surely the poet who, in the midst of the dull inanities of *Cynthia's Revels*, burst forth into those two exquisite lyrics, Echo's song, with its delicious dying cadence, and that stately invocation,—

'Queen, and huntress, chaste as fair,'

must have felt that his true calling was song. And we think it was the strong impulse of his genius, no less than his feuds with Marston and Dekker, that led him to desire so anxiously to 'leave the loathed stage.' Still, he did not leave it until he left off all other writing; and curious is it to find the arrogant poet

abusing the actors, abusing the public taste, openly expressing his disgust at his task, and yet producing his finest plays. Many of these—much as we may wish that Jonson had chosen more interesting characters—are undoubtedly very fine. There is much skill in their construction, and much fine writing. Very skilfully, too, are the characters contrasted and balanced; indeed, among our second class of dramatic writers we should place Jonson very high. What variety of character do his pictures of the lower classes exhibit, what vivid painting and grouping of the rude and too often disreputable men among whom Jonson often mingled, joining in their boisterous merriment and pledging them from the ale-can as heartily as he pledged his courtly friends from the silver wine-cup or the tall Venice glass! How are these painted with the spirit and minuteness of Hogarth!—only he, endowed with finer feeling, would have given some touch of nature, some redeeming trait, even amidst a scene of low profligacy. And then, what enamel-like pictures we have of vain and silly court ladies, and dainty court gentlemen—the Brummels of their day—in all their bravery of carnation doublet and embroidered cloak, Italian cut-work band, and ruffled boots; ‘tasting’ their tobacco during each pause of their infinitesimal small-talk; and then those minute varieties of fools and ‘gulls,’ too, with which James the First’s age especially abounded!

Ere passing from Jonson’s plays, we may remark on the credit bestowed upon him by every critic down to Gifford, of being emphatically a *moral* writer. Now although, as compared with the dramatists of the Restoration, Jonson unquestionably stands high, if compared with his contemporaries we cannot see that he stands a whit higher than they. In that moral teaching which based its principles upon Holy Writ, he certainly occupies a lower place; for, while allusions to Christian doctrine and to Christian duties are frequent with these old dramatists, and passages of solemn beauty, involving direct reference to the great truths of the Gospel, will often be found, such passages in Jonson are only used to deepen the hypocrisy of Ananias and Tribulation, or to add more zest to the ravings of Zeal-of-the-land Busy. Perhaps it was Jonson’s violent detestation of Puritanism, after all, that won for him the praise of high morality from Gifford, who viewed every seceder from episcopacy as a wanderer on the downward road; but in his old age, and when drawing near his end, thus did not the repentant poet view them; he felt that to barb a sarcasm, or to provoke a sneer, he had trifled with solemn realities. For the rest, who shall say that any one of Jonson’s plays teaches a moral lesson? Where are the virtuous characters for our imitation, where the just and fitting punish-

ment that should follow the evildoer? In the long run the knaves seem to have the best fortune; the bold, cunning schemer generally gains the money, and the most swaggering bully the lady. There is certainly an occasional speechifying about morality, brought in 'chorus-wise,' or through the usual medium of a prosy old gentleman; but the generality of the characters get on exceedingly well with a very commonplace and scanty share. We fully agree with Mr. Bell, that 'if nothing remained of Jonson but 'his plays, we should arrive at very imperfect and erroneous conclusions respecting him.'

Let us turn to Jonson's masques, and how marvellous is the change! Here, no longer trammelled by 'humours,' no longer seeking characters among crafty projectors and their gulls,—the deceivers and the deceived,—all the wide realm of fancy was opened before him. Classic fable, ancient tradition, faery folklore, all were at the command of the deeply-read poet; and how gracefully has he made use of them all! We can well imagine Jonson's pleasure when, instead of an order for a play from Henslowe or Alleyn, he received the commission from Sir Robert Spencer to prepare the entertainment at Althorpe—to take for his stage that beautiful park, for his performers the fair and noble youth of the county, and the Satyr and Queen Mab and her faery train for his characters. Jonson has often hinted at the labour his plays cost him; there was little labour here, we think, or, if any, a veritable 'labour of love.'

'*The Satyr*, peeping out of the wood—

'Look, see! beshrew this tree!  
What may all this wonder be?  
Pipe it who that list for me,  
I'll fly out abroad and see.'

'Here he leaped down, and gazed the queen and the prince in the face.—

'That is Cyparissus' face!  
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace!  
O! that Pan were now in place—  
Sure they are of heavenly race!'

'Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst to the sound of excellent soft music there came tripping a bevy of faeries attending on *Mab*, their queen, who speaks thus!—

*Mab*.

'Hail and welcome, worthiest queen!  
Joy had never perfect been  
To the nymphs that haunt this green,  
Had they not this evening seen.  
Now they print it on the ground  
With their feet in figures round;

Marks that ever will be found  
To remember this glad stound.’ (season.)

*Satyr*, peeping from the bush—

‘Trust her not, fair bonibell,  
She will forty leasings tell;  
I do know her pranks right well.’

*Mab*. ‘Satyr we must have a spell,  
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.’

*Satyr*. ‘Not so nimbly as your feet,  
When about the cream-bowls sweet,  
You, and all your elves do meet.  
This is Mab, the mistress faery,  
That doth nightly rob the dairy,  
And can help or hurt the churning,  
As she please, without discerning.’

*1st Faery*. ‘Pug, you will anon take warning.’

*Satyr*. ‘She that pinches country wenches,  
If they make not clean their benches  
And with sharper nails remembers  
When they rake not up their embers.  
But if so they chance to feast her,  
In their shoe she drops a tester.’

*2nd Faery*. ‘Shall strip the skipping jester.’

*Satyr*. ‘This is she that empties cradles,  
Takes out children, puts in ladles.’

And on, through the enumeration of all Mab's frolicsome pranks, the merry Satyr proceeds, until the faery train, losing all patience, ‘pinch him black, and pinch him blue,’ and he is fain to take shelter in his wood again. But while so thoroughly at home among our English faeries, ‘rare Ben’ could wear his ‘learned sock’ most gracefully. Witness his exquisite adaptation from Moschus, in the *Hue and Cry after Cupid* :—

*1st Grace*. ‘Beauties, have you seen this toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind,  
Cruel now, and then as kind?  
If he be amongst you, say—  
He is Venus’ runaway.’

*2nd Grace*. ‘She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss  
How, or where herself may wish,  
But, who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss, and another.’

3rd Grace. 'He hath marks about him plenty,  
 You shall know him among twenty,—  
 All his body is a fire,  
 And his breath a flame entire,  
 That being shot like lightning in,  
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.'

1st Grace. 'At his sight the sun hath turned,  
 Neptune in the waters burn'd,  
 Hades felt a greater heat;  
 Jove's himself forsook his seat:  
 From the centre to the sky,  
 Are his trophies reared high.'

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2nd Grace. 'Trust him not, his words tho' sweet,  
 Seldom with his heart do meet,  
 All his practice is deceit,  
 Every gift is but a bait;  
 Not a kiss but poison bears,  
 And most treason in his tears.'

And thus, in the most exquisite verse, is the *Hue and Cry* after the mischievous little runaway continued, until 'Cupid, attended by the sports and pretty lightnesses,' comes forth, and in equally graceful numbers summons them to the dance. We have remarked upon the great beauty of Jonson's songs; the short lyrics interspersed throughout these masques fully vindicate for him the high station we have claimed. 'Here is a short 'snatch of song,' but very graceful, from the *Vision of Delight*, sung after 'the ladies had concluded a most elegant and curious dance:—

'In curious knots and mazes so,  
 The Spring at first was taught to go;  
 And Zephyr, when he came to view  
 His Flora, had these motions too;  
 And thence did Venus learn to lead  
 Th' Idalian dance, and so to tread,  
 As if the wind, not she, did walk,  
 Nor pressed a flower, nor bowed a stalk.'

Left to the promptings of his own genius, Jonson, in his Masques, seems always to have chosen poetical subjects, and treated them gracefully. We doubt whether the anti-masques were his free choice; in one of them, however, it is interesting to see how nearly he approaches Shakespere himself: this is the introduction to his *Masque of Queens*, with its almost appalling chorus of witches, and their horrible incantations. 'This is worth reading, revolting as it is, not only for the mass of information

respecting witchcraft which it contains, but for the strange fact that, in an age when witchcraft was not only an article of popular belief, but of the very judges of the land, and under the reign of a King who had publicly declared himself as 'Jacobus bellipotens' against 'those detestable slaves of the Devil,'—Whitehall should actually present a company of witches summoning their mistress Hecate, and their familiar spirits, with the selfsame charms, and well nigh the selfsame rhymes, for using which many an old crone was even then awaiting the gallows tree! No wonder James and his court were profane; or that they spoke with blasphemous lightness of holy things, if even infernal terrors—so much better fitted to tell upon their lower natures—failed to move them. As to Jonson, for a poet, and more especially for a poet of that age, he was strangely free from all belief in the supernatural—sure proof to us that his imagination, however fanciful and graceful, was not of the highest order. So he, not much unlike the conjuror of modern days who laughs at the terrors he creates, assures us that, by the twelve 'hags or witches,' *he* intended 'ignorance, suspicion, credulity, &c., the opposites of good fame!' The copious notes to this 'introduction' are very curious, exhibiting alike the learning and the utter scepticism of the poet. We doubt whether Marlowe ever thought of giving chapter and verse for the incantations in *Faustus*; or whether Shakespeare considered learned authorities needful to establish the claim of his 'weird sisters;' but Jonson, with a diligence that must have rejoiced the pedant King, collects together a long catalogue of writers on witchcraft, while 'their dame' cannot appear, or the hags even mount their broomsticks, save by the authority of Apuleius, Remigius, Bartholinus de Spinâ, and a score besides.

The merry interlude of 'old Gregory Christmas' and his twelve sons and daughters, was, we think, a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, thrown off, perhaps, after some jovial entertainment, and is very humorous in its allusions to old London and its Christmas-tide observances. Those portions of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed* which give the 'humours,' and the slang too, of the gipsies—although the masque appears to have been commanded by the favourite Buckingham, who took the part of the chief gipsy himself—seem to have been written *con amore* by the rough old poet, who evidently had a partiality, not singular at this time, to those joyous reckless vagabonds and their wild and thievish life. And admirable is the humour of those scenes where the rustics are tricked and robbed, reminding us of the sheepshearing feast and the inimitable Autolykus; and then, combined with low humour and even coarsest ribaldry, what fine gleams of poetry break

forth!—that most joyous of songs, ‘To the old long life and treasure,’—that wild rhyme, ‘The faery beam upon you,’ but above all the graceful tributes to each fair court lady. Here is the gipsy’s address to the still beautiful Lady Hatton:—

‘ Mistress of a fairer table,  
Hath no history nor fable :  
Other’s fortunes may be shown,  
You are builder of your own.  
And whatever heaven hath gi’en you,  
You preserve the state still in you.  
That which time would have depart,  
Youth, without the aid of art,  
You do keep still, and the glory  
Of your sex is but your story.’

This, is to the beautiful daughter of that beautiful mother, the unhappily married Lady Purbeck:—

‘ Help me wonder ! here’s a book,  
Where I would for ever look :  
Never yet did gipsy trace  
Smoother lines in hands or face ;  
Venus here doth Saturn move,  
That you should be queen of love ;  
And the other stars consent ;  
Only Cupid’s not content,  
For, though you the theft disguise,  
You have robbed him of his eyes ;  
And to show his envy further,  
Here he chargeth you with murther ;  
Says, altho’ that at your sight  
He must all his torches light,  
Tho’ your either cheek discloses,  
Mingled baths of milk and roses,  
Tho’ your lips be banks of blisses,  
Where he plants, and gathers kisses,  
And yourself, the reason why,  
Wisest men for love may die,  
You will turn all hearts to tinder,  
And will make the world one cinder.’

We might have quoted other, and finer passages from these beautiful Masques, but we have been compelled to select those which could best be detached from the context.

We have but little space left for any remarks on Jonson’s poems. We have, however, frequently recurred to them, in tracing his life, and have there pointed to the gracefulness of his love-songs, and the condensed force of his epigrams and poetical

addresses. One of the chief peculiarities observable in these poems seems to us their great variety of style, ranging from the delightful sweetness of our early poetry down to the polished verse, and neat, though often affected, sentiment of the last century. In his fine ‘Celebration of Charis,’ his exquisite numbers flow just like Marlowe’s and Shakespere’s; while the very next poem, ‘The Musical Strife,’ belongs to the school of Donne. Thus, too, while most of his pieces in heroic verse, in their varied cadence, and rough, sometimes almost jolting measure, belong to his own age, there are passages—many of these will be found in his masques—which fall scarcely below the polished numbers of Pope in elaborate sweetness. And later poets, too, he often strikingly resembles. These lines, from his ‘Farewell to the World for a Gentlewoman virtuous and noble,’ might not Cowper have written them?—

‘No, I do know that I was born  
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief;  
But I will bear them with that scorn,  
As shall not need thy false relief;  
Nor for my peace will I go far,  
As wanderers do that still must roam,  
But make my strengths such as they are,  
Here in my bosom, and at home.’

These, again, from ‘An Elegy,’ have the style, as well as the rhythm of Tennyson:—

‘But who could less expect from you,  
In whom alone Love lives agen?  
By whom he is restored to men,  
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?  
‘His falling temples you have reared,  
The withered garlands ta’en away;  
His altars kept from the decay  
That envy wished, and nature feared;  
‘And on them burns so pure a flame,  
With so much loyalty’s expence,  
That Love, t’ acquit such excellence,  
Is gone himself into your name,  
And you are he.’

It would indeed be difficult, we think, to find any poet—certainly not of that age—whose style exhibits so many varieties as Ben Jonson’s. On the whole, especially in regard to his poems, he must be viewed not only as belonging to our first school of poetry, but, in his less beautiful compositions, as the



precursor of the second. Jonson is, indeed, the link between them both. He outlived all his early contemporaries, and ere he ceased to write, the graceful, but diluted elegancies of Carew and Lovelace were fast superseding the rich and noble poetry of Jonson's earlier day. We look too late, when we refer the great change that passed over our poetic literature to the days of the Restoration. The blight had already begun in the reign of Charles the First, and its earliest effects, we think, may be seen in the neglect with which the aged court poet, he who had offered such devoted homage both to father and son—too precious incense for such unworthy shrines—was treated in his desolate old age.

Still, notwithstanding courtly neglect, he was not forgotten; while Shakespeare was neglected, and all his great fellow-dramatists cast aside, as though they had never been, 'rare Ben Jonson' continued to be a name of note. But he owed it not to his poetic merits, but to those true cavalier qualities, his equal devotion to the King and the wine-cup; and when in more modern times his name was still quoted, he owed it to his learned notes, not to the fine poetry which they illustrated. All this has passed, still 'rare Ben Jonson' will hold a high station among us; and though he must take lower place as a dramatic writer, his *Forest*, his *Underwoods*, and his *Masques*, will vindicate for him a foremost place among our poets.

- ART. II.—(1.) *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*, 1853, 1854, 1855. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D., U.S.N. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.
- (2.) *An Earnest Appeal to the British Public on behalf of the Missing Arctic Expedition*. By LIEUTENANT BEDFORD PIM, R.N., F.R.G.S. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

ON a summer's day, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three—to employ the language of novelists—a small vessel might be seen entering the harbour of Fiskernaes, on the coast of that misnamed country, Greenland. It was a brig of 144 tons burden, with not more than eighteen persons on board. To this little troop an Esquimaux hunter—a youth who could spit a bird on the wing with his javelin—was added from the population of the place. After a short detention, by reason of contrary winds, the voyagers put out to sea, passed the last Danish outposts of

civilization, and soon the white sails, slowly lessening as they receded, like some sorrowful ghost unwilling to forsake the haunts of men, dipped into the mists of the North, and were heard of no more for two long and dreary years.

It was no whaling mission on which these adventurers were bent—Philanthropy, not Commerce, had chartered the ship. Instead of hunting for blubber, and returning with barrels of oil, their object was to repeat the question which Humanity had already put to the Frost-King by the mouth of many a gallant messenger—Where are the brave mariners who left England in the year 1845, in order to explore these dismal regions, and in what part of the winter-world are they immured, if living, or entombed, if dead? Granting that, after such a lengthened captivity, they must all have perished, is it possible to discover any traces of their wanderings, or to collect any relics or memorials which will throw light on the last chapter of their history?

Undeterred by the failure of so many enterprises, the munificent Grinnell, one of the prince merchants of America, who had despatched a previous expedition, under Lieutenant de Haven, without any result, resolved upon another attempt to dissipate the mystery attached to the fate of Franklin. It seems to have been wisely assumed that a small party would involve less risk, and ensure greater facility of movement, than a magnificent flotilla, largely manned and liberally equipped. Compared with the resources of the splendid squadron which had sailed from England in the previous year (1852), under the captaincy of Sir Edward Belcher, there was a daring simplicity in the appointments of the American brig. Dr. Kane, its commander, was like a man who should cross the Atlantic in a herring-boat with a few biscuits and a scanty allowance of beer, instead of taking his passage in a steamer of the Collins or Cunard line. In the summer of 1852, Captain Inglefield had dashed up Baffin's Bay right into Smith's Strait, and further than European was known to have penetrated before in that direction—having accomplished this smart little feat in a puny schooner, with a sixteen horse-power engine, which seemed better fitted to work a coffee-mill than to propel a vessel through the midst of nipping floes and crushing bergs. But the Americans had no steam to carry them on and bear them back, and instead of a flying trip to the northern waters, the gallant fellows who put into Fiskernaes Harbour were well aware that they might be compelled to spend more than one season in the ice, with little else to support them than the materials which the ship's magazine could supply.

The scheme of search propounded by Dr. Kane was nobly audacious. Believing that Greenland was a vast peninsula, extending, in

all probability, to the neighbourhood of the Pole, he determined to make the *land* itself the basis of operations; and having quartered the brig in some appropriate spot, when the state of the ice rendered further progress impossible, he proposed to send out travelling parties towards the north, so as to explore the western coast of the country, and also to examine the opposite shore, (Grinnell Land), if circumstances would permit. From the adoption of this course it was hoped that certain advantages would accrue. Animal food would be more easily procured. The assistance of the Esquimaux, in providing dogs for the sledges, and in replenishing the larder of the expedition, might be expected. The open Polar Sea—if such a sea did really exist—would, in all probability, be soonest reached by pursuing a direct northern line.\* And not least amongst the jottings of Hope, it was assumed that the party would escape many of the annoyances attached to journeys performed over the ice, where the road is generally in ruins, and the pavement is sometimes composed of scattered blocks, which are as difficult to traverse as it would be to drive a wagon through a crowded churchyard.

Crossing Melville Bay, through which the brig forced a passage with difficulty, sometimes beating to and fro like a 'fish seeking an outlet from a glass jar,' the voyagers came in sight of the 'Crimson Cliffs' of Sir John Ross, and doubtless gazed upon the rosy-coloured snow as if it were a mocking introduction to the ghastly wilderness they were about to enter. Not long afterwards, the two polar pillars of Hercules, Cape Alexander and Cape Isabella, were descried in the distance; and on the 6th of August, the vessel swept past these stately sentinels of the Northern Sea, and was cutting its way through the unexplored waters of Smith's Sound. But the ice soon came down upon them, as if incensed at their intrusion: heaping itself up on the coast it formed vast barricades, one of which presented a perpendicular front of more than sixty feet in height. To push through the pack before them seemed utterly impracticable, and therefore the commander resorted to a novel and hazardous experiment in navigation. In consequence of the rise and fall of the tides, the ice relaxed at times, so as to leave a narrow tortuous lane of water along the shore; shallow as this channel was, Dr. Kane deemed it possible to warp the brig through its windings by dint of main force. Yoking the men to the ship, and working like horses, they succeeded in making some slight progress; but after a month of desperate struggling, the young ice began to grow so fast that it became necessary to look out for a winter dock for their bruised and battered vessel. Many were the dangers they encountered before this step could be taken: they were in perils

from ice, perils from fire, perils from water, perils from tempest and storm. Once, after anchoring to a berg—an operation involving eight hours of hard labour—they had scarcely found shelter under its jagged cliffs when a crackling was heard, fragments of the mass began to patter on the surface of the water, and ere the vessel could well escape to a satisfactory distance the face of the floating mountain was hurled into the sea with a crash like that of bursting ordnance. At another time, the brig heeled over so suddenly that the cabin stove upset, and its blazing contents were scattered on the deck; the wood caught fire, and burnt briskly, and a serious conflagration seemed to be impending, but fortunately the flames were smothered before they could reach the powder depôt, which was not far from the spot. Again, when a hurricane had risen, like a lion from its lair, and the seamen were hoping to outride the tempest by means of three good hawsers, a sharp twang was heard, and away went one of the lines; then came a second shrill report, which told that the overtaxed strands of another had parted; but the third, a strong ten-inch manilla—would not that bid defiance to the angriest blasts? Alas, no! with a snap which rung out far above the roarings of the storm, the cable succumbed to the terrible tension, and the vessel was instantly entangled in a wild torrent of ice. As they galloped furiously along, the strait grew narrower, and the floes grinding against the cliffs, and piling up on either hand, seemed to await their coming to crush them to atoms. In the hope of winding up the ship, the best bower was dropped; but they might as well have attempted to anchor in an avalanche. On they sped, grazing great floes, smashing their bulwarks against one upturned mass, and recoiling from the blow with half a ton of ice lying in a lump on the deck. Worse still, right ahead a troop of bergs appeared; towards these the runaway brig was careering with suicidal haste. As the anxious seamen drew nearer, they discovered an opening, into which the ship was luckily impelled; but their joy was of short duration, for the wind failed them between the tall icy embankments, and, to their great horror, they soon perceived that the mountain blocks were in motion, and would probably crunch them like an empty cask beneath the blows of a forge hammer before they could emerge from that frightful defile. Suddenly a bold thought suggested itself to the intrepid commander. A low berg came rushing up from the south with sufficient momentum to render it independent of the wind; could he not make use of it to tow the vessel through the perilous strait before the walls could meet? This happy conception was happily executed: a line was fastened to the berg as it swept close by their side, and once harnessed to this white steed of the waters, the ship was

dragged swiftly through the contracting pass, and saved solely by the speed of its foaming courser. 'It was a close shave,' says Captain Kane—'so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits—and we found ourselves under the lee of a berg in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their deliverance from a wretched death.'

These dangers escaped, besides the many groundings and nippings the vessel was compelled to undergo, the brave little *Advance* was at length warped into harbour in Rensselaer Bay. This was on the 10th of September, in lat.  $78^{\circ} 37'$  and long.  $70^{\circ} 40' W$ . No time was lost in making arrangements for the winter, which was nearing them with rapid strides. Warned by the lessening curves of the sun—for the luminary would cease to exhibit his golden disk above the horizon in the course of another month—the explorers proceeded to erect the various structures they would require for proper scientific hybernation. These were by no means few. First, there must be a storehouse on land, for which purpose an islet in the bay, christened Butler's, was selected. Thither the contents of the ship's hold were transported in boats, by means of a canal—not a Bridgewater piece of engineering, it is true, but a channel which was frozen up every evening, and recut every morning. Then an astronomical observatory must be reared. Accordingly, a spot, called Fern Rock, distant some hundred yards, was chosen, and a number of granite blocks were dragged over the ice on sledges to form the walls of the building, the only mortar employed being frozen water and moss. Here the transit instrument and theodolite were planted. Another edifice was needed for the magnetic implements, where no iron could be allowed; and this also was constructed of stone, with a wooden roof and floor, and even a copper fireplace; yet, in spite of the attempts to render it tolerably comfortable, it was little better than an ice-house of the coldest possible quality, where the shivering observer, though clothed in buffalo robes, and assisted by a fire, could scarcely hold out whilst keeping magnetic watch. Next, a meteorological building—a place where the thermometers could be suspended far from all influences which would disturb their indications—was considered indispensable. Accordingly, a wooden house was established on the floe, at the distance of a hundred and forty yards from the ship; and so skilfully were the instruments placed, and so sensitive was the tell-tale fluid within, that the mere approach of a man produced a rise in the columns of spirit, provided they were previously standing at a low point, for the human body under such circumstances would act like a portable stove glowing with animal

caloric. In addition to these edifices, a mansion for the dogs was erected. But the quadrupeds generally declined the accommodation, and insisted upon hanging about the vessel, or even bivouacking on the bare snow, rather than consent to be banished from their master's vicinity.

Such were the out-stations of the little colony. On the ship itself a deck-house, or 'wooden shanty,' was contrived, and the ingenuity of the captain was called into requisition to convert the interior into as perfect a snuggerly as the climate and their resources would permit. For some weeks, indeed, Rensselaer Harbour, considering the extent of its population, was one of the most bustling places under the sun. Sounds of hammers and saws, words of English make and cries from American lips, were now heard on a spot where the air had never been moulded into civilized articulations before. Perhaps since the time that this bay was formed, no human foot but that of the Esquimaux had ever trod its rugged beach; and certainly the Spirit of Desolation which broods over those stern solitudes had never previously gazed upon the marvels of southern skill, or seen his quiet so coolly and audaciously disturbed. What! winter there, in his own ice-bound domains, and calmly chronicle all the phenomena they witnessed, in order to report his doings abroad? Well might the insulted Genius look angrily at the interlopers, and prepare for vengeance by fetching out of his armoury the

‘ arrowy sleet,  
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,  
And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,  
And wraps him in an unexpected grave.’

Nor was it long before they felt the rigours of his hand. The sun disappeared, and the gloomy Arctic twilight commenced. The 'evening shades' gathered over the adventurers, and the darkness gradually augmented, as if the earth were returning into the abyss where Chaos sits—the womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave.' In the earlier part of November, stars of the sixth magnitude were perfectly visible at high noon, and the 'Empress of Night,' then at her greatest northern declination, might be seen performing the whole of her stately circuit in the sky, as if to apologize for the departure of her luminous colleague, and make some amends for his desertion by continuous streamings for her waxing and waning urn. The Expedition lit its lanterns on the deck of the ship, and for a hundred and twenty days lived in a great measure by lamplight below.

Let Dr. Kane himself describe the mode in which the four-

and-twenty hours were commonly spent at first when day was abolished:—

‘At six in the morning, McGary is called with all hands who have slept in. The decks are cleaned, the ice-hole opened, the refreshing beef-nets examined, the ice-tables measured, and things aboard put to-rights. At half-past seven all hands rise, wash on deck, open the doors for ventilation, and come below for breakfast. We are short of fuel, and therefore cook in the cabin. Our breakfast—for all fare alike—is hard tack; pork, stewed apples frozen like molasses-candy, tea and coffee, with a delicate portion of raw potato. After breakfast the smokers take their pipe till nine: then all hands turn to, idlers to idle and workers to work; Ohlsen to his bench, Brooks to his preparations in canvas, McGary to play tailor, Whipple to make shoes, Bonsall to tinker, Baker to skin birds, and the rest to the ‘office.’ Take a look into the Arctic bureau! One table, one salt-pork lamp with rusty chlorinated flame, three stools, and as many waxen-faced men with their legs drawn up under them, the deck at zero being too cold for the feet. Each has his department: Kane is writing, sketching, and projecting maps; Hayes copying logs and meteorologicals; Sontag (the astronomer) reducing his work at Fern Rock. A fourth, as one of the working members of the hive, has long been defunct: you will find him in bed, or studying Littell’s *Living Age*. At twelve, a business round of inspection, and orders enough to fill up the day with work. Next, the drill of the Esquimaux dogs—my own peculiar recreation—a dog-trot, specially refreshing to legs that creak with every kick, and rheumatic shoulders that chronicle every descent of the whip. And so we get on to dinner-time; the occasion of another gathering, which misses the tea and coffee of breakfast, but rejoices in pickled cabbage and dried peaches instead. At dinner, as at breakfast, the raw potato comes in, our hygienic luxury. Like doctor-stuff generally, it is not as appetizing as desirable. Grating it down nicely, leaving out the ugly red spots liberally, and adding the utmost oil as a lubricant, it as much as I can do to persuade the mess to shut their eyes and bolt it like Mrs. Squeers’s molasses and brimstone at Dotheboys’ Hall. Two absolutely refuse to taste it. I tell them of the Silesians using its leaves as spinnach, of the whalers in the South Seas getting drunk on the molasses which had preserved the large potatoes of the Azores; I point to this gum so fungoid and angry the day before yesterday and so flat and amiable to-day—all by a potato poultice: my eloquence is wasted; they persevere in rejecting the admirable compound.

‘Sleep, exercise, amusement, and work at will, carry on the day till our six-o’clock supper, a meal something like breakfast and something like dinner, only a little more scant; and the officers come in with the reports of the day. Doctor Hayes shows me the log—I sign it; Sontag, the weather—I sign the weather; Mr. Bonsall, the tides and thermometers. Thereupon comes in mine ancient, Brooks; and I enter in his journal, No. 3, all the work done under his charge, and discuss his

labours for the morrow. McGary comes next, with the cleaning-up arrangements, inside, outside, and on decks; and Mr. Wilson follows with ice-measurements. And last of all comes my own record of the day gone by; every line, as I look back upon its pages, giving evidence of a weakened body and harassed mind.'

At regular intervals there was a 'term-day' at the Magnetic Observatory. To reach this building was in itself a formidable undertaking. It was necessary to jump over chasms, to leap from hummock to hummock, to clamber up steep and slippery banks, sometimes to crawl on hands and knees, and to do all this in the dark with an ice-pole in one hand and a lantern in the other. It was like executing a bit of the ascent of Mont Blanc by candle-light. Having mounted to his rocky perch, the observer kindled a fire in the copper stove and sat down to register the flutterings of his magnetometer. This instrument stood upon a pedestal of tubs filled with frozen gravel, and before it sat the unfortunate official to note down every six minutes the aspen movements of the needle. In one set of fingers he held a chronometer, in the other a lighted candle, alternating with a pencil. Though muffled in garments to which the seal, the dog, the walrus, the reindeer had contributed their comfortable skins, and though he had a fire blazing at his elbow, the cold was sometimes almost intolerable to a motionless man. There might be all sorts of climates in that narrow little hut, for the layers of temperature were as distinctly marked in the space between the roof and the floor as they are between London and Spitzbergen. That part of the body which fronted the stove might be  $94^{\circ}$  above zero, whilst the part which was in its aphelion was actually  $10^{\circ}$  below—a circumstance, however, by no means surprising if we consider that some of the earlier winterers in the North speak of handkerchiefs steaming on one side before the fire, whilst the other was frozen hard, and of stockings being charred on the feet by the glowing embers, whilst the flesh was unconscious of any superfluous warmth. On a level with the instrument the temperature sometimes stood at twenty degrees above zero; at two feet above the floor, it was twenty degrees below; whilst at the floor itself, it sunk to not less than seventy-five degrees beneath the freezing-point. Thus, the observer might have one side in India, and the other in Siberia: his head might be in the temperate zone and his feet on the Pole. There the poor magnetic sentinel remained until relieved by the comrade whose duty it was to divide the day's monotonous task, for these notings were kept up without intermission throughout the whole four-and-twenty hours. And dreary work it was! Worse than a British treadmill by far! *There* a man can be warm. *There* he is



kept in a state of activity. There he has the light of day to refresh his eyes, and the creaking familiar music of the wheel to regale his ears. Physically considered, the House of Correction must be bliss compared with the stagnant watchings of a Greenland observatory, where the blood grows torpid in your veins, and the recording pencil turns restive in the grasp of the human icicles which attempt to control its movements. Provided we were honourably committed, we would say, give us a fair spell at a good English crank, with its temperature at 60°, rather than an equal dose of servitude at a magnetometer in Rensselaer Bay.

But it must not be imagined that the adventurers allowed themselves to be quietly immured in the harbour until the summer months of the year returned. Small as their numbers were, certain travelling parties were sent out to form *caches*, or depôts of provisions, and explore the country, or procure supplies of fresh animal food. Some of these took the field at seasons which had scarcely ever been employed for open-air work in high northern research. Sledges drawn by dogs were generally employed. Dr. Kane possessed a fine stud of Newfoundlanders, and a still larger assortment of Esquimaux brutes. They were carefully trained and broken in, the latter being in the half-savage condition, which has induced many to regard them as the cousins-germain of the wolf. To manage a team of such quadrupeds, you must be provided with a whip of formidable proportions, and, to manage a whip of such formidable proportions, you must serve a long apprenticeship, and practise as if you were about to set up for an Esquimaux charioteer. The implement consists of a handle sixteen inches in length, to which a strip of seal-hide, not less than eighteen feet in extent, is attached. Of course the launching of such a thong, so as to make it inflict an efficient blow wherever its extremity alights, is an accomplishment which requires as much adroitness as the proper discharge of a Pampan lasso; but to single out any particular reprobate in a team of ten or twelve, and to punish him with a discriminating stroke—one delicately adapted to the nature of his offence—is a right cunning performance, in which perfection cannot always be attained. In fact, as was said of Paganini and his wonderful fiddling, it is possible that some peculiarity in the anatomical structure may be necessary to enable a man to knout his dogs discreetly and with unfailing felicity. Further, it is requisite for the complete success of the operation that the blow should be sealed with a sharp little report. The smart alone will not suffice. The animal is not duly impressed unless he hears the

crack as well as feels the shock. Hence the secret of producing that explosion must be learnt by heart before the Esquimaux dog will feel himself called upon to honour your attempts at flagellation. A silent visitation of the lash apprises him that the sledge is manned by a bungling performer whose floggings he may treat with contempt, and whose person he may hurl into the snow on the first favourable opportunity.

Finally, having despatched the point of the scourge on its stimulating errand, you must know how to recal it without its catching in the traces or twining itself round lumps of ice on the road. Indeed, 'the mere labour of using this whip is such that 'the Esquimaux travel in couples, one sledge after the other. 'The hinder dogs follow mechanically and thus require no whip, 'and the drivers change about so as to rest each other.'

Unfortunately for the explorers, before the first winter had run its weary course, most of these valuable quadrupeds sunk under a peculiar species of disease which Dr. Kane believes to have been the result of intense cold and prolonged darkness. Even in the middle of October, and in a latitude where 'dog-days' would seem as romantic as burning deserts, he was surprised by symptoms of hydrophobia on the part of one animal, and was compelled to have it shot. By the end of January it was requisite to nurse some of the Newfoundlanders like sickly children. After undergoing epileptic fits, they lapsed into a state which Dr. Kane considers to have been one of decided 'mental' aberration. In fact, it appeared to be true canine lunacy.

'They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearying perseverance. They fawn on you, but without seeming to appreciate the notice you give them in return by pushing their heads against your person, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Their most intelligent actions seem automatic: sometimes they claw you as if trying to burrow into your seal-skins; sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off, howling as if pursued, and run up and down for hours.

'So it was with poor Flora, our 'wise dog.' She was seized with the endemic spasms, and, after a few wild violent paroxysms, lapsed into a lethargic condition, eating voraciously but gaining no strength. This passing off, the same crazy wildness took possession of her, and she died of brain disease (arachnoidal effusion) in about six weeks. Generally they perish with symptoms resembling lockjaw in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack.'

Such, indeed, was the progress of this mysterious malady, that all the Newfoundlanders, together with thirty-five of their Esquimaux brethren, were carried off before the spring returned. Out of

a splendid, well-disciplined pack, six only had then escaped the lunatic epidemic.\*

One of the most important of these sledge journeys (in a geographical sense) was performed without the aid of dogs. The commander sent out Messrs. McGary and Bonsall, with a party of seven men, to establish a chain of provision depôts along the northern coast of Greenland, in order that the work of exploration might be conducted with greater facility when the proper travelling season arrived. They started on the 20th of September with a considerable cargo of pemmican on board the sledge, which was drawn by a human team, the men being harnessed to the vehicle by shoulder-belts, and ropes of various lengths. They took with them a light India-rubber boat, a canvas tent, a buffalo robe to lie upon, and blanket bags to sleep in at night. To a civilized eye the appearance of such a party in the distance must have been highly grotesque, for, wrapped as they were in furs, with the face alone exposed, their garments cut in a fashion which would have astonished Regent-street or Broadway, they would doubtless look like a troop of bears playing at men, by attempting to walk on their hinder legs.

The journal of these brave fellows affords us a glimpse of Arctic hardships. Their miseries are posted up in this ledger of travel with a calm, business-like air, which might be studied with profit by the luxurious tourists who publish diaries and fly into a literary passion if their beds are not well aired, or their bodies happen to be somewhat shaken by the asperities of the road. September 21. As they are about to halt for dinner, the weak ice gives way, the sledge is soured, and it is necessary to unload it, in part, before the vehicle can be extricated. September 22. Set off on the land ice, and find, at the expiration of two hours, that they have only travelled two miles. Stopped by a crack, or broad fissure in the floe, pursue it for a considerable distance to discover a crossing, but have to return to their starting-point to await its closing by the tide. [Query, Was the India-rubber boat quite unavailing?] September 27. At night the buffalo skin becomes very wet by the thawing of the ice, on which they are

\* In the previous winter (1852-3) Commander Pullen, of the *North Star*, then lying in Erebus and Terror Bay, notes in his journal that for the last month or so, (Jan., Feb.,) the dogs had been greatly troubled with fits, for which no one was able to assign a reason. Once, whilst training the animals, they were compelled to stop repeatedly to allow them to get over these seizures. 'We started with five dogs, but one was so bad that we were soon obliged to let him out. Another, and one of the best of Mr. Kennedy's team, had three, but each succeeding one of so short a duration, that on the return he seemed to get rid of them fully; so I think that it is from sheer want of exercise.'—*Parliamentary Papers relative to the Recent Arctic Expeditions* (1854), p. 128.

sleeping; makes them extremely uncomfortable. September 28. Their stockings freeze to the soles of their boots. September 30. Four men frost-bitten. October 1. Cold so severe that it is impossible to make entries in the journal. Alcohol for their lamp fails them; try to burn rum; the rum found too weak; then take the staves of a cask, and use slips of wood with a little lard. October 2. Suffering from cramp in the limbs. October 3. There is a gale which blows the snow so fiercely that progress is impracticable. Bonsall's feet quite lame. October 5. Pitch their tent on a floe under the lee of some large bergs: in the middle of the night the wearied sleepers are aroused by a gigantic snap; the ice has opened almost beneath them; it is evidently breaking up, and the floe begins to rock to and fro; they gather up their tent and baggage as fast as possible, and lash them to the sledge; they place the vehicle upon a loose piece of ice, and by the aid of tent poles paddle to the firm ice at the base of the bergs. October 6. After toiling amongst the bergs for two or three hours, and advancing about a mile, are brought to a full stop, and compelled to leave the sledge. October 8. Bonsall's nose and two fingers frozen hard. October 10. Sleepless night. October 15. Meet with fifteen gaps in the ice in the space of four or five miles. October 16. On reaching the vessel obtain a *warm* drink, a luxury which they had not tasted for a week, their fuel being exhausted. Not a man had escaped without some maltreatment from the frost. McGary's fingers had been severely mauled. 'They were very horny,' said he, 'but they water up like bladders.'

During this expedition they proceeded northwards as far as lat.  $79^{\circ} 50'$ , and long.  $76^{\circ} 20'$ . On the tenth day of their journey—Dr. Kane says the twenty-fifth—they reached a great glacier, which proves to be the most enormous specimen known to exist. Running nearly due north, it stretches for eighty miles in one grand escarpment, with a perpendicular face of three hundred, and in some parts five hundred feet in height. Extending into the interior of the country, as was discovered on other excursions, and there forming a magnificent *mer de glace*, this vast glacial mass exhibits a spectacle of singular sublimity. It is seamed with great fractures and crevices, and constantly discharges or floats off its bergs into the sea which skirts its base. To cross this broad and stupendous stream of ice was impossible, but the party pushed along under its frozen cliffs, and a subsequent one took up their task until they reached new land to the north, having a western trend. The new territory was appropriated by the title of Washington. The great glacier was named after

Humboldt. On his trip to this new wonder of the world, Dr. Kane observes:—

‘It was in full sight—the mighty crystal bridge which connects the two continents of America and Greenland. I say continents, for Greenland, however insulated it may ultimately prove to be, is in mass strictly continental. Its least possible axis, measured from Cape Farewell to the line of this glacier, in the neighbourhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than 1200 miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape. Imagine, now, the centre of such a continent occupied throughout nearly its whole extent by a deep unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the water-shed of vast snow-covered mountains, and all the precipitations of the atmosphere upon its own surface. Imagine this moving onward like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataracts into the Atlantic and Greenland seas, and having at last reached the northern limit of the land that has borne it up, pouring out a mighty frozen torrent into unknown Arctic space. It is thus, and only thus, that we must form a just conception of a phenomenon like this great glacier.’

Another of these sledge expeditions was less fertile in physical marvels, but full of peril to the party concerned. A little troop was sent out on the 19th of March, 1854, to reach the northern shore and form a line of *caches*, with a view to further explorations. Eleven days after its departure from the bay, three of the adventurers crawled into the brig at a late hour of the evening. Their faces were haggard; their faculties seemed bewildered; they had all but lost the power of speech: it was evident they were sinking from hunger and fatigue. From the little the captain could gather, it appeared that they had left five of their comrades on the ice, four being frozen and disabled, and had returned to the ship for assistance. But where the sufferers were to be found they could not explain. No time was lost. Accompanied by nine men, and equipped in the scantiest possible manner, Dr. Kane set out with a sledge, though the temperature was then 78° below the freezing point. It seemed almost an act of desperation to take one of the three exhausted wanderers with them as a guide, but there was no alternative, and Ohlsen, the best-conditioned of the number, was thrust into a blanket bag and strapped to the sledge. Where to look for the missing men was the great question. In such a snowy trackless landscape there was little or nothing to direct the rescue-party in their anxious quest. Ohlsen had lost the bearings; and when roused from the slumber which fell upon him like lead, his intellect appeared to be perfectly unhinged. The wind rose, and in such a fearful temperature it was impossible to halt. No ice could be melted to quench their

thirst, and to put snow into the mouth was to burn it with caustic, and leave the lips covered with blood. Twice did the leader fall fainting on the snow, and even the men of iron, like McGary and Bonsall, began to breathe short, and shake with trembling-fits. After eighteen hours of frightful toil, without either food or water, something like a sledge furrow was discovered in the drift, and this being followed, the prints of human feet were plainly discerned. These at last led them in sight of a small flag, which was fluttering on the top of a hummock, and beneath it stood a tent almost covered with the snow, where the paralysed adventurers lay. It was a moment of overwhelming joy when Dr. Kane crept into that little lonely pavilion, and told its perishing occupants that succour had arrived. But after their exultation had subsided, the critical state of the whole party might well have frozen the courage of the doughtiest heart. They had to force their way back to the brig, faint and wearied as they were, dragging a sledge-load of maimed men, all swathed in buffalo robes and furs, and requiring the utmost caution to transport them safely through the midst of the bergs and hummocks which studded the field. Murmuring a short prayer, however, they commenced their desperate retreat. For six hours they proceeded without any serious mischance, though the top-heavy sledge, weighing eleven hundred pounds, crept forward at a slow and uneasy pace. But ere long the travellers became sensible that their strength was rapidly exhaling. The fatal craving for sleep, which intense cold sometimes produces, began to manifest itself on every side. Bonsall and Morton implored permission to rest: Hans was found stiffening in the drift; Thomas closed his eyes whilst erect; Blake threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. Knowing, like Dr. Solander in a similar predicament at Tierra del Fuego, that death might be the result, Dr. Kane entreated and commanded, but all in vain—a halt was imperative, cost what it might, and accordingly the tent was pitched, but their hands were too benumbed to enable them to kindle a fire. Nothing could be procured either to eat or drink, for the very whisky was congealed, though placed at the feet of the men, and hidden beneath their furs. Leaving the rest of the party to procure a little slumber, Dr. Kane and one companion pushed on to reach a half-way tent, and thaw some food. They wandered along in a state of semi-stupor, muttering incoherent words, spying or dreaming that they spied bears before them, and at length arrived at the station thoroughly drunk with cold. They crawled at once into their reindeer sleeping-bags, and slept for several hours. On awaking, Dr. Kane found that his long beard was a mass of ice, that it was frozen fast to the skin,

and that it was necessary for his comrade to cut him out with a jack knife. In time the rest came up, and after partaking of a little miserable refreshment, the journey was resumed. The most fearful part of their task remained to be performed. The difficulties of the road became so enormous that their energies succumbed, and the men seemed to lose all self-control. In their frenzy they began to eat snow, and some speedily lost the power of articulation. Others flung themselves in the drift, but by awaking them at the expiration of a few minutes the leader was enabled to avert the final catastrophe, and at the same time afford them the means of recruiting their strength. How they accomplished the latter portion of their journey, none of them could explain. They were quite delirious: they could take no note of anything around them, and seemed to steer for the brig by pure instinct. They staggered on like men in some drunken dream. Dr. Kane could not even remember that they were met at some little distance from the ship by two of the crew, and the moment they arrived at the vessel they tottered to their beds and rolled in, booted and robed, just as they had come from the ice. The surgeon, Dr. Hayes, the only sound individual left on board, was shocked by their ghastly appearance.

‘They gave me (he observes) not even a glance of recognition; and when I hailed them, they met me only with a vacant wild stare. Their persons were covered over with frost; from their beards were suspended large lumps of ice; their tread was slow and feeble, and it was a sad sight to see what had three days previously been a party of strong and vigorous men, now all bent down as with the weight of years. For sixty-six hours they had been constantly on foot, and exposed in the low temperatures of from 35° to 50° below zero. Reaction soon commenced. What had before assumed only the form of the simplest mental aberration now broke out in raving delirium, and for two days the ship presented all the appearance of a madhouse. Not an individual of the party escaped, although some of them were much more seriously affected than others. Many of them seemed to think themselves out on the ice perishing with cold, and when they at last awoke, most of them had not the least remembrance of what had occurred during the last twenty hours of the journey.’

Can a more piteous picture be imagined than that little lunatic asylum, with its crew of frozen cripples and raving maniacs, and but one healthy, vigorous man to stand between them and death? Does it not suggest many harrowing thoughts respecting the last hours of Franklin and his exhausted followers? Had the vessel, to which Dr. Kane and his companions groped their way with darkened brains, and by the mere glimmerings of instinct, lain at the distance of a few more miles, the whole party would

have perished to a man. Two of them, in fact, died in consequence of the hardships they underwent, and two others escaped by the timely amputation of parts of their limbs.

Before the occupants of this little Polar Bedlam were quite convalescent, Dr. Kane, who was the first to recover, was summoned one morning to the deck by intelligence that there were 'people holla-ing ashore.' Conceive his surprise! 'People holla-ing ashore' in latitude  $78^{\circ} 37' N.$ , and longitude  $70^{\circ} 40' W.$  There could be no mistake, however. Standing on the tallest of the ice-hillocks, all round the harbour, a number of uncouth figures were discovered, some tossing their arms to and fro, as if performing a Polar pantomime; and others indulging in loud, but most unintelligible vociferations. Dr. Kane went out to meet them, accompanied by Peterson the interpreter. Their chief, who advanced in turn, was taken on board, and after a little diplomatic interview, his comrades were admitted as well. They proved to be genuine Esquimaux, from some settlements further down the coast. They had lances and knives, sledges and dogs, the latter of which they picketed on the ice whilst inspecting the wonders of the brig. They were treated with considerable civility by the 'palefaces,' and received various gifts of beads and needles, together with a precious donation of wood in the form of staves from an old cask.

But we regret to say that the kindness of their hosts was scurvily repaid. The visitors stole right and left. They laid hands on everything they could readily appropriate. The eighth Commandment was broken with such surprising industry that it required the utmost vigilance to maintain anything like good morals on board. Now, there are thieves everywhere—thieves in England, thieves in America; thieves in our most pious and polished towns, thieves in our most tipsy and uneducated hamlets. But then, all civilized rogues, whether British or Transatlantic practitioners, whether town-haunting depredators, or 'tame villatic' despoilers, are aware that stealing is a serious business, and therefore generally look very grave when they happen to be detected. Not so an Esquimaux. Catch *him* in the very act, and the scamp signalizes the discovery by a burst of laughter! The culprit appears to be immensely tickled, and seems as if he could scarcely contain himself for joy. Nor is his mirth at all forced. There is a simple unsophisticated ring about that laugh which tells you distinctly that he considers the transaction a very excellent kind of joke, and that you are bound to relish it as well as himself. If pleasing to the pilferer, it should, in his opinion, be equally so to the patient, for is it not as satisfactory, according to Butler, to be cheated as to cheat? All parties ought, in fact,



to be quite merry, and the incident treated as a piece of fun, which wants nothing but success to make it in the highest degree diverting. Probably the rogue thinks the frustration of his felony is an unwise proceeding on your part, and that if you would only wait until he had vanished, and *then* make the discovery, your ecstasy would be immeasurably enhanced.\*

Under circumstances like these, it is difficult to say what should be done with such humorous knaves. The terrors of the law are unknown in latitude seventy-eight, thirty-seven North; and the restraints of morality are almost unfelt in the neighbourhood of the Great Glacier of Humboldt. Would you bring the rascals, if possible, before a bench of magistrates, or a civilized jury? They would chuckle over the indictment, or burst into an innocent laugh when called upon to plead. Flog them? They would not understand why. Sentence them to one calendar month's imprisonment in the hold of the vessel, to be kept to hard frost during that period? They would look upon the palefaces as the most unreasonable tyrants on earth. Then catch a specimen thief and hang him at the yard-arm of the brig? A pretty return for the little pleasantry they had practised for your recreation and crowned with an explosion of mirth! No; the Esquimaux are Esquimaux, and it deeply grieves us to say that their conscience in this particular seems to be so benumbed by the snows of barbarism that it will scarcely work at all.

But if punishment in such a case could not be expected to operate as moral medicine, there was one very serious consideration for the Commander. Might not the varlets, if allowed to steal with impunity, be tempted by the weakness of the party to venture upon a grand scheme of pillage, and eventually of murder? What a treasure-house that wooden El Dorado, with all its contents, must have appeared to the predatory Esquimaux! Far richer in their eyes did it seem than a Spanish galleon, part of the famous silver-fleets of olden times, when it ploughed its unsuspecting way into the toils of a buccancer, or strught into the jaws of Blake's men-of-war. On the other hand, the natives might be turned to excellent account in procuring food for the expedition, provided they could be muzzled in time, and their pilfering propensities promptly subdued. By way of trial, therefore, a youth was seized and committed to custody in the hold: but next morning it was found that he had managed to escape. Later on, after an intercourse had been established, a more vigorous blow was struck. Three of the natives arrived at

\* Commander Maguire (in the *Plover*, off Point Barrow) says that the Esquimaux would cut the buttons off your coat, and laugh, as if they expected you to appreciate the jest like themselves.

the vessel, and were royally regaled. A tent was put up for them below deck, and they were left with a copper lamp, cooking utensils, and fuel to make themselves comfortable for the night. Before morning, the villains had decamped with the lamp, the cooking utensils, and the best dog in the Captain's pack—executing, moreover, a small supplementary crime on their retreat, by snapping up some buffalo robes and India-rubber cloth which were lying at a little distance from the ship. Clearly, it was now high time to enlighten the Esquimaux intellect on the subject of larceny. The conscience of the natives must be civilized at all hazards. Two of the explorers were created special constables, and despatched to the settlement (at Anootok) to apprehend the knaves. They executed their task like accomplished Bow-street runners. The distance was thirty miles, and, though performed on foot, they were down upon the marauders in the course of a few hours. They found the stolen robes already mounted upon the backs of the thieves, and on searching the hut unearthed a number of articles which had not yet been missed from the brig. Sternly they seized the violaters of hospitality, pinioned them securely, and marched them back to the vessel, where the Commander received them with a terrible judicial scowl, which was meant to excite the greatest alarm respecting their doom. A message was then sent to the chief, at Etah, to inform him of the capture, and demand satisfaction. In due time he appeared, bringing with him a collection of knives, cups, and other trifles, which had been feloniously stolen, taken, and carried away from the aforesaid brig against the peace of the Captain, and to the damage of his dignity. Justice being thus in some measure conciliated, a treaty was entered into with the natives, who, finding that they had to do with men whose hearts were not as pale as their countenances, bound themselves over to keep the eighth Commandment to the best of their moderate ability. That swift march of thirty miles—that thunderbolt swoop upon the delinquents, was a *coup d'état* which made a profound impression upon the Esquimaux mind. The natives were subsequently employed as hunting auxiliaries, and manifested not a few amiable traits when their appetite for larceny was somewhat allayed. As a specimen of a Polar treaty of peace, the result will amuse the reader. 'We promise (said the Esquimaux) that we will not steal. We promise we will bring you fresh meat. We promise we will sell or lend you dogs. We will keep you company whenever you want us, and show you where to find the game.' In return for these simple but valuable concessions, the white men made magnificent declarations that they would not visit the natives with death or sorcery, but that they would give them needles,

pins, knives, a hoop, and other small ware, and carry on a traffic for walrus flesh and seal meat of the first quality. To this compact all parties pledged themselves with the solemnity, and more than the sincerity, of a Congress of Parisian plenipotentiaries.

Meanwhile time was gliding on. Spring had returned—it was already fled. Summer came, and summer went. Fast lay the brig, as sternly clenched in the grasp of frost as ever. Not for a moment did that iron hand seem disposed to relax its gripe. Day after day the adventurers watched for some symptoms of softening on the part of their icy gaoler, but their hopes of escape grew dim as the autumnal season arrived, and the sunbeams fell more languidly upon the stubborn well-compacted floes. The prospect was certainly as dark as prospect well could be. The resources of the expedition appeared to be utterly inadequate to the requirements of an additional winter. There was no coal and little wood to keep them warm. They had no fresh provisions at hand, and but scanty supplies of other food to enable them to fight the scurvy and preserve their waning health. The ship was generally an hospital, some of the company suffering from amputated limbs, others from snow-blindness, and nearly all of them labouring under scorbutic complaints. The dogs, as we have seen, had mostly perished, and those which survived, though their numbers were partially recruited from Esquimaux kennels, were weary with hard work and protracted exposure. What then was to be done? Abandon the vessel, and push for the south in sledges and boats? Dr. Kane could not bring himself to contemplate the desertion of the brig whilst there was a chance of redeeming it from captivity at all. ‘There is no use of noting pros and cons,’ says he, in his journal; ‘my mind is made up. I will not do it.’

Was it not possible, however, to effect a communication with the British squadron under Sir E. Belcher, whilst exploring in Wellington Channel and Melville Sound? If he could reach the dépôt at Beechey Island, or the stores of the *North Star*, at Wolstenholm Island, succour might be obtained for the present, and their ultimate emancipation secured. Six men, including the captain, accordingly set out with a cockle-shell of a boat, rightly entitled the *Forlorn Hope*, but after encountering storms and nippings, and pushing up ice-alleys where the meeting cliffs over head threatened them with destruction, and hauling up their vessel on floes as often as a dozen times a-day, they found it impossible to bore through the pack, and were compelled to return to the brig, fattened indeed in person, for they had made havoc amongst the ducks and auks of Northumberland Island, but

depressed in spirits by their failure. Had he possessed a little clairvoyant power, Dr. Kane would have discovered that, at the time of his attempt, the *Assistance* and *Resolute* were both lying abandoned in the ice, and that Belcher and his crews were on their way to England again.

On the 23rd August, it was formally decided that all hope of releasing the ship for this year must be relinquished. Knowing that some of his associates were desirous of retreating to the south before the winter set in, Dr. Kane assembled all hands, and after representing the difficulties of the project, and urging them to abide by the brig, he gave them free permission to go or remain, as they preferred. Nine availed themselves of the opportunity to withdraw. On the 28th they departed, furnished with a liberal proportion of the stores belonging to the expedition, but leaving nine of their messmates to battle with the horrors and hardships of another Arctic winter. It must have been a painful moment for the intrepid men who thus resigned themselves to a miserable hybernation—*audace stuolo di naviganti sotto ignoto Polo*—when the companions with whom they had shared so many dangers bade them a sorrowful good-bye, and took their way, as they thought, to the merry sunshine of the south, whilst they must prepare to lie drowned in the darkness of the long Northern night. Not a reproachful word, however, appears to drop from the pen of the Commander, in reference to this transaction. Indeed, it is but just to the separatists, to say that the advance of the vessel, in the first instance, to its present high latitude, was contrary to the judgment of the officers of the expedition, all of whom, with the exception of Dr. Kane and Mr. Brooks, had given it as their opinion, at a council held precisely a year ago, that they should proceed southward until the exploring season returned. But the question is put so generously by the Commander, when debating the matter in his journal, that his own words ought to be produced.

‘I cannot expect them (my associates) to adopt my impulses, and I am by no means sure that I ought to hold them bound by my conclusions. Have I the *moral right*? For as to nautical rules they do not fit the circumstances: amongst the whalers, when a ship is hopelessly beset, the master’s authority gives way, and the crew take counsel for themselves whether to go or stay by her. My party is subordinate and well disposed; but if the restlessness of suffering makes some of them anxious to brave the chances, they may certainly plead that a second winter in the ice was no part of the cruise they bargained for.’

Thus diminished in numbers, Dr. Kane at once turned his attention to the arrangements which the coming night of winter

required. Two resolutions were straightway adopted—one being a tribute due to the experience of civilized life, the other a compliment paid to the sagacity of the savage. First, as systematic occupation is necessary to keep the mind from stagnating, and to check any tendency to acidity of temper, it was determined that all the tasks incident to their position should be as sternly and regularly performed as if they were still living under southern discipline. Now, the god Routine has never been much honoured in polar harbours. He is greatly worshipped in our Temperate parts. He has devotees innumerable in the lower latitudes, as all the world has observed, from Downing Street to Balaclava Wharf. But we scarcely could have expected to find that he had established a branch business on the Greenland coast. There can be no doubt, however, that the resolution was wise and philosophical, and that the formal discharge of a certain set of duties would serve, like the hoarded impulses of a fly-wheel, to carry the performers through many hours of depression by the mere momentum of habit alone.

The other resolution was to turn Esquimaux themselves in their mode of living. Not that they proposed to cultivate filth and personal uncleanness, like the barbarians of the North, but they would imitate them as far as was feasible in dress and diet, and take a leaf out of the native's book in regard to the arrangements of their winter abode. This, too, was wise. In Greenland you must, to some extent, do as the Greenlanders do. Untutored as the inhabitants of a country may be, they have at least served a long apprenticeship to its climate, and, aided by the subtle suggestions of that instinct which Providence has implanted in man wherever located, and which civilization seems rather to overlay than to destroy, the Esquimaux has learnt a sufficient number of expedients to entitle him to consider the European or American his scholar in practical polar life.

One of the earliest steps was to construct an apartment within the brig, which was to serve as the abode of the whole party. A space measuring twenty feet by eighteen, with little more than six feet of height, was accordingly inclosed. The walls were of wood packed with a thick coating of turf and moss; the deck above was strewn with the same vegetables, and the floor was first caulked with plaster of Paris and then carpeted with Manilla oakum to the depth of two inches. From the non-conducting character of the moss padding, it was expected that this interior cabin would be tolerably frost-proof. The avenue by which it was reached was imitated from the Esquimaux *tossut*—a long narrow passage admitting the native to his hut with the least possible concessions to the external wind and cold. It was a

sloping tunnel twelve feet in length, but only three feet high by two feet-six in breadth, so that the men had to thread it on all-fours; and if they *could* have contrived to grow corpulent in their den, they might possibly have stuck fast in attempting to make their exit. Doors were adapted to the two orifices of this flue, the further one opening into the stripped and 'sorrowing hold,' from which the adventurer groped his way to the desolate deck.

These and other preparations being made, the little band stood ready for another plunge into the deep darkness of the Pole. The sun took his departure from the skies in October, and his friendly face would no more be seen until the middle of February. The miseries of that winter were appalling. To ask whether they could survive it—*seu plures hyemes, seu iribuit Jupiter ultimam*—seemed almost as desperate a question as could be put to 'Fate.' So long as their fuel lasted, it is true, they might hope to make head against the cold which was raging round their ship. In their moss-lined dormitory they might contrive to preserve a temperature of 10° or 20° above the freezing point. But *would* their fuel suffice? The coal was already gone. The bulkheads were consumed before the winter had fairly commenced. The extra planking of the deck was ripped off at the end of October. Taking deep counsel with the carpenter, Dr. Kane determined upon cutting away rails, cross-beams, girders, and topmasts, in a well-considered series of sacrifices, numbered one, two, three, and so on, just as an embarrassed man marks out the chattels or little properties he is compelled to sell in the order of doom which will best reconcile him to their loss. By breaking into the vessel largely, it was calculated that they might indulge in seventy pounds of fuel per diem. A pretty allowance in a latitude where the chloric ether, volatile as it is, was solidified without art, and where the thermometers once sunk to seventy degrees below zero! To this meagre ration, however, the Captain was resolved to adhere. Every stick was followed to the scales with his own eyes, and weighed to the ounce. The stove was jealously watched, and if it could be made to do its day's work with sixty-five pounds instead of the appointed seventy, his joy was like that of the miser who finds that he has retrenched a single sixpence in the course of a week. Still this fund of combustible material would barely suffice to carry them to the end of January; and to meet the cold of the worst months, it was necessary to peel off the outer sheathing of the vessel—the trebling as it was called—down to the water-line. In order, however, to spare this valuable oak as much as possible, particularly as the men were sometimes too weak to chop it into billets, the hemp hawsers and cast-off

running gear were burnt, and an attempt was made to extract the needful allowance of caloric from lamps of pork-fat mixed with resin; but, though the heat emitted was by no means despicable, the smoke and soot begrimed the whole cabin, blackening the beds and faces of the occupants, and occasioning such an intolerable nuisance to their lungs, that it was necessary to reduce the number of these lamps, and adopt other contrivances for securing the proper pittance of warmth.

The want of appropriate food was, however, a still worse evil than the deficiency of fuel. To men 'riddled' with the scurvy, fresh meat was of the first importance. The vegetables they possessed, dried fruits and pickled cabbages, had lost much of their anti-scorbutic powers by regular use. On the 5th of December two potatoes were served out as a precious boon to the sick men, and the remaining twelve were hoarded away, with the remark that they were 'worth their weight in gold.' The straits to which the sufferers were reduced for want of fresh animal food, compelled them to resort to measures which would have thrown more polished and highly-favoured stomachs into agonies of disgust. Every part of a creature was sometimes employed. The skin was boiled for soup. The claws were reduced to a jelly. Lungs, larynx, and intestines were turned to alimentary account, and so greatly was this garbage esteemed that the Captain, less scourged with the scurvy than the rest, notes in his journal, under the date of 9th February, 1855, that he had not permitted himself to 'taste more than an occasional entrail of our last half-dozen rabbits.' A bear's head which had been put away as a zoological specimen was overhauled one day, and served up to the invalids, with many thanks for so opportune a 'godsend.' It was followed by an abscessed liver and some intestines intended for the dogs, affording four ounces of raw frozen meat for each man per diem, for a period of three days only. This, we are told, was eaten with zest. In a subsequent entry, we learn that Dr. Kane gave Wilson 'one raw meal from the masseter muscle which adhered to another old bear's head he was keeping 'for a specimen.' A pint of fresh blood from two rabbits, shot on a hunt, was hailed as a grateful cordial by some of the disabled men. In fact, the use of raw food became not simply a convenience from want of proper culinary resources, but a positive luxury, which the exigencies of the climate on the one hand seemed to require, and the habits of the Esquimaux on the other appeared to prescribe.

'There are few among us who do not relish a slice of raw blubber or a chunk of frozen walrus beef. The liver of a walrus (awuktanuk) eaten with little slices of his fat—of a verity it is a delicious morsel.

Fire would ruin the curt, pithy expression of vitality which belongs to its uncooked juices. Charles Lamb's roast pig was nothing to awuktanuk. I wonder that raw beef is not eaten at home. Deprived of extraneous fibre, it is neither indigestible nor difficult to masticate. With acids and condiments it makes a salad which an educated palate cannot help relishing; and as a powerful and condensed heat-making and anti-scorbutic food it has no rival. I make this last broad assertion after carefully testing its truth. The natives of South Greenland prepare themselves for a long journey in the cold by a course of frozen seal. At Upernavik they do the same with the narwhal, which is thought more heat-making than the seal; while the bear, to use their own expression, is 'stronger travel than all.'

We can scarcely concur in Dr. Kane's expression of surprise that raw meat, particularly of the unctuous character which prevails in the Polar circle, is not commonly consumed in the south. Instinct has doubtless regulated the arrangement which leads the inhabitant of the Temperate zones to cherish a highly-cooked ragoût at the same time that the more fervid Arab loves his date, the Hindoo his rice, and the South Sea islander his yam and bread-fruit. But for the Greenlander, whose cold and dense atmosphere carries off his animal caloric and wears away his tissues with such rapidity, food in a state best fitted to supply heat, and at the same moment to repair his bodily waste, is eminently required. And accordingly, that soft-spoken instinct which whispers its precepts in the ears of the most ignorant savage, and benevolently instructs him in the great secrets of life, though in a language which none can properly translate, tells the poor Esquimaux that raw flesh and blubber are the best things at his command to recruit his corporeal frame and replenish his stores of animal fuel.

The Doctor, indeed, seems to have been as adventurous in his appetite as in his explorations. He tried rats. Now rats are certainly no delicacies, but the pressing call for flesh constrained him to introduce these vermin upon his table. Perhaps there was a touch of vindictiveness in the proceeding. The noxious brutes had begun to swarm in the vessel, as if cold were a blessing, and the severities of the climate were conducive to their multiplication. The brig was soon a perfect warren. They destroyed the furs, woollens, shoes, and everything they could fancy. They gnawed their way into the dormitory, and were to be found in the lockers, the cushions, and the beds. They scampered about with the grossest impudence, and showed such boldness in fight, that all attempts at their reduction seemed to be perfectly hopeless; you might as well have tried to exterminate the plague-frogs of Egypt. They attacked the very dog which was sent down into their head-quarters, and the poor animal was withdrawn bleeding and yelping. Knowing the



immense value of flesh, even as a medicine alone, Dr. Kane heroically employed some of these pests in the preparation of soup; but though he found decoction of rat of service in resisting the inroads of scurvy, none of his companions appear to have participated in this Arctic luxury.

Many efforts were made to procure animal food by small hunting expeditions, but in the cold and darkness of the wintry season these were attended with scanty success. A lengthier journey was also attempted, at the close of January, in the hope of obtaining supplies of walrus from the Esquimaux at Etah Bay. Nothing, indeed, but the prospect of famine or death could have justified such a desperate excursion. The distance was upwards of seventy miles. It must be performed on foot, for not more than five dogs could be considered road-worthy, and with such a feeble team it would be impossible for the sledges to carry passengers, even supposing they should be sufficient for the transport of the requisite baggage and food. The journey, too, must be executed in the long midnight of winter (though not wholly moonless); with a temperature ranging from seventy to ninety degrees below the freezing point; in a country where there are no wayside hostelries at which to change dogs, and no Esquimaux Bonifaces to give you a bed and make you out a stupendous bill; and this, too, over ground strewn with blocks which might have been wrenched from the Great Glacier—fit arsenal of ice missiles—by the Titans of the Pole. Two persons only, Dr. Kane and Hans the Huntsman, could be spared from the ship; and yet these fearless men set out as boldly as if the experiment were to be accomplished by rail. What would our forefathers, who took the precaution of making their wills before they ventured upon a trip from London to York, have done had they been compelled to execute a journey equal in horror to this Arctic excursion in their own good old days of testamentary travel? Died of fright, to be sure, before the first stage had been achieved. But human resolution was of little avail. The dogs broke down; the adventurers were locked up for two days by a furious storm in a miserable little hovel of snow; the sledge was entangled in the ice, and, after extraordinary exertions, they were compelled to return to the ship—baffled, exhausted, and as poor in provisions as at first. Later on, when the Arctic day had begun to dawn, Hans was despatched, all alone, on a similar errand, and succeeded in reaching Etah Bay; but, alas! famine was in the huts of the Esquimaux as well as in the American brig. These poor savages had even eaten their stock of dogs, with the exception of four; and in their lean, meagre forms it was hard to recognise the plump acquaintances of the previous summer. Still, the good rifle of the hunter, aided by the sport-

ing experience of the natives, enabled him to procure some supplies of fresh meat for the latter, and to carry back a portion for the use of the scurried inhabitants of the *Advance*.

This, however, was not till March. Before that time sickness and privation had made sad havoc amongst the explorers. All were tainted with the malady which is the sailor's great pest. The wounds of the amputated men had opened anew. The invalids were growing more helpless, and some appeared to be sinking rapidly. Hæmorrhages became quite common. Most of the party lay in their berths without power to rise. At one period the cook breaks down whilst preparing a meal, and a volunteer successor faints at his task: at another, the whole available force of the vessel is insufficient to cut a Sunday's fuel in advance, and had a single additional person been ill they would have been deprived of a fire even for the day in hand. Once, when the last ration of fresh meat had been served out, Petersen, one of the huntsmen, intimated that he could do no more, and Hans, the other, announced that it was impossible to find any game in the neighbourhood of the brig. Dr. Kane himself could scarcely leave the vessel, for sickness and depression had awakened a mutinous spirit in some of the men, and he felt that his absence might compromise the safety of the whole band. Such, indeed, was the misery of their position that when Brooks, the first officer, caught sight of himself in the glass, he found he had been so roughly handled by disease that he burst into tears; and when Dr. Hayes crawled up to the deck, in April, he had not seen the sun for nearly six months, whilst poor Morton had been 'on his back' from the previous October.

Spite of these hardships, however, the adventurers contrived to outride the rigours of the season in their dismal little burrow. The seceders, it should be observed, had long ago rejoined their associates, having found it impracticable to carry out their project of retreat. Dr. Kane received them with a friendly hand, and in a spirit of generous reticence which cannot be too highly admired, makes no further allusion to the transaction than is sufficient to intimate their return. At last the 'merry' month of May arrived. Long before this time the Commander had foreseen that the abandonment of the vessel was imperative, for should he await the breaking up of the ice, and find that the captive ship could not be extricated after all, it would then be too late to convey his little band across the frontier of Danger. Another winter in Rensselaer Harbour would certainly be fatal to many, and probably to most of the party. Had they attempted to remain, the Esquimaux might perhaps have entered the ship some day, and found the stiff icy corpses of several of the adventurers lying in their berths, their last agony frozen as

it were on their faces, all still in the attitudes in which Death bent over them when he touched them with his 'mace petrific,' and nothing to tell how the expedition approached the termination of its sufferings but a few tremulous entries in the Captain's journal, written in a character which the poor awe-struck barbarians could not decipher.

Preparations for the retreat had accordingly been in progress for several months. Thirteen hundred miles must be traversed before the navigators could reach the outskirts of civilization and consider themselves in safety. Part of the distance would lie over the ice, for which sledges were necessary, and part through the water, for which boats must be dragged across the intervening floes. Four of the troop were crippled men who must be drawn along inch by inch by their healthier companions. The provisions and clothing for such a journey were a fearful incumbrance, seeing that their only baggage animals were six enfeebled dogs, and that the explorers themselves must serve as the principal beasts of draught. Yet the Commander did not permit himself to be discouraged. Two whaleboats, twenty-four to twenty-six feet in length, were mounted upon sledges and covered with a canvas tent or housing. A third but lesser boat was also secured upon runners, and a fourth sledge was taken as a sort of flying vehicle, to be drawn by the dogs and employed in transporting stores or invalids as occasion might require. Provisions, consisting chiefly of pulverized biscuit and melted fat or tallow, together with concentrated bean soup, coffee and tea—the latter the grand viaticum of Arctic adventurers—were stowed away in bags coated with tar and pitch to keep them water-tight. Special cooking utensils were contrived by the honorary tinker to the expedition, and canvas mocassins, carpet boots, and other articles of dress were manufactured, each person ministering to himself in the tailoring department.

The first homeward step was to transport the sick to the Esquimaux hut at Anoatok. With great wisdom the Captain had resolved to use this place as a kind of dépôt, not only for stores, but for invalids. Instead of launching the whole party at once, retarded as they must have been with their ailing comrades, Dr. Kane kept plying for several weeks between the vessel and Anoatok in his brave little dog-sledge, sometimes taking down a patient, sometimes a cargo of provender, and as the distance was about thirty-five miles, not less than eleven hundred miles were thus traversed by him in executing the mere preliminaries of the retreat.

At last, however, the party made their formal Exodus from the brig. Sorrowfully, indeed, as we may guess, for where is the

dungeon which has not endeared itself in some respects to the captive who has pined in it for numerous years? Prayers being read, and an address delivered by the Commander, the men yoked themselves to the boat-sledges, and set out, some with gutta-percha masks on their faces, and others with pieces of wood having a slit in the centre fitted to their eyes, these being the native substitutes for spectacles, and the best Esquimaux preservative against snow-blindness. Slow was the pace at which they proceeded. At the expiration of eight days the feeble caravan had toiled over an interval of not more than fifteen miles. Never, in fact, during their painful march over the ice, did the rate of advance exceed three and a half miles per diem, though the actual movement might be equivalent to four times that distance. Nor was it particularly expeditious when the eighty-one miles of unbroken floe had been trodden and the water was reached. The sea was so much littered with fragments that it took them sixteen days to effect an advance of one hundred miles.

‘Our average progress was then about eight miles a day, stopping for our hunting parties and for sleep. Great care was taken not to infringe upon the daily routine. We had perpetual daylight; but it was my rule, rarely broken even by extreme necessity, not to enter upon the labours of a day until we were fully refreshed from those of the day before. We halted regularly at bed-time and for meals. The boats, if afloat, were drawn up; the oars always disposed on the ice as a platform for the stores; our buffalo skins were spread, each man placed himself with his pack according to his number, the cook for the day made his fire, and the ration, however scanty, was formally measured out. Prayers were never intermitted. I believe firmly that to these well-sustained observances we are largely indebted for our final escape.’

What hardships and accidents the party encountered it would be a lengthy task to relate. Sometimes a sledge broke through the ice, or a boat was nearly sunk; sometimes it was necessary to cut a path through the hummocks, or to shovel a way through the deep snow-drift, as if preparing a real Great Northern Railroad; now they were arrested by a storm, or lost in a fog; and then the floe broke up suddenly, tossing the ice into hills with a hideous clamour, and whirling the boats on the top of a seething caldron, like chips in a maelström. Occasionally their fuel ran so scarce that they burnt into their conveyances; and once their provisions were reduced to so low an ebb, that they must have starved but for the capture of a seal—an operation which almost paralyzed the men with anxiety, and elicited a ravenous yell of delight when accomplished. Frequently, too, their strength

seemed about to fail them completely; their feet were so distended that they had to cut open their <sup>leather</sup> ~~leather~~ boots; they drew their breath with increasing difficulty; they could scarcely sleep, wearied as they were; and on one occasion the united strength of the party could hardly suffice to drag a single boat over a small tongue of ice. But at length, after eighty-four days of toil and exposure, all spent in the open air, these weather-beaten mariners arrived at Upernavik on the 6th August, 1855. A small oil-boat from this Danish settlement gave them the first opportunity of communicating with the world, from which they had been so long estranged. Its occupant poured out a stream of intelligence as new and unintelligible to them as if he had dropped down from some far-off planet. 'Sebastopol aint taken,' said he. 'Where and what was Sebastopol?' exclaimed the explorers.

At Disco, <sup>they</sup> they fell in with a vessel which the United States' Government had despatched to search for the searchers; and when the Captain (Hartstene) learnt that the 'little man in a ragged flannel shirt' was the long-lost Dr. Kane, his crew instantly manned the rigging, and a hearty burst of cheers wound up, with a fit finale, one of the most hazardous and heroic enterprises ever accomplished on this globe.

—The task so gallantly achieved has been as worthily recorded. A more interesting narrative of Arctic research than Dr. Kane's does not exist. Compared with some of the dull journals it has been our lot to read, and especially with that pompous but flatulent production entitled the *East of the Arctic Voyages*, the present work is as superior as a sea tale by Marryat to a merchantman's log. It is illustrated with several hundred engravings, so that the pencil of the author has liberally aided his graphic pen; and with two such able implements at work for the reader's benefit, he must be fastidious indeed who does not yield to the fascinations of the book, or who permits his attention to grow cold before the last chapter is completed. We have noticed several little discrepancies, perhaps the consequence of hasty preparation; but when a writer gives us such a delightful narrative, couched in so modest a strain, we can only thank him for his magnificent volumes, and, still more, for the noble addition which he and his comrades have made to the world's stock of valiant and memorable exploits.

A few words respecting the results of this expedition. First, it is needless to say that, with regard to the ill-starred men whose fate they hoped to elucidate, the adventurers returned as they went, without detecting a single trace, or acquiring a single particle of information. The melancholy memorials discovered at

Beechey Island by Captain Penny's officers, and the still more expressive relics procured by Dr. Rae, in Pelly Bay, prove that the generous exertions of the Americans were wasted on a shore and in a quarter which Franklin never attempted to reach.

Secondly, there are men of high standing and experience who still believe that some members of that hapless squadron may yet exist. Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, in a letter addressed to Lieutenant Bedford Pim, remarks that 'he must be a very incredulous person who doubts that, at this moment (Dec. 1856), several of our abandoned and almost forgotten countrymen are sheltering themselves in snow-huts, swallowing morsels of frozen seal or walrus, and, at the same time, chewing the bitter cud of their country's want of gratitude, want of faith, and want of honour.\*' Would that there were any good reason for participating in this view! Share it we cannot. Nearly twelve years of absence are sufficient to freeze every hope of Franklin's return. Too plain a dilemma stares us in the face to permit any indulgence in such benevolent credulity. If the wanderers are living, what could have locked them up for so long a time in these regions of ice, and prevented their return to the South?—or if, on the other hand, their circumstances were such as absolutely to interdict their escape, must they not also have been such as to extinguish life before a dozen winters could clapse? But Dr. Kane's narrative seems to us to negative the idea that a band of Europeans could weather more than a few of the long dreary Arctic nights, even with Esquimaux resources at their command. Not that he expresses any opinion to this effect—his leaning is perhaps quite in the contrary direction. But it is perfectly clear from his pages that a third winter in Rensselaer Harbour would have been fatal to many of his own crew, and in all probability would have swept the dormitory of the *Advance* with the 'besom of destruction.' There were periods, as we have seen, when the illness of a single man, or the absence of food for another day, might have decided the fate of the whole party, trembling as the balance frequently was, between life and death, and tilted only by some providential event. It is true that the American was imprisoned in a much more northerly position than that in which the Englishman was probably arrested, but still it was in a latitude haunted by Esquimaux; and, as it is ever urged, that where natives exist, Europeans may manage to live, the experience of this expedition is as available as if the vessel had been shut up in the ice in Peel Sound, or in the neighbourhood of King William's Land. Now it is stated by Dr. Kane, that the

\* See Lieutenant Bedford Pim's *Earnest Appeal*, p. 18.

inhabitants of the coast are a perishing race. They themselves appear to be unable to cope with the climate. They know that they are hastening to extinction, 'dying out, not lingeringly, like the American tribes, but so rapidly as to be able to mark, within a generation, their progress' towards extirpation. In fact, as we have seen, the nearest little colony to the brig was probably preserved from death in 1855 by the opportune arrival of Hans and his fowling-piece. And to what but a contraction of the breed, a shrivelling up of the inhabitants, can we ascribe many of the deserted huts which spot the shores wherever the Arctic voyager has proceeded? But there is another grave objection to the argument derived from native powers of endurance. Franklin and his associates were *not* Esquimaux: they were not born in snow huts, cradled in ice, nursed on blubber, brought up on walrus' flesh, and exposed from infancy to the fierce frosts and biting temperatures of the Polar Circle. English constitutions will brave much, but they could not be expected, under circumstances of hardship, and when enfeebled by excessive toil, to support the rigours of a climate under which the idle and *insouciant* barbarians are themselves decaying. The effect of a northern imprisonment on Europeans is not simply to sap the bodily strength, but it has a strange tendency to produce mental prostration. The state in which the crew of the *Investigator* was found after their long confinement in Mercy Bay, is too recent and too striking a case to be forgotten. Well might Dr. Kane exclaim, even during the first winter in Rensselaer harbour, 'As I look round upon the pale faces and haggard looks of my comrades, I feel that we are fighting the battle of life at disadvantage, and that an Arctic night and an Arctic day age a man more rapidly and harshly than a year anywhere else in all this weary world.'

The geographical results of Dr. Kane's expedition, however, are of considerable interest. Foremost is the discovery of the Great Glacier of Humboldt, the most stupendous frost-work of the species on which the eye of man has ever rested. Had there been no other fruit from his adventures, we doubt not that he would have considered himself well repaid for his exertions by the sight of this giant production of the ice-world, crawling like a serpent across the land, and exhibiting the undulations of hill and valley by the archings and inflexions of its form—ploughing up the ground on either hand into huge wrinkles, and furrowing the rocks beneath with the points of its mail—its head dipping into the sea as if the thirsty reptile had come down from its lair to drain the great basin at a draught—the flakes of foam from its jaws, and the scales from its neck floating off on the recoiling

billows in the shape of white bergs, whilst far away in the interior of the country the extremity of the immeasurable monster lay uncoiled among the snow-clad mountains which were the birth-place of its being and the nursery of its strength.

Next, the new territory, to which the name of Washington has been given, was explored for some distance, until the survey was stopped by a steep overhanging headland, Cape Independence, in lat.  $81^{\circ} 22' N$ . This tract is an extension of the Greenland Coast, or if distinct ground, the interval is spanned by the icy viaduct of Humboldt. On the opposite side of the Channel—let the reader suppose himself in the Straits of Dover, where the continent may roughly represent Greenland—the coast (say of the Eastern Counties, but here known as Grinnell Land) was charted for a still greater distance, the remotest point observed being a lofty mountain, to which the name of Parry was appropriately given. This rocky beacon, situate in lat.  $82^{\circ} 30'$ , is the nearest *land* to the pole which has yet been sighted.

Lastly—for we need not advert to minor surveys—what light did the expedition throw upon the great problem of a Polar Sea? To their great surprise the party sent out to the north found that the floe in Smith's Strait—call it Dover Straits—became broken as they advanced; then great lanes of water appeared, in which a frigate might sail with ease; afterwards the ice grew scarce, and the surf broke full upon the naked rocks, until at length the channel 'expanded into an iceless area; for four or five small pieces, lumps, were all that could be seen over the entire surface of its white-capped waters. Viewed from the cliffs, and taking thirty-six miles as the mean radius open to reliable survey, this sea had a justly-estimated extent of more than four thousand square miles.' Like Balboa, when he first caught sight of the Pacific Ocean—'sublime upon a peak in Darien'—Mr. Morton, who made the discovery, could scarcely trust his eyes as he stood upon the height which brought this unexpected vision within reach of his gaze. Here, in a region where frost turns the very surges into icy heaps, and where the mountains pour down solid streams, there lay an ocean whose waves were as free and unfettered in their play as if they were sporting in rippled smiles or heaving with billowy laughter beneath the light of a Mediterranean sun. Dr. Kane does not attempt to say how far it may extend—'whether it exists simply as a feature of the immediate region, or as part of the great unexplored area communicating with a Polar basin.' He is right in being cautious on the question. All is not gold that glitters. A sheet of melted snow, overlying a field of ice has more than once been mistaken for open water. Ships, too, have sailed one year



where sledges have been driven the next. But the fact that the approaches to this basin, for a distance of more than fifty miles, were tolerably free from ice—the absence of all drift after a heavy gale of many hours' duration; coming from the north-east, the myriads of birds which skimmed the waters and lined the rocks, certainly afford some presumption that the liquidity of this area is not a mere transitory phenomenon, and that large expanses of fluid may exist beyond the poles of maximum cold.

We have but little space for an allusion to the *Farthest Appeal* of Lieutenant Bedford Pim. This enterprising young officer was attached to the *Resolute*—one of the vessels abandoned by Sir Edward Belcher's orders, and which has been so gracefully returned by the American authorities. He has seen a considerable amount of Arctic service. It was he who acted as the Angel of Deliverance to the crew of M'Clure's vessel when impounded in Mercy Bay, and who therefore constituted the last living link in the chain of discovery which solved the problem of the North-west Passage. In conjunction with Dr. King, so well known for his Arctic enthusiasm, he has submitted a proposal to the Admiralty for a further expedition. They advocate a sea-search, in combination with a land-journey; the former, in a small screw-steamer, by Barrow's Strait and along Peel Sound; the latter, across the American continent and down Great Fish River. The rendezvous to be at the Magnetic Pole. The superior efficacy of this plan is assumed to lie in the concerted operations of the parties, and in the employment of the smallest possible number of people, consistent with the due execution of the scheme. Such an expedition would certainly 'dredge' separate tracts before the two detachments met; but the principle of mutual assistance could only be available when the junction was accomplished, and for the purpose of effecting their return homewards. We do not therefore discover so much 'novelty' in the proposal as to justify the idea that two such parties *must* succeed, where squadrons, acting in harmony, if not in unison, have completely failed. Dr. Rae's inquiries, however—inquiries confirmed by the subsequent researches of Messrs. Anderson and Stewart—have afforded some clue to the latitude and longitude of the Franklin disaster, and therefore the work of search might now be prosecuted with comparative simplicity, and with great reason to expect that some decisive intelligence would be procured.

But the British Government have settled the question in Parliament, and refused to despatch the living in search of the dead. So far as this decision is founded upon the belief that the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* have all perished, the nation will probably acquiesce in its propriety; but, for our own part, if there

are brave men who would be glad to undertake the service, and who would go out on the express understanding that the authorities should not be expected to despatch expeditions after them in case they too were 'missing,' we should have been as well pleased to find that Government was prepared to institute another and final search. No longer compelled to steer at random amongst the Arctic islands, or to pick their way by the light of delusive theories, the adventurers would be able to concentrate their energies upon the region where the tragedy was probably enacted; and though Franklin and his comrades could no longer benefit by their generous exertions, yet, if they could return with his Journal, we have no doubt that its discovery would excite more interest than the announcement at the market-cross of Europe, that the burning of the Alexandrian Library was a pure fiction, and that the whole of that splendid collection had been exhumed.\*

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ART. III.—*The History and Life of the Reverend Dr. John Tauler of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons* (Temp. 1340). *Translated from the German, with Additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times*, by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, and a *Preface by the* REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is said to have been the custom of an eastern king, whenever he saw in his travels a tree remarkable for stature or for beauty, to have it dug up, and conveyed by his elephants to the royal gardens. There it was planted (among many others, similarly transported from every part of his dominions) on an eminence called the Green Mount, directly in view of his palace windows. It was one of his choice pleasures to watch these stateliest products of his many provinces, as they put forth their leaves in their season, and developed their various tints of green, and glittered with their several kinds of fruit. Now every good man may enjoy a prerogative and a pleasure similar to this, if his heart be large enough. We are free to gather together, from every communion, and people, and time, the fairest specimens of Christian life. We may set them up in view of our souls as in an ideal 'garden of the Lord,' and find in the contemplation of them that we grow in wisdom while we grow in love. They who, by their historic labours, help us in any way to such enjoyment and such profit, are certainly entitled to our thanks. Among those to whom acknow-

\* Since writing the above the death of Dr. Kane has been reported.

ledgment of this kind is due, no small share should be awarded to the authoress of the tasteful modern-antique before us—the lady who gave to English readers the *Theologia Germanica*, and who has now safely conveyed to them, in an excellent translation, certain cuttings for their ‘Green Mount,’ taken from a mighty tree that once braved sore tempests in the old German land—a tree in whose shadow many way-worn, thirsting souls found a shelter from the heat, and in whose branches many heavenly thoughts and praising voices had their habitation.

Great are the practical advantages to be derived from a course of mental travel among forms of Christian belief in many respects foreign to our own. Nothing so surely arrests our spiritual growth as a self-complacent, insular disdain of other men’s faith. To displace this pride by brotherly-kindness—to seek out lovingly the points whereon we agree with others, and not censoriously those wherein we differ, is to live in a clearer light, as well as a larger love. Then again, the powers of observation and of discrimination called into exercise by such journeyings among brethren of another speech will greatly benefit us. We must set out remembering George Herbert’s counsel to the traveller:—

‘Keep all thy native good, and naturalize  
All foreign of that name; but scorn their ill.  
Embrace their activeness, not vapidity;  
Who follows all things forfeiteth his will.’

Now the very endeavour to distinguish between the good in others which we should naturalize and assimilate for ourselves, and the error which could be profitable neither for them nor for us, is most wholesome. Such studies lead us to take account of what we already have and believe; so that we come to know ourselves better by the comparison both in what we possess and in what we lack. Every section of the Church of Christ desires to include in its survey the whole fabric of revealed truth. What party will admit to an antagonist that its study of the divine edifice has been confined to a single aspect? And yet the fact is beyond all candid questioning that each group of worshippers, with whatever honesty of intention they may have started to go round about the building, and view it fairly from every side, have, notwithstanding, their favourite point of contemplation—one spot where they are most frequently to be found, intent on that side of truth to which, from temperament or circumstance, they are most attached. There is both good and evil in this inevitable partiality; but the good

will be most happily realized, and the evil most successfully avoided, if we have liberality enough now and then to take each other's places. It is possible, in this way, both to qualify and to enrich our own impressions from the observations of those who have given themselves, with all the intensity of passion, to some aspect of truth, which, while it may be the opposite, is yet the complement of the view preferred by ourselves. How often, as the result of an acquaintance made with some such diverse (and yet kindred) species of devotion, are we led to ask ourselves—'Is there not a fuller meaning than I had supposed in this passage, or that other, of Holy Writ? Have I not, because certain passages have been abused, allowed myself unconsciously to slight or to defraud them of their due significance?' And, in this way, both those parts of Scripture we have most deeply studied, and those which we have but touched with our plummet, may disclose their blessing to us, and fill higher the measure of our joy.

Nor is this all. We gather both instruction and comfort from the spiritual history of others who have passed through the same darkness, doubt, or sorrow, which we ourselves have either encountered, or may be on our way to meet. How glad was Christian when he heard the voice of a fellow-pilgrim in the valley of the Shadow of Death! And when suns are bright, and the waters calm, and the desired wind blows steadily, he is the wise mariner who employs his leisure in studying the records of others who have made voyage already in those latitudes; who learns from their expedients, their mishaps, or their deliverances, how best to weather the storms, or to escape the quicksands that await him. Of all who have sailed the seas of life, no men have experienced a range of vicissitude more wide than has fallen to the lot of some among the mystics. Theirs have been the dazzling heights; the lowest depths also have been theirs. Their solitary vessels have been swept into the frozen North, where the ice of a great despair has closed about them like the ribs of death, and through a long soul's winter they have lain hidden in cold and darkness, as some belated swallow in the cleft of a rock. It has been theirs, too, to encounter the perilous fervours of that zone where never cooling cloud appears to veil insufferable radiance, and to glow beneath those glories with an ardour so intense that some men, in their pity, have essayed to heal it as a fever, and others, in their wrath, to chain it as a frenzy. Now afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, ere long there hath been built for them at once a palace and a place of rest; their foundations have been laid with sapphires, their windows

have been made of agates, and their gates of carbuncles, and all their borders of pleasant stones.

A place of rest! Yes, in that one word REST lies all the longing of the mystic. Every creature in heaven above, and in the earth beneath, saith Master Eckart, all things in the height and all things in the depth, have one yearning, one ceaseless, unfathomable desire, one voice of aspiration: it is for rest; and again, for rest; and ever, till the end of time, for rest! The mystics have constituted themselves the interpreters of these sighs and groans of the travailing creation; they are the hierophants to gather, and express, and offer them to heaven; they are the teachers to weary, weeping men of the way whereby they may attain, even on this side the grave, a serenity like that of heaven. What the halcyon of fable is among the birds, that are the mystics among their kind. They essay to build them a marvellous nest, which not only floats upon the waves of life, but has the property of charming those waves to a glassy stillness, so that in mid-winter, and the very heart of storms, their souls enjoy, for a season, what the ancients called 'the halcyon days,'—that wondrous week of calm ordained for the favoured bird when the year is roughest. 'Tis pity, murmurs old Montaigne, that more information hath not come down to us concerning the construction of these nests. Tradition has it, that the halcyon first of all fashions the said nest by interlacing the bones of some fish. When it is put together she takes it, like a boat ready for launching, and lays it on the beach: the waves come up: they lift it: they let it fall: they toss it gently among the rocks and pebbles; what is faultily made their play breaks, or makes to gape, so that the bird discovers the weak places, and what parts must be more duly finished; what is well knit together already, their strokes only season and confirm. Now when we read the lives of the mystics—each of whom has a method, more or less his own, of weaving such a nest, in other words, his *Theory and Practice of Quietude*—we see the structure on trial. Experience, with its buffeting, tests each man's method for the attainment of Rest. If we watch carefully, we shall see that some things in the doctrine of many of them break away under trial, while others are rendered only more compact and buoyant thereby. The examination of the appliances and the processes adopted by these searchers after the Divine Stillness, ought to be very helpful to ourselves. As far as we have their history before us, we can try them by their fruits. We ask, in the case of one man, by what divine art was it that his ark was so skilfully framed as to out-ride those deluges of trouble as though they

had been the waters of some windless mere? We ask, in the case of another, by what fault came it in the structure of his sailing nest, that the waters entered, and he sank, or seemed to sink, finding not the rest of soul he sought, but the vexation of soul he fled? We ask, in the several most signal examples of the class, how far did their mysticism help them to realize true manhood—make them strong to bear and strong to do? How far did it tend, or did it not tend, towards the complete development and consecration of their nature?

To derive from such inquiries their full benefit, two qualifications are indispensable:—the judgment must be clear, the sympathies must be warm. The inquirer must retain self-possession enough not to be too readily fascinated, or too soon offended, by certain strange and startling forms of expression; he must not suppose, that because, for a long time, the mystics have been unduly depreciated, it is wisdom now to cover them with thoughtless and indiscriminate praise. He must not suppose that the mystics are an exception to the ordinary limitations of mortals—that the glorious intensity of some among them was realized without any diminution of breadth, and that their view embraced, with equal fondness and with equal insight, every quarter in the heaven of truth. And on the other hand, let him beware how he seeks to understand these men without fellow-feeling and without love. The weak and volatile nature is smitten, on a first interview with the mystics, with a rage for mysticism—is for turning mystic straightway, and is out of patience, for six weeks, with every other form of Christianity. The cold and proud nature scorns their ardour as a phantasy, and (to its own grievous injury) casts out the warmth they bring. The loving nature and the wise says not, ‘I will be blind to their errors,’ but, ‘I will always look at those errors in the light of their excellences.’

The present volume contains a preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. With the substance of what he there says we very heartily agree; but we must take exception to one sentence, which appears to us hasty and unqualified. ‘The critic of Tauler,’ says Mr. Kingsley, ‘no man has a right to become, who has not first ascertained that he is a better man than Tauler.’

What are we to understand by these words? If such an assertion be true at all, it cannot be true for Tauler only. Would Mr. Kingsley say that no man has a right to become the critic of Augustine, of Luther, of Calvin, of Wesley, of George Fox, who has not first ascertained himself a better man? Ought every biographer, who is not a mere blind eulo-

gist, to start with the presumption that he is a better man than he of whom he writes? Ought the historian, who forms his critical estimate of the qualities possessed or lacking—of the service rendered in this direction or in that, by the worthies of the Church, to suppose himself superior to each in turn? As in art he who estimates the worth of a poem is not required to write better poetry, so in morals, he who estimates the worth of a character is not required to display superior virtue. Or is it the *opinions*, rather than the character of Tauler, which only a better man than Tauler may criticise? Any one who, on being made acquainted with certain opinions, differs from them, is supposed to have criticised them. In as far as Mr. Kingsley may not agree with some of the well-known opinions of Augustine, Luther, or Fox, so far has he ventured to be their critic; yet he does not suppose himself a better man. Why should Tauler alone be thus fenced about with a statement that virtually prohibits criticism? Such advocacy harms a client's cause. People are apt to suspect that their scrutiny is feared, when such pains are taken to keep them at a distance. So confident are we that the dross in Tauler is as nothing beside the gold, that we would invite, rather than deter, the most candid and sober exercise of the critical judgment with regard to him. Perhaps Mr. Kingsley may be, in reality, much of the same mind; if so, he should not write as though he thought quite otherwise.

We cannot suppose that Mr. Kingsley would seriously maintain that the mystic ought, from the very nature of his claims, to be exempt from that scrutiny to which history continually subjects the fathers, the schoolmen, and the reformers. Yet there are those who would have us hearken to every voice professing to speak from the 'everlasting deeps' with a reverence little more discriminating than that which the Mussulman renders to idioecy and madness. Curiously ignorant concerning the very objects of their praise, these admirers would seem to suppose that every mystic repudiates the exercise of understanding, is indifferent to the use of language, and invariably dissolves religious opinion in religious sentiment. These eulogists of mysticism imagine that they have found in the virtues of a Tauler, a platform whence to play off with advantage a volley of commonplaces against 'literalisms,' 'formulas,' 'creeds,' 'shams,' and the like. It is high time to rescue the mystics from a foolish adoration, which the best among them would be the most eager to repudiate. So far from forbidding men to try the spirits, the most celebrated among the mystics lead the way in such examination. It is

the mystics themselves who warn us so seriously that mysticism comprises an evil tendency as well as a good, and has had its utterances from the nether realms as well as from the upper. The great mystics of the fourteenth century would have been indignant with any man who had confounded, in a blind admiration, their mysticism with the self-deifying antinomianism that prevailed among the 'Brethren of the Free Spirit.' In many of Tauler's sermons, in the *Theologia Germanica*, in the writings of Suso and of Ruysbroek, care is taken to mark, with all the accuracy possible to language, the distinction between the False Light and the True. There is not a confession of faith in the world which surpasses in clearness and precision the propositions in Fenelon's *Maxims of the Saints*, whereby it is proposed to separate the genuine Quietism from the spurious. The mystic Gerson criticises the mystic Ruysbroek. Nicolas of Strasburg criticises Hildegard and Joachim; Behmen criticises Stiefel and Meth; Henry More criticises the followers of George Fox. So far are such mystics from that indifference to the true or the false in doctrine, which constitutes, with some, their highest claim to our admiration. It is absurd to praise men for a folly: it is still more absurd to praise them for a folly of which they are guiltless.

But here we can suppose the reader to interrupt us with some such question as this:—Is it not almost inevitable, when the significance of the word mysticism is so broad and ill-defined, that those who speak of it should misunderstand or be misunderstood? What two persons can you meet with who will define the term in precisely the same way? The word is in itself a not less general and extensive one than *revolution*, for instance. No one speaks of revolution in the abstract as good or evil. Every one calls this or that revolution glorious or disastrous, as they conceive it to have overthrown a good government or a bad. But the best among such movements are not without their evil, nor are the worst perhaps absolutely destitute of good. Does not mysticism, in like manner, sometimes rise up against a monstrous tyranny, and sometimes violate a befitting order? Has there been no excess in its triumphs? Has there been no excuse for its offences? See, then, what opposites are coupled under this single word! Is it not mainly for this reason that you hear one man condemning and another extolling mysticism? He who applauds is thinking of such mystics as Bernard, or Tauler, or Fenelon; he who denounces is thinking of the Carlstadts, the Münzers, or the Southcotes. He who applauds is thinking of men who vanquished formalism; he who denounces is thinking of men



who trampled on reason or morality. Has not each his right? Are not your differences mere disputes about nomenclature, and can you ever come to understanding while you employ so ambiguous a term?

So it seems to us that Common Sense might speak, and very forcibly, too. It is indeed to be regretted that we have not two words,—one to express what may be termed the true, and another for the false, mysticism. But regret is useless. Rather let us endeavour to show how we may employ, least disadvantageously, a term so controverted and unfortunate.

On one single question the whole matter turns:—Are we or are we not to call St. John a mystic? If we say ‘Yes,’ then of course all those are mystics whose teaching is largely impregnated with the aspect of Christianity presented in the writings of that Apostle. Then he is a mystic who loves to dwell on the union of Christians with Christ; on His abode in us, and our abiding in Him; on the identity of our knowledge of God with our likeness to Him; of truth with love; of light with life; on the witness which he who believes hath within himself. Then he is a mystic who regards the Eternal Word as the source of whatever light and truth has anywhere been found among men, and who conceives of the Church of Christ as the progressive realization of the Redeemer’s prayer—‘I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.’

Now, we think that, in the strict use of language, the word mystic should be applied, not to St. John, but to those who more or less exaggerate his doctrine concerning spiritual influence and life in God. The Scripture is the standard whereby alone the spirits are to be tried, in all candour and charity. For those who repudiate this authority we do not write. But if any one, understanding by ‘mystics’ simply those who give full force to the language of St. John, shall praise them, however highly, we are perfectly at one with him in his admiration—our only difference is about the use of the mere word.

So much then is settled. It will be obvious, however, that the *historian* of mysticism will scarcely find it possible always to confine his use of the word to the exaggeration just specified. For he must take up, one after the other, all those personages who have at any time been reckoned by general consent among the mystics. But an age which has relapsed into coldness will inevitably stigmatize as a mystic any man whose devout ardour rises a few degrees above its own frigidity. It is as certain as anything can be that, if a German had appeared among the Lutherans of the seventeenth century, teaching in his own way just as St. John taught,

without one particle of exaggeration, he would have been denounced as a mystic from a hundred pulpits. Hence it has come to pass that some men, who have figured largely as mystics in the history of the Church, have in them but a comparatively small measure of that subjective excess which we would call mysticism, in the strict sense. Tauler is one of these.

But it may be said,—You talk of testing these men by Scripture; yet you can only mean, by *your interpretation* of Scripture. How are you sure that your interpretation is better than theirs? Such an objection lies equally against every appeal to Scripture. For we all appeal to what we suppose to be the meaning of the sacred writers, ascertained according to the best exercise of our judgment. The science of hermeneutics has established certain general principles of interpretation which are acknowledged by scholars of every creed. But if any one now-a-days resolves the New Testament into allegory, and supposes, for example, that by the five husbands of the woman of Samaria we are to understand the five Senses, we cannot of course try our cause with him before a Court where he makes the verdict what he pleases. We can only leave him with his riddles, and request him to carry our compliments to the Sphinx.

There is, then, a twofold test by which Tauler and other mystics are to be judged, if their teaching is to profit rather than to confuse and mislead us. We may compare the purport of his discourses with the general tenor and bearing of the New Testament, as far as we can apprehend it as a whole. Are some unquestionable truths but rarely touched, and others pushed to their utmost limits? If we think we see a certain disproportionateness—that there is a joyousness, and freedom, and warm humanity about the portraiture of Christian life in St. John, which we lack in his very sincere disciple, the ascetic and the mystic,—we trifle with truth if we do not say so. The other test is the *historical*. Was a certain mystic on the side of the truth and onwardness of his time, or against it? Did he rise above its worst errors, or did he aggravate them? And here Tauler stands with a glory round his head. Whatever exaggeration there may have been of the inward as against the outward, it was scarcely more than was inevitable in the case of a man who had to maintain the inmost verities of Christian life amidst almost universal formality and death.

What then, it may be asked, is that exaggeration of which you speak? For hitherto your account of mysticism proper is only negative—it is a something which St. John does *not* teach.

We will give a few examples. If a man should imagine that his inward light superseded outward testimony, so that the words of Christ and his inspired disciples became superfluous to him; if he regarded indifference to the facts and recorded truths of the New Testament as a sign of eminent spirituality, such a man would, we think, abuse the teaching of St. John concerning the unction from the Holy One. The same Apostle who declares that he who hateth his brother abideth in darkness, refuses to bid God speed to him who brings not the doctrine of Christ, and inseparably associates the 'anointing' which his children had received, with their abiding in the truth they had heard from his lips. (1 John ii. 24.) If, again, any man were to pretend that a special revelation exempted him from the ordinary obligations of morality—that his union with God was such as to render sinless in him what would have been sin in others, he would be condemned, and not supported, by conscience and Scripture. Neither could that mystic appeal to St. John who should teach, instead of the discipline and consecration of our faculties, such an abandonment of their use, in favour of supernatural gifts, as should be a premium on his indolence, and a discouragement to all faithful endeavour to ascertain the sense of Holy Writ. Nor, again, does any mystic who disdains hope as a meanness abide by the teaching of St. John. For the Apostle regards the hope of heaven as eminently conducive to our fitness for it, and says—'He that hath this hope purifieth himself.' The mystical ascetic who refuses to pray for particular or temporal bestowments is wrong in his practice, however elevated in his motive. For St. John can write,—'I pray (εὐχουμαι) above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.' (3 John 2.) Nowhere does that Apostle prescribe absolute indifference, or absolute passivity.

Lastly, he is not so afraid of anthropomorphism as to discourage or refine away the symbol and the figure. It is evident that he regards the fatherhoods and the brotherhoods of this earthly life, not as fleshly ideas which profane things spiritual, but as adumbrations, most fit (however inadequate) to set forth the divine relationship to us,—yea, farther, as facts which would never have had place in time, had not something like their archetype from the first existed in that Eternal Mind who has made man in his own image.

We remember hearing of an old lady, a member of the Society of Friends, who interrupted a conversation in which the name of Jerusalem had been mentioned, by the exclamation, 'Jerusalem—umph—Jerusalem—it has not yet been

revealed to me that there is such a place!' Now we do not say that our friend the Quakeress might not have been an excellent Christian; but we do venture to think her far gone in mysticism. Her remark puts the idea of mysticism in its barest and most extreme form, as a tendency which issues in refusing to acknowledge the external world as a source of religious knowledge in any way, and will have every man's Christianity evolved *de novo* from the depths of his own consciousness, as though no apostle had ever preached, or evangelist written, or any Christian existed beside himself. It is not, therefore, the holding the doctrine of an inward light that makes a mystic, but the holding it in such a way as to ignore or to diminish the proper province of the outer.

We should certainly like to see some one settle for us definitively the questions which lie at the root of mysticism, such as these, for example:—Is there an immediate influence exerted by the Spirit of God on the spirit of man? And if so, under what conditions? What are those limits which, once passed, land us in mysticism? But the task, we fear, is beyond all hope of satisfactory execution. Every term used would have to be defined, and the words of the definition defined again, and every definition and subdefinition would be open to some doubt or some objection. Marco Polo tells us that the people of Kin-sai throw into the fire, at funerals, pieces of painted paper, representing servants, horses, and furniture; believing that the deceased will enjoy the use of realities corresponding to these in the other world. But, alas, for our poor definition-cutter, with his logical scissors! Where shall he find a faith like that of the Kin-sai people, to believe that there actually exist, in the realm of spirit and the world of ideas, realities answering to the terms he fashions? No; these questions admit but of approximate solution. The varieties of spiritual experience defy all but a few broad and simple rules. Hath not One told us that the influence in which we believe is as the wind, which bloweth as it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth?

For our own part, we firmly believe that there is an immediate influence exerted by the Divine Spirit. But is this immediate influence above sense and consciousness, or not? Yes, answers many a mystic. But, if it be above consciousness, how can any man be conscious of it? And what then becomes of the doctrine—so vital with a large class of mystics—of perceptible guidance, of inward impulses and monitions? Speaking with due caution on a matter so mysterious, we should say that, while the indwelling and guidance of the Spirit is most real, such in-

fluence is not ordinarily perceptible. It would be presumption to deny that in certain cases of especial need (as in some times of persecution, sore distress, or desolation) manifestations of a special (though not miraculous) nature may have been vouchsafed.

With regard to the witness of the Spirit, we think that the language of St. John warrants us in believing that the divine life within us is its own evidence. Certain states of physical or mental distemper being excepted, in so far as our life in Christ is vigorously and watchfully maintained, in so far will the witness of the Spirit with our spirit give us direct conviction of our sonship. How frequently, throughout his first Epistle, does the Apostle repeat that favourite word, *οἶδαμεν*, 'we know!'

Again, as to the presence of Christ in the soul. Says the Lutheran Church, 'We condemn those who say that the gifts of God only, and not God himself, dwell in the believer.' We have no wish to echo any such condemnation, but we believe that the Lutheran affirmation is the doctrine of Scripture. Both Christ himself and the Spirit of Christ are said to dwell within the children of God. We may perhaps regard the indwelling of Christ as the abiding source or principle of the new life, and the indwelling of the Spirit as that progressive operation which forms in us the likeness to Christ. The former is vitality itself; the latter has its degrees, as we grow in holiness.

Once more, as to passivity. If we really believe in spiritual guidance, we shall agree with those mystics who bid us abstain from any self-willed guiding of ourselves. When a good man has laid self totally aside that he may follow only the leading of the Spirit, is it not essential to any practical belief in Divine direction that he should consider what then appears to him as right or wrong to be really such, in his case, according to the mind of the Spirit? Yet to say thus much is not to admit that the influences of the Spirit are ordinarily perceptible. The motion of a leaf may indicate the direction of a current of air; it does not render the air visible. The mystic who has gathered up his soul in a still expectancy, perceives at last a certain dominant thought among his thoughts. He is determined, in one direction or another. But what he has perceived is still one of his own thoughts in motion, not the hand of the Divine Mover. Here, however, some mystics would say, 'You beg the question. What we perceive is a something quite separate from ourselves—in fact, the impelling Spirit.' In this case the matter is beyond discussion. We can only say, our con-

sciousness is different. We shall be to him a rationalist, as he to us a mystic; but let us not dispute.

Obviously, the great difficulty is to be quite sure that we have so annihilated every passion, preference, or foregone conclusion, as to make it certain that only powers from heaven can be working on the waters of the soul. That ripple, which has just stirred the stillness! Was it a breath of earthly air? Was it the leaping of a desire from within us? Or, was it indeed the first touch, as it were, of some angelic hand, commissioned to trouble the pool with healing from on high? If such questions are hard to answer, when judging ourselves, how much more so when judging each other!

When we desire to determine difficult duty by aid of the illumination promised, self must be abandoned. But what self? Assuredly, selfishness and self-will. Not the exercise of those powers of observation and judgment which God has given us for this very purpose. A divine light is promised, not to supersede, but to illuminate our understanding. Greatly would that man err who should declare those things only to be his duty to which he had been specially 'drawn,' or 'moved,' as the Friends would term it. What can be conceived more snug and comfortable, in one sense, and more despicable, in another, than the easy, selfish life which such a man might lead, under pretence of eminent spirituality? Refusing to read and meditate on the recorded example of Christ's life—for that is a mere externalism—he awaits inertly the development of an inward Christ. As he takes care not to expose himself to inducements to unpleasant duty—to any outward teachings calculated to awaken his conscience and elevate his standard of obligation—that conscience remains sluggish, that standard low. He is honest, respectable, sober, we will say. His inward voice does not as yet urge him to anything beyond this. Others, it is true, exhaust themselves in endeavours to benefit the souls and bodies of men. They are right (he says), for so their inward Christ teaches them. He is right (he says) for so does *not* his inward Christ teach him. It is to be hoped that a type of mysticism so ignoble as this can furnish but few specimens. Yet such is the logical issue of some of the extravagant language we occasionally hear concerning the bondage of the letter and the freedom of the spirit. When the letter means what God chooses, and the spirit what *we* choose, Self is sure to exclaim, 'The letter killeth.' If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

Such, then, in imperfect outline, is what we hold to be true,

on this question concerning the reality and extent of the Spirit's influence. As there are two worlds—the seen and the unseen—so have there been ever two revelations—an inward and an outward—reciprocally calling forth and supplementing each other. To undervalue the outward manifestation of God, in nature, in providence, in revelation, because it is outward—because it is vain without the inward manifestation of God in the conscience and by the Spirit, is the great error of mysticism. Hence it has often disdained means because they are not—what they were never meant to be—the end. An ultra-refinement of spirituality has rejected, as carnal and unclean, what God has commended to men as wholesome and helpful. It is not wise to refuse to employ our feet because they are not wings.

But it is not mysticism to believe in a world of higher realities, which are, and ever will be, beyond sight and sense; for heaven itself will not abrogate manifestation, but substitute a more adequate manifestation for a less. What thoughtful Christian man supposes that in any heaven of heavens, any number of millenniums hence, the Wisdom, Power, or Goodness of God will become manifest to him, as so many visible entities, with form, and hue, and motion? It is not mysticism to believe that the uncreated underlies all created good. Augustine will not be suspected of pantheism; and it is Augustine who says—‘From a good man, or a good angel, take away angel, take away man—and you find God.’ We may be realists (as opposed to the nominalist) without being mystics. For the surmise of Plato, that the world of Appearance subsisted in and by a higher world of Divine Thoughts is confirmed (while it is transcended) by Christianity, when it tells us of that Divine Subsistence, that Eternal Word, by whom, and in whom, all things consist, and without whom was not anything made that is made. And herein lies that real, though often exaggerated, affinity between Platonism and Christianity, which a long succession of mystics have laboured so lovingly to trace out and to develop. In the second and third centuries, in the fourteenth, and in the seventeenth; in the Christian school at Alexandria, in the pulpits of the Rhineland, at Bemerton, and at Cambridge, Plato has been the ‘Attic Moses’ of the Clements and the Taulers, the Norrises and the Mores.

But when mysticism, in the person of Plotinus, declares all thought essentially one, and refuses to Ideas any existence external to our own minds, it has become pantheistic. So, also, when the Oriental mystic tells us that our consciousness of not being infinite is a delusion (*maya*) to be escaped by

relapsing ecstatically into the universal Life. Still more dangerous does such mysticism become when it goes a step farther and says—That sense of sin which troubles you is a delusion also; it is the infirmity of your condition in this phantom world to suppose that right is different from wrong. Shake off that dream of personality, and you will see that good and evil are identical in the Absolute.

In considering the German mysticism of the fourteenth century it is natural to inquire, first of all, how far it manifests any advance beyond that of preceding periods. An examination of its leading principles will show that its appearance makes an epoch of no mean moment in the history of philosophy. These monks of the Rhineland were the first to break away from a long-cherished mode of thought, and to substitute a new and profounder view of the relations subsisting between God and the universe. Their memorable step of progress is briefly indicated by saying that they substituted the idea of the *immanence* of God in the world for the idea of the *emanation* of the world from God. These two ideas have given rise to two different forms of pantheism; but they are neither of them necessarily pantheistic. To view rightly the relationship of God to the universe it is requisite to regard Him as both above it and within it. So Revelation taught the ancient Hebrews to view their great 'I am.' On the one hand, He had his dwelling in the heavens, and humbled himself to behold the affairs of men; on the other, He was represented as having beset man behind and before, as giving life to all creatures by the sending forth of his breath, as giving to man understanding by his inspiration, and as dwelling, in an especial sense, with the humble and the contrite. But philosophy, and mysticism, frequently its purest aspiration, have not always been able to embrace fully and together these two conceptions of transcendence and of immanence. We find, accordingly, that from the days of Dionysius Arcopagita down to the fourteenth century, the emanation theory, in one form or another, is dominant. The daring originality of John Scotus could not escape from its control. It is elaborately depicted in Dante's *Paradiso*. The doctrine of immanence found first utterance with the Dominican Eckart; not in timid hints, but intrepid, reckless, sounding blasphemous. What was false in Eckart's teaching died out after awhile; what was true, animated his brother mystics, transmigrated eventually into the mind of Luther, and did not die.

To render more intelligible the position of the German mystics it will be necessary to enter into some farther expla-



nation of the two theories in question. The theory of emanation supposes the universe to descend in successive, widening circles of being, from the Supreme—from some such ‘trinal, individual’ Light of lights, as Dante seemed to see in his Vision. In the highest, narrowest, and most rapid orbits, sing and shine the refulgent rows of Cherubim and Seraphim and Thrones. Next these, in wider sweep, the Dominations, Virtues, Powers. Below these, Princedoms, Archangels, Angels, gaze adoring upwards. Of these hierarchies the lowest occupy the largest circle. Beneath their lowest begins our highest sphere—the empyrean, enfolding within it lesser and still lesser spheres, till we reach the centre—‘that dim spot which men call earth.’ Through the hierarchies of heaven, and the corresponding hierarchies of the church, the grace of God is transmitted, stage by stage, each order in its turn receiving from that above, imparting to that below. This descent of divine influence from the highest point to the lowest is designed to effect a similar ascent of the soul from the lowest to the highest. Of such a theory John Scotus Erigena is the most philosophical exponent. With him the restitution of all things consists in their resolution into their ideal sources (*causæ primordiales*). Man and nature are redeemed in proportion as they pass from the actual up to the ideal; for, in his system, the actual is not so much the realization of the ideal as a *fall* from it. So, in the spirit of this theory, the mounting soul, when it anticipates in imagination the redemption of the travailing universe, will extract from music the very essence of its sweetness, and refine that again (far above all delight of sense) into the primal idea of an Eternal Harmony. So, likewise, all form and colour—the grace of flowers, the majesty of mountains, the might of seas, the red of evening or of morning clouds, the lustre of precious stones and gold in the gleaming heart of mines—all will be concentrated and subtilized into an abstract principle of Beauty, and a hueless original of Light. All the affinities of things, and instincts of creatures, and human speech and mirth, and household endearment, he will sublimate into abstract Wisdom, Joy, or Love, and sink these abstractions again into some crystal sea of the third heaven, that they may have existence only in their fount and source—the superessential One.

Very different is the doctrine of Immanence, as it appears in the *Theologia Germanica*, in Eckart, in Jacob Behmen, and afterwards in some forms of modern speculation. The emanation theory supposes a radiation from above; the theory of immanence, a self development, or manifestation of God from

within. A geometrician would declare the pyramid the symbol of the one, the sphere the symbol of the other. The former conception places a long scale of degrees between the heavenly and the earthly: the latter tends to abolish all gradation, and all distinction. The former is successive; the latter, immediate, simultaneous. A chemist might call the former the sublimate, the latter the diluent, of the Actual. The theory of immanence declares God everywhere present with all His power—will realize heaven or hell in the present moment—denies that God is nearer on the other side the grave than this—equalizes all external states—breaks down all steps, all partitions—will have man at once escape from all that is not God, and so know and find only God everywhere. What are all those contrasts that make warp and woof in the web of time; what are riches and poverty, health and sickness; all the harms and horrors of life, and all its joy and peace,—what past and future, sacred and secular, far and near? Are they not the mere raiment wherewith our narrow human thought clothes the Ever-present, Ever-living One? Phantoms, and utter nothing—all of them! The one sole reality is even this—that God through Christ does assume flesh in every Christian man; abolishes inwardly his creature self, and absorbs it into the eternal stillness of His own ‘all-moving Immobility.’ So, though the storms of life may beat, or its suns may shine upon his lower nature, his true (or uncreated) self is hidden in God, and sits already in the heavenly places. Thus, while the Greek Dionysius bids a man retire into himself, because there he will find the foot of that ladder of hierarchies which stretches up to heaven; the Germans bid man retire into himself because, in the depths of his being, God speaks immediately to him, and will enter and fill his nature if he makes him room.

In spite of some startling expressions (not perhaps unnatural on the first possession of men by so vast a truth), the advance of the German mysticism on that of Dionysius or Erigena is conspicuous. The Greek regards man as in need only of a certain illumination. The Celt saves him by a transformation from the physical into the metaphysical. But the Teuton, holding fast the great contrasts of life and death, sin and grace, declares an entire revolution of will—a totally new principle of life essential. It is true that the German mystics dwell so much on the bringing forth of the Son in all Christians *now*, that they seem to relegate to a distant and merely preliminary position the historical incarnation of the Son of God. But this great fact is always implied, though less frequently expressed. And we must remember how far the Church of

Rome had really banished the Saviour from human sympathies, by absorbing to the extent she did, his humanity in his divinity. Christ was by her brought really near to men only in the magical transformation of the Sacrament, and was no true Mediator. The want of human sympathy in their ideal of Him, forced them to have recourse to the maternal love of the Virgin, and the intercession of the saints. Unspeakable was the gain, then, when this Saviour was brought from that awful distance to become the guest of the soul, and vitally to animate, here on earth, the members of his mystical body. Even Eckart, be it remembered, does not say, with the Hegelian, that every man is divine already, and the divinity of Christ not different in kind from our own. He attributes a real divineness only to a certain class of men—those who by grace are transformed from the created to the uncreated nature. It is not easy to determine the true place of Christ in his pantheistic system; but thus much appears certain, that Christ, and not man—grace, and not nature, is the source of that incomprehensible deification with which he invests the truly perfect and poor in spirit.

On the moral character of Eckart, even the malice of persecution has not left a stain. Yet that *unknown* God to which he desires to escape when he says ‘I want to be rid of God,’ is a being without morality. He is *above* goodness, and so those who have become identical with him ‘are indifferent to doing or not doing,’ says Eckart. I can no more call Him good, he exclaims, than I can call the sun black. In his system, separate personality is a sin—a sort of robbery of God: it resembles those spots on the moon, which the angel describes to Adam as ‘unpurged vapours, not yet into her substance turned.’ I am not less than God, he will say, there is no distinction: if I were not, he would not be. ‘I hesitate to receive anything from God—for to be indebted to Him would imply inferiority, and make a distinction between him and me; whereas, the righteous man is, without distinction, in substance and in nature, what God is.’ Here we see the doctrine of the immanence of God swallowing up the conception of his transcendence. A pantheism, apparently apathetic and arrogant as that of the Stoics, is the result. Yet, when we remember that Eckart was the friend of Tauler and Suso, we cannot but suppose that there may have lain some meaning in such language less monstrous than that which the words themselves imply. Eckart would probably apply such expressions, not to his actual self;—for that he supposes non-existent, and reduced to its true nothing—but to the divine nature which, as he thought,

then superseded within him the annihilated personality. Tauler (and with him Ruysbroek and Suso) holds in due combination the correlative ideas of transcendence and of immanence.

Such, then, is one of the most important characteristics of German mysticism in the fourteenth century. We have next to ascertain in which of the leading orders of mystics Tauler should be assigned a place.

‘Divination,’ saith Bacon, ‘is of two kinds,—primitive, and by influxion.’ The former is founded on the belief that the soul, when by abstinence and observances it has been purified and concentrated, has ‘a certain extent and latitude of pre-notion.’ The latter is grounded on the persuasion that the foreknowledge of God and of spirits may be infused into the soul when rendered duly passive and mirror-like. Of these two kinds of divining the former is characterized by repose and quiet, the latter by a fervency and elevation such as the ancients styled *furor*. Now our mystical divines have this in common with the diviners, that they chiefly aim to withdraw the soul within itself. They may be divided most appropriately after a like manner. A cursory inspection will satisfy any one that theopathetic mysticism branches into two distinct, and often contrasted, species. There is the serene and contemplative mysticism; and over against it, the tempestuous and the active. The former is comparatively self-contained and intransitive; the latter, emphatically transitive. Its subject conceives himself mastered by a divine seizure. Emotions well-nigh past the strain of humanity, make the chest to heave, the frame to tremble; cast the man down, convulsed, upon the earth. Or visions that will not pass away, burn into his soul their glories and their terrors. Or words that will not be kept down, force an articulation, with quaking and with spasms, from organs no longer under his control. The contemplative mystic has most commonly loved best that side of Christian truth which is nearest to Platonism: the enthusiastic or practical mystic, that which connects it with Judaism. The former hopes to realize within himself the highest ascents of faith and hope—nay, haply, to surpass them, even while here below. The latter comes forth from his solitude, with warning, apocalyptic voice, to shake a sleeping Church. He has a word from the Lord that burns as a fire in his bones till it be spoken. He lifts up his voice, and cries, exhorting, commanding, or foretelling, with the authority of inspiration.

The Phrygian mountaineer, Montanus, furnishes the earliest example, and a very striking one, of this enthusiastic or prophetic kind of mysticism. He and his followers had been

cradled in the fiercest and most frantic superstitions of heathendom. Terrible was Cybele, the mountain mother, throned among the misty fastnesses of Ida. Maddest uproar echoed through the glens on her great days of festival. There is beating of drum and timbrel, clashing of cymbals, shrill crying of pipes; incessant the mournful sound of barbarous horns; loud, above all, the groans and shrieks and yells from frenzied votaries whom the goddess has possessed. They toss their heads; they leap; they whirl; they wallow convulsed upon the rocks, cutting themselves with knives; they brandish, they hurl their weapons; their worship is a foaming, raving rushing to-and-fro, till the driving deity flings them down exhausted, senseless. Among these demoniacs—*sanguine fleti, Terrificas capitum quatientes numine cristas*, as Lucretius has described them—these Corybantes, or head-tossers, Christianity made its way, exorcising a legion of evil spirits. But the enthusiastic temperament was not expelled. These wild men, become Christians, carried much of the old fervour into the new faith. Violent excitement, ecstatic transport, oracular utterance, were to them the dazzling signs of the divine victory—of the forcible dislodgement of the power of Darkness by the power of Light. So Montanus readily believes, and finds numbers to believe, that he is the subject of a divine possession. Against the bloodthirsty mob in the villages and towns—against a Marcus Aurelius, ordaining massacre from the high places of the Cæsars—had not God armed his own with gifts beyond the common measure—with rapture—with vision—with prophecy? Yes! the promised Paraclete was indeed among them, and it was not they, but He, who spake. So thought the Montanists, as they announced new precepts to the Church; as they foretold the gathering judgment of Antichrist and the dawning triumph of the saints; as they hastened forth, defiant and sublime, to provoke from their persecutors the martyr's crown. Let us not overlook the real heroism of these men, while touching on their errors. But their conception of the Church of Christ, so analogous, in many respects, to that of the early Quakers—was it the right one? According to Montanus, the Church was to be maintained in the world by a succession of miraculous interventions. From time to time, fresh outpourings of the Spirit would inspire fresh companies of prophets to ordain ritual, to confute heresy, to organize and modify the Church according to the changing necessities of each period. He denied that the Scripture was an adequate source, whence to draw the refutation of error and the new supplies of truth demanded by the exigencies of the future. As Romanism sets

up an infallible Pope to decide concerning truth, and in fact to supplement revelation, as the organ of the Divine Spirit ever living in the Church; so these mystics have their inspired teachers and prophets, raised up from time to time, for the same purpose. But the contemplative mystics, and indeed Christians generally, borne out, as we think, by Scripture and by history, deny any such necessity, and declare this doctrine of supplementary inspiration alien from the spirit of Christianity. While Montanus and his prophetesses, Maximilla and Priscilla, were thus speaking, in the name of the Lord, to the country-folk of Phrygia or to the citizens of Pepuza, Clement at Alexandria was teaching, on the contrary, that we *have* the organ requisite for finding in the Scriptures all the truth we need—that they are a well of depth sufficient, nay inexhaustible; and that the devout exercise of reason in their interpretation and application is at once the discipline and prerogative of the manhood proper to the Christian dispensation. We are no longer Jews, he would say, no longer children. The presence of the Spirit with us is a part of the *ordinary* law of the economy under which we live. It is designed that the supernatural shall gradually vindicate itself as the natural, in proportion as our nature is restored to its allegiance to God. It is *not* necessary that we should be inspired in the same way as the sacred writers were, before their writings can be adequately serviceable to us.

Such was the opposition in the second century, and such has it been in the main ever since, between these two kinds of mystical tendency. The Montanist type of mysticism, as we see it in a Hildegard, among the Quakers, among the Protestant peasantry of the Cevennes, and among some of the 'Friends of God,' usually takes its rise with the uneducated, is popular, sometimes revolutionary. Animated by its spirit, Carlstadt filled Wittenberg with scandal and confusion; and the Anabaptist mob reddened the sky with the burning libraries of Osnaburg and Munster. The Alexandrian mysticism, so far from despising scholarship and philosophy, as so much carnal wisdom, desires to appropriate for Christianity every science and every art. It is the mysticism of theologians, of philosophers, and scholars. It exists as an important element in the theology of Clement, of Origen, and of Augustine. It assumes still greater prominence in a Hugo and a Richard of St. Victor. It obtained its fullest proportions in these German mystics of the fourteenth century. It refined and elevated the scholarship of Reuchlin, Ficinus, and Mirandola. It is at once profound and expansive in our English Platonists.

Yet let it not be supposed that the extravagance of the enthusiastic mysticism has not its uses, or that the serenity of the contemplative is always alike admirable. Both have, in their turn, done goodly service. Each has had a work given it to do in which its rival would have failed. The eccentric impetuosity of Montanism, ancient and modern, has done good, directly and indirectly, by breaking through traditional routine—by protesting against the abuses of human authority—by stirring many a sleeping question, and daring many an untried path of action. On the other hand, the contemplative mysticism has been at times too timid, too fond of an elegant or devout, but still unworthy, ease. The Nicodemuses of the sixteenth century, the Briçonnets and the Gerard Roussels, were nearly all of them Platonists. They were men whose mysticism raised them above the wretched externalism of Rome, and at the same time furnished them with an ingenious excuse for abiding safely in her communion. ‘What,’ they would say, ‘are the various forms of the letter, to the unity of the spirit? Can we not use the signs of Romanism in the spirit of Protestantism—since, to the spiritual and the wise, this outward usage or that, is of small matter?’ The enthusiastic mysticism tends to multiply, and the contemplative to diminish, positive precept and ordinance. The former will sometimes revolt against one kind of prescription only to devise a new one of its own. So the followers of Fox exchanged surplice and ‘steeple-house’ for a singularity of hat, coat, and pronouns. The contemplative mystic loves to inform his common life with the mysterious and the divine. Certain especial sanctities he has, but nothing unsanctified; and he covers his table with an altar-cloth, and curtains his bed with a chasuble, and drinks out of a chalice every day of his life. A Montanus commends celibacy; an Origen sees typified in marriage the espousals of the Church. The zeal of the enthusiastic mysticism is ever on the watch for signs—expects a kingdom coming with observation—is almost always Millenarian. The contemplatist regards the kingdom of heaven as internal, and sees in the history of souls a continual day of judgment. The one courts the vision and hungers after marvel: the other strives to ascend, above all form and language, from the valley of phantasmata to the silent heights of ‘imageless contemplation.’ The one loves violent contrasts, and parts off abruptly the religious world and the irreligious, the natural and the supernatural. The other loves to harmonize these opposites, as far as may be—would win rather than rebuke the world—would blend, in the daily life of faith, the human with the divine working; and delights

to trace everywhere types, analogies, and hidden unity, rather than diversity and strife. The Old Testament has been always the favourite of the prophetic mysticism: the contemplative has drunk most deeply into the spirit of the New.

Mysticism, as exhibited in these sermons of Tauler, is much more likely to win appreciation at the hands of English readers than mysticism in the *Theologia Germanica*. The principles which there were laid down as bare abstractions are here warmed by sunshine and clothed with verdure. To the theory of mysticism we find added many a suggestive hint concerning its practice. There were general statements in the *Theologia Germanica* so dim, so vast, so ultra-human, that many readers would be at a loss to understand how they could possibly become a practice or a joy in any soul alive. In these sermons a brother mystic supplies the requisite qualification, and shows that the old Teutonic knight had, after all, a meaning not so utterly remote from all the ways and wants of flesh and blood. Brought out to view by Tauler's fervour, his invisible ink becomes a legible character. The exhortations of the pulpit thus interpret the soliloquy of the cell; and when the preacher illuminates mysticism with the many-coloured lights of metaphor and passion—when he interrogates, counsels, entreats, rebukes, we seem to return from the confines of the nameless, voiceless Void to a region within the rule of the sun, and to beings a little lower than the angels. It will reassure many readers to discover from these sermons that the mystics whom Tauler represents are by no means so infatuated as to disdain those external aids which God has provided, or which holy men of old have handed down—that they do not call history a husk, social worship a vain oblation, or decent order bondage to the letter—that when they speak of transcending time and place, they pretend to no new commandment, and do but repeat a truth old as all true religion—that they are on their guard, beyond most men, against that spiritual pride which some think inseparable from the mystical aspiration—that so far from encouraging the morbid introspection attributed to them, it is their first object to cure men of that malady—that instead of formulating their own experience as a test and regimen for others, they tell men to sit down in the lowest place till God calls them to come up higher—and finally, that they are men who have mourned for the sins, and comforted the sorrows of their fellows, with a depth and compass of lowly love such as should have disarmed every unfriendly judgment, had their errors been as numerous as their excellence is extraordinary.



Any one who has attentively read the discourses in this volume may consider himself familiar with the substance of Tauler's preaching. From whatever part of Scripture history, prophecy, song, or precept, his text be taken, the sermons, we may be sure, will contain similar exhortations to self-abandonment, the same warnings against a barren externalism, the same directions to prepare the way for the inward Advent of the Lord in the Ground of the Soul. The allegorical interpretation, universal in those days, rendered easy such an ever-varied presentation of a single theme. Did the multitude go out into the wilderness to the preaching of John? We are to go forth into the wilderness of the spiritual life. Did Joseph and Mary seek their son in vain among their friends and acquaintance, and find him in his Father's house? We also must retire to the inmost sanctuary of the soul, and be found no more in the company of those hindering associates, our own Thoughts, Will, and Understanding. Did Christ say to Mary Magdalen, 'I have not yet ascended to my Father?' He meant, 'I have not yet been spiritually raised within thy soul;' for he himself had never left the Father.

From the sermon on the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity we select a passage which contains in two sentences the kernel of Tauler's doctrine—the principle which, under a thousand varieties of illustration and application, makes the matter of all his sermons.

'When, through all manner of exercises, the outward man has been converted into the inward, reasonable man, and thus the two, that is to say, the powers of the senses and the powers of the reason, are gathered up into the very centre of the man's being,—the unseen depths of his spirit wherein lies the image of God,—and thus he flings himself into the divine abyss, in which he dwelt eternally before he was created; then when God finds the man thus simply and nakedly turned towards Him, the Godhead bends down and descends into the depths of the pure, waiting soul, and transforms the created soul, drawing it up into the uncreated essence, so that the spirit becomes one with Him. Could such a man behold himself, he would see himself so noble that he would fancy himself God, and see himself a thousand times nobler than he is in himself, and would perceive all the thoughts and purposes, words and works, and have all the knowledge of all men that ever were.'—p. 380.

An explanation of this extract will be a summary of Tauler's theology. First of all, it is obvious that he regards human nature as tripartite—it is a temple in three compartments: there is the outer court of the senses; there is the inner court of the intellectual nature, where the powers of the

soul, busy with the images of things, are ever active, where Reason, Memory, Will, move to and fro, as a kind of mediating priests; there is lastly, and inmost, a Holy of Holies—the Ground of the Soul, as the mystics term it.

‘Yes!’ exclaims some reader, ‘this *Ground*, of which we hear so much, which the mystics so labour to describe, what is it, after all?’ Let Tauler answer. He here calls it ‘the very centre of man’s being’—‘the unseen depths of his spirit, wherein lies the image of God.’ We believe that he means to indicate by these and other names that element in our nature by virtue whereof we are moral agents, wherein lies that idea of a right and a wrong which finds expression (though not always adequate) in the verdicts of conscience—that *Synderesis* (to use an Aristotelian word) of which the *Synecidesis* is the particular action and voice—that part of our finite nature which borders on the infinite—that gate through which God enters to dwell with man. Nor is the belief in such a principle by any means peculiar to the mystics; men at the farthest remove, by temperament and education, from mysticism, are yet generally found ready to admit that we can only approach a solution of our great difficulties concerning predestination and free will, by supposing that there is a depth in our nature where the divine and human are one. This is Tauler’s spark and potential divinity of man—that face of man’s soul wherein God shineth always, whether the man be aware thereof or not. This, to speak Platonically, is the ideal part of man—that part of him whereby, as a creature, he participates in the Word by whose thought and will all creatures exist. It is the unlost and inalienable nobleness of man—that from which, as Pascal says, his misery as well as his glory proceed—that which, according to Tauler, must exist even in hell, and be converted into the sorrow there. The Christian Platonist expresses his conception of the consummated redemption of man by saying that he is restored to his original idea—becomes what he was designed to be before sin marred him—puts off the actual sinful self, and puts on the truer primal self which exists only in God. In this sense Eckart says, ‘I shall be sorry if I am not younger to-morrow than I am to-day—that is, a step nearer to the source whence I came’—away from this Eckart to the Divine Idea of man.

Such, then, is this Ground. Next, how is the lapse, or transit into it, effected? Tauler reminds us that many men live as though God were not in this way nearer to them than they are to themselves. They possess inevitably this image—this immediate receptivity of God, but they never think of

their prerogative, never seek Him in whom they live and move. Such men live in the outside of themselves—in the sensuous or intellectual nature ; but never lift the curtain behind which are the rays of the Shekinah. It will profit me nothing, says Tauler, to be a king, if I know it not. So the soul must break away from outward things, from passion and self, and in abandonment and nothingness seek God immediately. When God is truly found, then indeed the simplified, self-annihilated, soul, is passive. But the way thereto, what action it demands, what strong crying and tears, what trampling out of subtle, seemly, darling sins !

First of all, the senses must be mastered by, and absorbed in, the powers of the soul. Then must these very powers themselves—all reasonings, willings, hopings, fearings, be absorbed in a simple sense of the Divine presence—a sense so still, so blissful, as to annihilate before and after, obliterate self, and sink the soul in a Love, whose height and depth, and length and breadth, passing knowledge, shall fill it with all the fulness of God.

‘What !’ it may be said, ‘and is this death—not of sin merely, but of nature—the demand of your mysticism ? Is all peace hollow which is not an utter passivity—without knowledge, without will, without desire—a total blank ?’

Not altogether so, the mystic will reply. These powers of the soul must cease to act, in as far as they belong to self ; but they are not destroyed : their absorption in the higher part of our nature is in one sense a death ; in another, their truest life. They die ; but they live anew, animated by a principle of life that comes directly from the Father of lights, and from the Light who is the life of men. That in them which is fit to live, survives. Still are they of use in this lower world, and still to be employed in manifold service ; but, shall I say it ? they are no longer quite the same powers. They are, as it were, the glorified spirits of those powers. They are risen ones. They are in this world, but not of it. Their life has passed into the life which, by slaying, has preserved and exalted them. So have I heard of a nightingale, challenged by a musician with his lute ; and when all nature’s skill was vain to rival the swift and doubling and redoubling mazes and harmonies of mortal science, the bird, heart-broken, dropped dead on the victorious lute ;—and yet, not truly dead, for the spirit of music which throbbed in that melodious throat had now passed into the lute ; and ever afterward breathed into its tones a wild sweetness such as never Thessalian valley

heard before—the consummate blending of the woodland witchery with the finished height of art.

‘You see,’ our mystic continues—and let us hear him, for he has somewhat more to say, and to the purpose, as it seems—‘you see that we are no enemies to the symbol and the figure in their proper place, any more than we are to the arguments of reason. But there are three considerations which I and my brethren would entreat you to entertain. First of all, that logical distinctions, and all forms of imagery, must of necessity be transcended when we contemplate directly that Being who is above time and space, before and after,—the universal Presence,—the dweller in the everlasting Now. In the highest states of the soul, when she is concentrated on that part of her which links her with the infinite, when she clings most immediately to the Father of spirits, all the slow technicalities, and the processes, and the imaginations of the lower powers, must inevitably be forgotten. Have you never known times when, quite apart from any particular religious means, your soul has been filled, past utterance, with a sense of the divine presence,—when emotion has overflowed all reasoning and all words, and a certain serene amazement—a silent gaze of wonder—has taken the place of all conclusions and conceptions? Some interruption came, or some reflex act dissolved the spell of glory and recalled you to yourself, but could not rob you of your blessing. There remained a divine tranquillity, in the strength whereof your heaviest trouble had grown lighter than the grasshopper, and your hardest duty seemed as a cloud before the winds of the morning. In that hour, your soul could find no language; but looking back upon it, you think if that unutterable longing and unutterable rest could have found speech, it would have been in words such as these—‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!’

‘Then, again, we would have you consider that the mere conclusions of the intellect, the handiwork of imagination, the effervescence of sentiment, yea, sensible delight in certain religious exercises—all these things, though religion’s hand-maidens, are not religion herself. Sometimes they are delusive; always are they dangerous, if they, rather than God, become in any way our dependence. If the heart—the central fount of life’s issues—be not God’s, what avail the admitted propositions, and touching pictures, and wafts of sweetness—the mere furniture, adornment, and incense, of the outer courts of thy nature? Christ in thy soul, and not the truth about Him in thy

brain, is thy life's life ; and his agony of love must pierce thee somewhat deeper than the pathos of a tragedy. There are those who live complacently on the facilities and enjoyments they have in certain practices of devotion, when all the while it is rather they themselves, as thus devout, and not their Lord, whom they love. Some such are not yet Christians at all.\* Others, who are, have yet to learn that those emotions they set such store by, belong, most of them, to the earliest and lowest stages of the Christian life. The lotus-flowers are not the Nile. There are those who violently excite the imagination and the feeling by long gazing on the crucifix—by picturing the torments of martyrs—by performing repeated Acts of Contrition,—by trying to wish to appropriate to themselves, for Christ's sake, all the sufferings of all mankind—by praying for a love above that of all seraphim, and do often, in wrestling after such extraordinary gifts, and harrowing their souls with such sensuous horrors, work out a mere passion of the lower nature, followed by melancholy collapse, and found pitifully wanting in the hour of trial.\* In these states does it oftenest happen that the phantoms of imagination are mistaken for celestial manifestations ; and forms which belong to middle air, for shining ones from the third heaven. I have been told that astronomers have sometimes seen in the field of their glass, floating globes of light—as it seemed, new planets swimming within their ken ; and these were but flying specks of dust, hovering in the air ; but magnified and made luminous by the lenses through which they looked, and by the reflection of the light. The eye of the mind may be visited by similar illusions. I counsel all, therefore, that they ask only for grace sufficient against present evil, and covet not great things, but be content with such measures of assurance and sensible delight as God shall think safe for them ; and that, above all, they look not at His gifts in themselves, but out of themselves, to Him, the Giver.

‘The third consideration I have to urge, in justification of precepts which appear to you unnatural, is this:—there are certain trials and desolations of soul, to which the best are exposed, wherein all subordinate acts are impossible ; and then happy is he who has never exalted such helps above their due place. I scarcely know how to make myself understood to any save those who have been at some time on the edge, at least,

\* Nicole, in his *Traité de la Prière*, describes and criticises this style of devotion. It must always be borne in mind that the warnings of Tauler with regard to the image and the symbol are addressed, not to us sober Protestant folk, but especially to the devotees of the cloister. Those who have some acquaintance with the fantastic excesses he combats, will not think his language too strong.

of those unfathomable abysses. Good men of prosperous and active life may scarcely know them. Few who have lived much in retirement, with temperament meditative, and perhaps melancholy, have altogether escaped. There are times when, it may be that some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports, and laid level those defences which in prosperity seemed so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossom of our heavenward imaginations goes up before that blast as dust—when our works and joys and hopes, with all their multitude and pomp and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—when, instead of our pleasant pictures, we have about us only dolful creatures among ruins—when a spirit of judgment and a spirit of burning seem to visit the city of the heart, and in that day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity, the noise of viols, and the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent as the grave. Now, I say, blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amidst all his tears and anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please—who seeks help from no creature—who utters his complaint to the ear of God alone—who still, with ever-strengthening trust, is ready to endure till self shall have been purged out by the fires of that fathomless annihilation—who, crying out of the depths, while the Spirit maketh intercession within him with groanings that cannot be uttered, shall presently be delivered when the right time hath come, and rejoice in that glorious liberty of the children of God, wherein they are nothing and He is all !'

Now, somewhat thus, we think, would that class of mystics whom Tauler represents, reply to the very natural objections urged by many in our times. Nor does such reply, so far, seem to us either unsatisfactory in itself, or in any way contrary to Scripture. It is with the aim, and under the qualifications, we have endeavoured to set forth, that these mystics would refuge the soul in a height above reasonings, outward means and methods, in a serenity and an abstraction wherein the subtlest distinctions and most delicate imaginations would seem too gross and sensuous—where (as in Endymion's ecstasy)

‘Essences

Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,  
Meant but to fertilize our earthly root,  
And make our branches lift a golden fruit  
Into the bloom of heaven.’

On the latter part of the extract given just now we have not yet commented. It suggests a question of no small moment. What, it will be asked, is the relation sustained by the Saviour of mankind to this mystical process—this drawing up of the created soul into the uncreated essence? Is not a blank abstraction—an essential nothing, substituted for the Son of man? How does the abstract Essence in which Tauler would sink the soul, differ from the abstract Essence or super-essential Unity in which a Plotinus would lose himself, or from that Divine substance in which the pantheistic Sufis sought to dissolve their personality? In this region (confessedly above distinction), the mystic cannot, by his own admission, distinguish one abstraction from the other. There is a story of a lover who, Leander-like, swam nightly across a strait to visit the lady of his heart. A light which she exhibited on the shore was the beacon of the adventurous swimmer. But two brothers (cruel as those who murdered Isabella's lover in the wood) removed the light one dark and stormy night, and placed it in a boat anchored not near shore, but in mid-waters, where the strait was broadest. Their victim struggled as long as mortal strength might endure, toward the treacherous light—farther and farther out—into the ocean which engulfed him. Have not the mystics, in like manner, shifted the beacon and substituted an expanse—an abyss, as the object of man's effort, instead of that love and sympathy which await him in the heart of the Son of man?

Can it be possible that the best thing to do with a revelation of God, now we have one, is to throw it behind our backs? Now that the light the wisest heathen longed for has come, are we to rid ourselves of it, with all speed, and fly, like Eckart, from the known to the old, *unknown* God? To do this, is to account as foolishness the wisdom of God manifest in the flesh. Is it not all—as the enemies of Quietism used to say—a device of the Devil? Does it not look as though the Arch-enemy, unable to undo the work of redemption, had succeeded by a master-stroke of policy, in persuading men to a false spirituality, which should consist in obliterating the facts of that redemption from their own minds as completely as though it had never been wrought?

Now it is much better, we think, to put objections like these in all their strength, and to give them fair hearing. They will occur to many persons in the reading of these sermons. They will awaken a distrust and a perplexity which are not to be talked down by high words, or by telling men that if they do not sufficiently admire these mystics, so much the worse for

them. One of the objections thus urged is logically unanswerable. If Eckart and Plotinus both succeed in reducing their minds to a total emptiness of all memory, knowledge, and desire, in order to contemplate a super-essential Void, equally blank, the Christian and the heathen pantheist are indistinguishable. Vacuum A, would be a vacuum no longer if it contained anything to distinguish it from vacuum B; and to escape, in the most absolute sense, all distinction, is Eckart's highest ambition. But it is to be remembered, first of all, that Tauler does not go so far as Eckart in his impatience of everything intelligible, conceivable, or utterable. And next, that, happily, neither Eckart, Tauler, nor any man, can really reduce himself to that total unscience and apathy demanded by the theory which makes personality a sin, knowledge an infirmity, imagination a folly. Humanity is still too strong for any such de-humanizing ideal. The Absolute of Tauler is not, like the Absolute of Plotinus, an abstraction above morality. His link between finite and infinite—his image of God, is moral, not metaphysical merely. It is his knowledge, first of all, of God in Christ which enables him to contemplate the Infinite, not as boundless being, but as unfathomable love. So he stands firm on the grand Christian foundation, and the Son is his way to the Father. Following Dionysius, that arch-mystagogue, he does indeed invite the trembling soul into the shadows of a Divine darkness, wherein no specific attribute or act is perceptible to the baffled sight. But across that profound obscure and utter silence, there floats, perceptible, some incense from the censer of the Elder Brother—the eternal High Priest. It is a darkness, but such an one as we have when we close our eyes after spectacles of glory—a darkness luminous and living with the hovering residue of splendours visible no longer. It is a silence, but such an one as we have after sweet music—a silence still stirred by inward echoes, and repetitions, and floating fragments of melodies that have ceased to fall upon the ear. It seems a chilling purity, a hueless veil—but such a veil as the snowfall lays upon an Alpine church-yard, hiding all colour but not all form, and showing us still where the crosses are. *By their fruits we know these mystics.* No men animated by a love so Christ-like as was theirs, could have put an abstraction in the place of Christ.

With regard to the work of Christ, Tauler acknowledges (more readily than George Fox) that the divine element or inward light in man must remain a mere surmise or longing, apart from the historic manifestation of God in the flesh. It is Jesus of Nazareth who at once interprets to the soul, while



he satisfies, its own restless heavenward desire. It is his grace alone which makes a mere capacity of God, a possession—a mere potentiality, actual. The view of Christ which Tauler loves to present most frequently is that expressed by those passages of Scripture which speak of him as the first-born among many brethren, and which remind us that both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one. He would say that the Saviour now lives upon the earth, in the person of all true believers; and that, in a subordinate sense, the Word is being continually made flesh, as Christ is formed in the hearts of Christians. With one voice Eckart and Tauler, Ruysbroek and Suso, exclaim—‘Arise, O man! realize the end of thy being: make room for God within thy soul, that he may bring forth his Son within thee.’

The Saviour’s obedience unto death is regarded by Tauler, rather in its exemplary, than in its propitiatory aspect. Very important, as characteristic of his theology, is the distinction he makes between our union to the humanity of Christ, and our union to his divinity. As man, He is the ideal of humanity—the exemplar of self-surrender. All that He received from the Father was yielded up to Him in that absolute devotedness which all his brethren imitate. We are united to his humanity in proportion as we follow the obedience and self-sacrifice of his earthly life. But above this moral conformity to his example, Tauler sets another and a higher union to his divinity. And this union with the Godhead of the Son is not a superior degree of moral likeness to him, it is rather an approximation to another mode of existence. It is an inward transit from our actual to our ideal self—not to the *moral* ideal (for that is already realized in proportion as we are united to his humanity), but to our Platonic archetypal ideal. This higher process of union to the Word, or return to our ideal place in Him, consists in escaping from all that distinguishes us as creatures on this earth—in denuding ourselves of reasonings, imaginations, passions,—humanities, in fact, and reducing ourselves to that metaphysical essence or germ of our being, which lay from eternity—not a creature, but the *thought* of a creature, in the Divine Word.

Now it appears to us that this self-spiritualizing process which seeks by a refined asceticism to transcend humanity and creatureliness, is altogether a mistake. An ideal sufficiently high, and ever beyond us, is already given in the moral perfection of Christ Jesus. This desire to escape from all the modes and means of our human existence came not from Paul, but from Plato. It revives the impatience of that noble but

one-sided, Greek ideal, which despised the body and daily life, abhorred matter as a prison-house, instead of using it as a scaffolding, and longed so intensely to become pure, passionless intellect. We know no self-transcendence, and we desire none, higher than the self-sacrifice of the good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep. Some of our readers will be reminded here of another great Platonist. Origen, also, makes a distinction between those who know Christ, according to the flesh, as he terms it, *i.e.*, in his sufferings, death, and resurrection, and that higher class of the perfect, or *Gnostici*, who, on the basis of that fundamental knowledge, rise from the historical Christ to the spiritual essence of the Word. Origen, however, supposed that this communion with the Logos, or eternal Reason, might become the channel of a higher knowledge, illuminating the *Gnosticus* with a divine philosophy. With Tauler, on the contrary, the intellectual ambition is less prominent; and he who has ascended into the uncreated essence cannot bring down from thence any wisdom for this lower world. Thus, in our extract, he says that if the soul united to the word could perceive itself, it would seem altogether like God, and would appear possessed of all knowledge that ever was. Such is the *ideal*; but the first reflex act would dissolve that trance of absolute, immediate oneness, and restore the mystic to the humbling consciousness of a separate, actual self; and here lies the great difference between Tauler and Eckart. Tauler, Suso, and Ruysbroek, say that in these moments of exaltation the soul (above distinctions) is not conscious of its distinction as a separate, creature entity. Eckart says, not that the soul has, for a moment, forgotten all that is personal, and that parts it off from God, but that the distinction does not exist at all,—not that *we* do not know ourselves as separate, but that *God* does not. To draw the line between theism and pantheism, is not always easy; but we think it must lie somewhere hereabout.

With regard to the doctrines of holy indifference and disinterested love, the German mystics are by no means so extreme as the French. Their views of the divine character were more profound and comprehensive; their heaven and hell were less external and realistic. A mysticism like theirs could not concentrate itself, as Quietism did, on the degrees and qualities of one particular affection. Their God was one who, by a benign necessity of nature, must communicate Himself in blessing, one whose love lay at the root of His being. ‘If men would only believe,’ cries Tauler, in one of these very sermons, ‘how passionately God longs to save, and bring forth His Son in

them!’ They care little for being themselves accused of making matter eternal, and creatures necessary to God, if they can free Him from the imputation of selfishness or caprice. And so they have no scruples as to whether it be not selfish and criminal to pray for our own salvation. In the sense of Tauler—a true and deep one—no man can say, ‘Thy will be done,’ and ‘Thy kingdom come,’ without praying for his own salvation. When Tauler seems to demand a self-abnegation which consents to perdition itself, he is to be understood in one of two ways: either he would say that salvation should be desired for the sake of God, above our own, and that we should patiently submit, when He sees fit to try us by withdrawing our hope of it; or that the presence and the absence of God make heaven and hell—that no conceivable enjoyment ought to be a heaven to us without Him, no conceivable suffering a hell with Him. But how different is all this from teaching, with some of the Quietists, that, since (as they say) God is equally glorified in our perdition and in our salvation, we should have no preference (if our love be truly disinterested) for the one mode of glorifying Him above the other. That any human being ever attained such a sublime indifference we shall not believe, until it is attested by a love for man as much above ordinary Christian benevolence, as this love for God professes to be above ordinary Christian devotion; for what is true of the principle of love, is true of its degrees—‘He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?’

The strongly ascetic language of Tauler and his brethren, their almost Manichean contempt of the world, must be read by the light of their times, so full of misery and corruption; and by the light, also, of those fearful furnaces of trial through which they had personally passed. What soul, into which the iron has entered, will say, while the pain is still fresh, that the words of Tauler, or of Thomas à Kempis, are intemperate? It is probable that Tauler would have been less impatient to abolish his very personality, in order to give place to God, had he been able, like Luther, to regard salvation, in greater measure, as consisting in a work done *for*, as well as wrought *in* him. But his justification is a progressive, approximate process. It is not a something he accepts, but a something he has to work out; and seeing, as, with his true humility, he was sure to do, how unsatisfactory was his likeness to God, how great the distance still, the only resource open to him is to ignore or annihilate that sorry and disappointing personality altogether, that God, instead of it, may perform his actions,

and be, in fact, the substitute for his soul. Both Tauler and Luther believe in substitution. The substitution of Tauler is internal—God takes his place within himself. The substitution of Luther is external—when he believed on Christ, the Saviour associated him with Himself, and so brought him into sonship. So inevitable is the idea of *some* substitution, where the sense of *sin* is deep. Luther believes as profoundly as Tauler in a present, inward, living Saviour, as opposed to a remote historic personage, intellectually acknowledged. In the theology of both the old dualism is broken down, and God is brought near to man, yea, within him. But the Son to whom Tauler is united, is the uncreated essence, the superessential Word, from the beginning with the Father. The Son to whom Luther is united is emphatically the Godman, as truly human, in all sympathy and nearness, as when He walked the Galilean hills. The humanity of Christ is chiefly historic with Tauler, and for any practical purpose can scarcely be said to have survived His exaltation; but with Luther that humanity is so vital and so perpetual that he will even transfer to it the attributes of Deity. So far from desiring to pass upward from the man Christ Jesus to the Logos, as from a lower to a higher, Luther calls ‘that sinking himself so deep in flesh and blood,’ the most glorious manifestation of Godhead. He does not, with the Platonists, see degradation in the limitations of our nature; that nature has been honoured unspeakably, and is glorified, not annihilated, by the Incarnate One. According to Luther, the undivine consists in sin, and sin alone; not in our human means and modes, and processes of thought. Thus with him the divine and human are intimately associated, not merely in the religious life, as it is termed, but in our temporal hopes and fears, in every part of our complicated, struggling, mysterious humanity. The theology of Luther is more free, joyous, and human, partly because the serene and superhuman ideal of Tauler did not appear to him either possible or desirable, partly because sanctification was, with him, a change of state consequent on a change of relation—the grateful service of one who, by believing, has entered into rest; and partly, also, because he does not lose sight of the humanity of Christ, in his divinity, to the extent which Tauler does. Both Luther and Tauler say—the mere history alone will not profit: Christ must be born in you. Luther adds—Christ begins to be born in you as soon as you heartily believe upon Him. Tauler adds—Christ is born in you as soon as you have become nothing.

It would be very unfair to make it a matter of blame to

Tauler that he did not see with Luther's eyes, and do Luther's work. He in one century, and Tauler in another, had their tasks appointed, and quitted themselves like men. It was for Tauler to loosen the yoke of asceticism: it was for Luther to break it in pieces. But it would be just as culpable to disguise the real differences between Tauler and Luther, and to conceal the truth, from a desire to make Tauler appear a more complete reformer than he really was. Our High Churchmen, in their insular self-complacency, love to depreciate Luther and the continental reformers. Idolaters of the past as they are, we do not think that they will be better pleased with that noblest product of the Middle Age—the German mysticism of the fourteenth century, now placed within their reach. These sermons of Tauler assert so audaciously against sacerdotalism, the true priesthood of every Christian man. There is so little in them of the 'Church about us,' so much of the 'Christ within us.'

It would have moved the scorn of some of the mystics, and the sorrow of others, could they have been made aware of the strange uses to which some persons were to turn them in this nineteenth century. The Emersonian philosophy, for example, is grieved that one series of writings should arrogate inspiration to themselves alone. It is obvious that a ready credence given to professed inspiration in other quarters, and later times, must tend to lower the exclusive prestige of the Scriptures. Thus the mystics may be played off against the Apostles, and all that is granted to mysticism may be considered as so much taken from the Bible. A certain door has been marked with a cross. Emerson, like the sly Abigail of the Forty Thieves, proceeds to mark, in like manner, all the doors in the street. Very gratifying truly, and comie in the highest degree, to witness the perplexity of mankind, going up and down, seeking some indication of the hoped-for guidance from above! We do not believe that the inspired writers were (to use Philo's comparison) as passive as a lyre under the hand of a musician. But some, who are much shocked at this doctrine in their case, would have us be awe-stricken, rather than offended, by similar pretension on the part of certain mystics. *Then*, they tell us to tread delicately—to remember how little the laws of our own nature are known to us—to abstain from hasty judgment. In this way, it is supposed that Bibliolatry may be in some measure checked, and one of the greatest religious evils of the time be happily lessened. Criticise, if you will, John's history, or Paul's letters, but let due reverence restrain you from applying the tests of a superficial common sense to the

utterances of the Montanuses, the Münzers, the Engelbrechts, the Hildegards, the Theresas. But what saith History as to mysticism? Very plainly she tells us that the mystics have been a power in the world, and a power for good, in proportion as their teaching has been in accordance with the Bible;—that the instances wherein they have failed have been precisely those in which they have attempted (whether wittingly, or not) to substitute another and a private revelation for it. They have come as a blessing to their age, just in proportion as they have called the attention of men to some of the deepest lessons of that book—to lessons too commonly overlooked. The very men who might seem, to superficial observers, to bear witness *against* the Bible, do in reality utter the most emphatic testimony *for* it. A fact of this nature lends additional importance to the history of mysticism at the present time.

Again, there are some who may suppose there is a real resemblance between the exhortations of Tauler, and the counsel given men by such philosophers as Fichte, or Herr Teufelsdröckh. Do not both urge men to abandon introspections—to abstain from all self-seeking—to arise and live in the transcendental world, by abandoning hope and fear, and by losing our finite in an Infinite Will? Some similarity of sound there may occasionally be, but the antipathy of principle between the two kinds of teaching is profound and radical.

We will suppose that there comes to our Teufelsdröckh some troubled spirit, full of the burden of ‘this unintelligible world,’ questioning,—as to an oracle. The response is ready. ‘What do you come whining to me about your miserable soul for? The soul-saving business is going down fast enough now-a-days, I can tell you. So you want to be happy, do you? Pining after your Lubberland, as usual,—your Millennium of mere Ease and plentiful supply. Poor wretch! let me tell you this,—the very fact of that hunger of yours proves that you will never have it supplied. Your appetite, my friend, is too enormous. In this wild Universe of ours, storming-in, vague-menacing, it is enough if you shall find, not happiness, but existence and footing to stand on,—and that only by girding yourself for continual effort and endurance. I was wretched enough once—down in the ‘Everlasting Nay,’ thinking this a Devil’s-world, because, in the universal scramble of myriads for a handful, I had not clutched the happiness I set my heart on. Now, here I am in the ‘Everlasting Yea,’ serene as you see me. How? Simply by giving up wanting to be happy, and setting to work, and resigning myself to the Eternities, Abysses, or whatsoever

'other name shall be given to the fontal Vortices of the inner realms . . . . Miracles! Fiddlestick! Are not you a miracle to your horse? What can they prove? . . . . Inspiration!—Try and get a little for yourself, my poor friend. Work, man: go work, and let that sorry soul of thine have a little peace.'

'Peace,' repeats our 'poor friend,' as he goes discomfited away. 'Peace! the very thing this soul of mine will not let me have, as it seems. I know I am selfish. I dare say this desire of happiness is very mean and low, and all that; but I would fain reach something higher. Yet the first step thereto he does not show me. To leap into those depths of stoical apathy which that great man has reached, is simply impossible to poor me. His experience is not mine. He tells a bedridden man to climb the mountains, and he will straightway be well. Let him show me the way to a little strength, and in time I may. I will not hunger any more after mere 'lubberly enjoyment,' if he will offer my affections something more attractive. But Infinite Will, and Law, and Abysses, and Eternities, are not attractive—nay, I am not sure that they are intelligible to me, or any mortal.'

Now the doctrine of Tauler is nowhere more in contrast with that just uttered than in its tenderness of Christian sympathy and adaptation, as compared with the dreary and repellent pride of the philosopher. Instead of overwhelming the applicant by absurdly demanding, as the first step, a sublimity of self-sacrifice which only the finished adept may attain, Tauler is not too proud to begin at the beginning. Disinterested love is, with him, a mountain to which he points in the distance, bright with heavenly glory. Disinterested love, with Teufelsdröckh, is an avalanche hurled down right in the path of the beginner. Tauler does not see, in the unhappiness of the man, so much mere craven fear, or thwarted selfishness. He sees God's image in him; he believes that that hunger of his soul, which he vainly tries to satisfy with things earthly, is a divine craving, a proof that he was born to satisfy it with things heavenly. He does not talk grandiloquently about Duty, and the glory of moral Freedom. He tells him that the same Saviour who died upon the cross, is pleading and knocking at his heart, and doth passionately long to bless him. He sends him away to think over this fact, till it shall become more real to him than house and home, or sun and stars. He does not think that he can improve on 'the low morality' of the gospel by disdaining to appeal to hope and fear in order to snatch men from their sins. If so to plead be to speak after

the flesh, after the flesh he will speak to save a brother. There will be time enough, he thinks, if God sees fit to lead the man to the heights of absolute self-loss; and God will take his own way to do it. All Tauler has to do is to declare to him the truth concerning a Saviour, not to prescribe out of his own experience a law beyond that which is written. In this way, instead of striking him into despair, or bidding him bury care in work, he comforts and strengthens him. He does not despise him for keeping the law simply out of love to Him who gave it. He does not think it unmanly, but true manhood rather, when he sees him living, a suppliant, dependent on a life higher than his own—on a Person, whose present character and power were attested of old by history and miracle, as well as now by the ‘witness of the Spirit.’

We think the candid reader of these sermons, and of *Sartor Resartus*, will admit that a difference in substance such as we have pointed out, does exist between them. If so, those who follow the philosophy of Teufelsdröckh cannot claim Tauler—have no right to admire him, and ought to condemn in him that which they condemn in the Christianity of the present day.

ART. IV.—(1.) *A Revised Firman of the Turkish Government, con- voking a Divan in each of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.* 1857.

(2.) *The Second Congress, and the Russian Claim to the Isle of Serpents and Bolgrad.* By J. W. WILKINS, LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn; late Fellow Commoner of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Second Edition. Ridgway. 1857.

THE adjustment of the difficulties and the fulfilment of the obligations immediately arising under the Treaty of Paris, during the last three months, have now left but a single controversy, relating to the reconstruction of the Turkish Empire, for the decision of the European Powers. The clouds which, towards the close of the last year, seemed again to be gathering round the East of Europe, have in the interval been rapidly dispelled. The settlement of the Russian claims to the Isle of Serpents and Bolgrad has been followed by a faithful redemption of the pledges which had been understood to be contingent upon that settlement. The Russo-Turkish boundary line in Bessarabia has been drawn without the provocation of any further controversy; and



the Russian troops have already evacuated both the Bolgrads. The Austrian forces are rapidly quitting the Principalities which, since the conclusion of peace, they only professed to hold as a counterpoise to the hostile demonstrations of Russia at the mouth of the Danube. This necessary prelude to any free expression of opinion on the part of the Moldo-Wallachian people is now on the verge of being fully attained ; and we are at length about to enter practically on the question of the reconstruction of their Government.

For this important question, therefore—that of the forthcoming constitution for the two trans-Danubian Principalities—we now claim a brief attention. The subject is one of some inherent perplexity ; and this original difficulty has been largely increased, first, by the special and conflicting interests which the principal Powers of Europe possess in its settlement ; and, secondly, by the open avowal, on the part of the French Government, of a line of policy directly opposed to the views of several of the parties to the Treaty of Paris. The social constitution of these two provinces, and the complicated internal relations arising out of it, involved in themselves the deepest forethought and consideration. We had to deal on the one hand with an intriguing aristocracy, a grasping prelacy, and a still more rapacious monastic community. On the other, we had to raise the condition of a people ground down by the binal corruption of State and Church, into a condition approximating to an enjoyment of social freedom. We had to arrange these relations in such a manner that they should combine popular freedom and the existing rights of property, without producing the disaffection of either class from the Turkish Government. In addition to these objects, we were compelled to hold in view a development of the intellectual professions in such a manner that it should fail fatally to offend the prepossessions of the superior class ; and to provide for the means of calling into action the elements of commerce which exist in the two Principalities, by means both of mercantile settlements and territorial colonization.

These necessities, in themselves, may fairly tax the intellect of men versed in every phasis of modern statesmanship. But independently of the purely internal relations of the Moldo-Wallachian people, we shall have to bear in mind the necessity of conforming opinions on the form of Government most expedient in the abstract, to what the interests of each of the Seven Powers may render practicable. A conflict of interest—though not, we hope, a serious conflict of policy—is likely to prevail upon grounds quite independent of the Turkish Empire itself,

from considerations of trade, and of the influences of popular government on the contiguous territories of Powers recognising a despotic code, even where it fails to spring from the worst intrigues (such as those with which we have been already threatened), by persons individually interested in the future Government. This complexity, it is to be feared, has been increased by the circumstance of the French Government having prejudged the question of the Union of the two Principalities, on which it was understood that the votes of the Powers who were parties to the Treaty of Paris would be reserved until after the expression of an opinion had been obtained from the two Divans already convoked by the Sultan.

We have entered upon these observations in order to show that any expectation of carrying out the general opinion of this country upon all the questions that must arise, will be purely chimerical. We shall be content if we succeed in instituting a system which shall interpose an effectual barrier between Russia and the South-Danubian provinces of Turkey, and shall also offer some security for the development of a country so fertile as that of Moldo-Wallachia.

Before we proceed to deal with the merits of the principal questions which will have to be determined, it may be well to show what will be the probable course of deliberation, and in what degree the actual procedure will conform to the theory of the treaty itself, under which the people of the two provinces are allowed a voice in the arrangement.

We by no means share the regret which has been occasionally expressed in this country, that the Moldo-Wallachians now appear likely to exert so slight an influence over the formation of their future government. The very difficulty to which we have adverted as arising from the complexity of their social constitution, would peculiarly obstruct the general concurrence of the nation in any wise and comprehensive scheme. Nothing, at the same time, could be more politic or more just, than that representatives from each of the different classes should be required to express their respective opinions; both because the Commissioners of the Seven Powers, charged with the actual drawing-up of the Constitution, will thus obtain the best index of the actual wishes of the community, and because the deliberation of these Divans will tend generally to the eliciting of facts necessary to the formation of their judgment. But it is clear that the prejudice and intolerance of the higher class, both noble and religious, and the ignorance of the peasantry, would render it impossible for us to expect of *them* any comprehensive designs founded upon grounds of general interest. The terms of the former Firman

provoked criticism from the more liberal section of our own press, in consequence of their restriction of discussion, on the part of the Divans, to definite questions; and of their forbidding them, on pain of immediate dissolution, to deal with the important question of the Union. These provisions, however, were in our view both expedient and sincere; for if the Allied Governments had either predetermined their policy upon certain questions, or had held those questions to be too momentous, and to rest upon grounds too clear, for a decision by the provincial assemblies, their being submitted to the judgment of those bodies would have been but a mockery and a form.

We now propose to glance *seriatim* at the principal questions which are involved in the labours of the International Commission which is to sit at Bucharest. The first of these is that of the union or continued separation of the Government of the two Principalities.

In the first place, we must accurately determine what these two Principalities really are, and what relation their political conformation bears to their nationality. We know very well that these are Christian provinces, which have long been tributary to the Ottoman Porte, although they have in practice recognised far more subjection to Russia than to Turkey, and that they form the outward defences, the *propugnacula imperii*, of Constantinople. But it must be remembered also that this people, according to the best opinion that ethnology has arrived at—and according to a correspondence of popular sympathies more powerful than any mere community of origin—form a part of a nationality of 10,000,000, of which they in themselves constitute somewhat less than one-half. The population of Moldavia and Wallachia has been variously estimated at from four to five millions; and when we bear in mind the difficulty which the Austrian Government, with all its domestic organization, has experienced in arriving with certainty at a census of the Hungarian races, we shall hardly expect to approach to closer accuracy. Be this, however, as it may, at least three millions of a race, in all apparent characteristics the same, is extended over Bukowina, Transylvania, and the eastern extremity of Hungary. Some three millions more lie in Bessarabia and other adjacent districts within the Russian empire. Hence it follows that both Austria and Russia have a direct interest in the form of government established in the two Principalities, wholly apart from their interests in the Ottoman Empire, and arising from the influence which the polity which may be there established may exert over the loyalty of their own subjects. The relation of this circumstance to the existing

complication of European interest on the questions immediately at issue we shall now see.

The only four Powers, independently of Turkey herself, which have a direct interest in the Principalities, are, of course, Great Britain, France, Austria, and Russia. Of these, it is understood that Great Britain and Austria are in favour of separate government, while France and Russia hold to the policy of a union. It may be observed, also, that the opinions of the Courts of London, Vienna, and Petersburg, rest upon permanent grounds; while the policy of France presents an eccentric deviation from the principles for which we went to war. The conflicting policy of Great Britain and Russia strikingly supports this view; for while it is our interest to provide measures which shall secure the permanent adherence of the Principalities to the Turkish Empire, it is the obvious interest of Russia (supposing her policy to be still ambitious) to do exactly the reverse; and her sense of the tendency of a united government to alienate the Principalities from Turkey is sufficiently strong to countervail her inevitable apprehensions as to the revolutionary sentiments which a strong and comparatively popular government would inspire among that section of the Moldo-Wallachian nation, which, as we have said, lies within her frontier. The interests of Austria, on the other hand, coincide: it is her view to maintain the dependency of the Principalities, virtually as well as nominally, upon Turkey, and not upon Russia; and, therefore, she also clings to the policy of a separate government. It is not less her aim to suppress, as far as possible, liberal demonstrations among a race lying upon her frontier, and cognate in origin and sympathies with three millions of her own people; nor has she any desire to see a united and free commonwealth of four or five millions intervening between her territories and the Black Sea. From these considerations, then, we gain that Austria has motives, stronger than appear upon the face of her international relations, to maintain the existing division of government; and it is hard to suppose that she will ever be a party to a union.

In regard to the policy of the two other Powers,—which, as parties to the Treaty of Paris, will give their votes upon this question in the French capital at the proper time,—it is probable that Prussia will incline to the side of Russia, and Sardinia to our cause. Such an arrangement would ensure a majority of voices against the union, even if France should fail to withdraw the declaration to which, at present, she unfortunately stands committed. This statement, however, details the existence of sufficient complication to render it not impossible that we shall be compelled rather to have recourse to an advantageous com-

promise, than that we shall be able to give effect to our own views in their integrity.

It may be well, then, to state briefly the chief reasons on which our individual objection to a union is grounded. And first, it should be borne in mind that this experiment, although it may not be generally known, has virtually been already tried. By a provision of the Treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, the whole district intervening between these Principalities and the Crimea—which was then relinquished by Turkey—was erected into an independent Tartar State. That State stood virtually in the same position towards Turkey that the Principalities, if united, would now occupy. It was solemnly declared that the liberties of that State should never be infringed by Russia; yet within nine years after the date of this treaty—in 1783—they were suppressed, and the whole State was coolly incorporated into the Russian empire.

Now a union of the two Principalities would, in our view, present just such a strength as should render the people so united as independent of the Turkish Government, in practice, as was this Tartar State, and, at the same time, equally unable to sustain themselves against the Russian power. The Moldo-Wallachians have no more aptitude for war than the Tartars. The mass of that people is essentially a pacific, pastoral, yielding race, attached enough to Christian customs and Christian rule, to render the Turkish authority still obnoxious; but not sufficiently sensible of the dangers of subjugation to induce them to turn their attention vigorously to military art. The once dominant race of this district, which, in the middle ages, rivalled the martial prowess of Western Christendom in its resistance to Mahometan power, is now virtually extinct. The pure Daco-Roman race, at length overcome upon the plains of the Danube, retreated to the mountains; and in the high ground its representatives no doubt still exist in the hardy shepherds and wood-cutters of that district. But they are few, and now nearly powerless; and wherever else relics of the same people may exist, they are both mixed in origin and proportionately degenerated in character. It can hardly be questioned, therefore, that the independence of these Principalities is only to be continued by maintaining their present subordination, by preserving their relations, and by identifying their interests with the Ottoman Porte.

The social constitution of Moldavia and Wallachia presents ample elements for the formation of what is commonly termed a conservative form of government. It is to be feared, however, from the terms of the new, as well as from those of the original firman, that the Turkish Government has not in itself been dis-

posed to develop the popular elements of the commonwealth in the degree which is necessary for the renovation of these provinces.

The original Firman—drawn up by the Ottoman Porte, conjointly with a committee of the most illiberal diplomatists that ever designed a political constitution—was singularly defective. The conviction of its utter inadequacy to satisfy the policy of the European Powers led to its withdrawal, and to its substitution by another document which, though by no means without its faults, has rectified the more glaring errors of the original Firman.

Both these documents, however, recognise the existence of six divisions among the community. These are, the spiritual orders, the Grand Boyards, the small landholders, the artisans and other 'industrials,' the corporations, and the peasants. Each of these cardinal divisions of the two provinces is to send its representatives to form the two Divans. The representatives of each class are to form committees for deliberation on their special interests, and to meet in Divan to consolidate and incorporate their proposals.

With the single exception that a seventh committee ought in fairness to have been instituted for a representation of the intellectual class, no exception could be offered to this division of the people. But the relative influence accorded to these several sections, was a very different question. This scale of influence was created, not according to what a policy of progress and development would dictate, but according to the existing predominance of the higher classes. So far, therefore, as the future constitution would depend upon the declarations of the Divans, it could involve no changes of a social character.

All the existing absurdities of the Moldo-Wallachian Constitution were religiously preserved by the terms of the first Firman. Thus, the Grand Boyards, whose nobility was not at least of the third generation, were to be excluded from the right of voting for representatives of their own order. Imagine a race of ferocious and half-civilised nobles, inferior in every intrinsic respect to the middle classes of France and Germany, thus finding for their pride a refuge from the conviction of their intrinsic demerits in the remembrance that their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were the same fierce lordly boors as themselves! The first Firman, then, addressed itself to an opposition to every measure that could tend to popularize the Moldo-Wallachian aristocracy. The election of representatives from the spiritual orders was, however, liable to less exception. The small proprietors were justly represented. Each of these three sections

were required to send seventeen members, conformably to the seventeen districts of each province. The grant of a similar representation to the corporations was excessive, and illustrates the desire to maintain existing privileges in their full force which consistently animated this Firman. It was also a mockery of free representation that the peasants should not have been allowed to elect representatives from their own order, but only from the class of landed proprietors.

If this original arrangement had been carried out, the cry of the mass of the Moldo-Wallachian people would have been—‘Save us from our friends,’ &c.: for they have not yet forgotten the liberal Constitution which the Russians propounded for them during their occupation of the Principalities in 1828, although it has been long since cancelled. Being, then, desirous of conciliating the mass of the people, Russia offered them this polity; and in order to regain the support of the nobles whom she had thus alienated, she instigated revolts on the part of the peasantry, which compelled them to resort to her for the restoration of their political rights. The condition of recognising her protectorate was then demanded by Russia as the equivalent for this support; and thus she obtained a ground of future interference, through a duplicity so successful, that the grant of the liberal Constitution of 1828 has preponderated in the mind of the peasantry over a sense of subsequent injustice, which, in fact, she has contrived usually to throw upon the Boyards.

It remains to show that, if not the people, at least the territory itself, is worthy of a system calculated to develop its capabilities. It has been proved that the physical area of these two provinces is equal to what in Central Europe sustains, upon an average, a population fourfold in number. The fertility of the soil is well known. These plains were in the Roman age the granaries of Europe. Here, then, is a soil inhabited by from four to five millions, which even, if only equal to the average of European fertility, would be adapted to from sixteen to twenty millions, and which, in fact, far exceeds that average. This consideration must induce us at once to secure the necessary conditions of colonization. The first of these is a secure and just Government, stable in its administration, fair in its laws, and free in its commercial policy. When this postulate is attained, we may fairly look to the emigration of a large proportion of our surplus population, at a cost of one-third of the usual expense and distance, with a certainty of finding a European market for their agricultural produce, such as scarcely any other colony has possessed. The market, in fact, is already existing, and the labourers alone remain to be found.

The purchase of land by English capitalists must be the first step in such a scheme of colonization. It has been the aim of the liberal party to secularize the ecclesiastical estates during the last nine years ; and there can be no doubt that the agitation of this question would lead the monasteries to sell cheap, while arrangements might without difficulty be made with the new Government for a legitimizing of titles thus transferred.

Without the infusion of new blood, Moldo-Wallachia can advance but little. The people are neither energetic nor enterprising. The villages are an aggregation of barns ; and the towns are worse than any in European Turkey itself. The roads hardly admit of traffic for heavy waggons : and it will be remembered that the Austrian army, during every thaw, has been compelled to suspend their evacuation of the Principalities because the inequalities of the roads only permitted them to move their artillery over a frozen surface ! A thousand other such indications of the character of the population might be mentioned. Moldo-Wallachia has her wants not less than her facilities. What we desire to see now established, is the reciprocal alliance of Turkey and the Principalities by means of a separate polity for each province—and a Government so stable, so just, and so liberal, as to give effect to foreign enterprise. Private energies will then do the rest. We shall then have laid the base of a future civilization, as the result of the recent war. To accomplish this eventual object, it must now be our aim, by a union of foresight and temper, to neutralize as far as possible the conflicts and jealousies of existing interests, by giving existence to a constitution as practically good as the circumstances of the case will admit.

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ART. V.—*Two Years Ago*. By C. KINGSLEY. Three Vols.  
Macmillan and Co.

HOMEWARD HO ! We welcome Mr. Kingsley as an old friend, on his return to England and the nineteenth century. It is some years since he left us, and left his opinions of us also, in *Alton-Locke* and *Yeast*, which were no pleasant keepsakes. Our readers will recollect that he then gave no flattering testimony to our social condition. We suspect it was his ill-concealed disgust of the French novel sentimentalism, which brooded like a malaria over our drawing-room society, and the stubborn finality spirit, which fixed our practical counting-house men in a catalepsy, so that they would neither be coaxed nor spurred into his novel



plans for the cure of our social *malaise*, which drove him upon his long and adventurous tour. What wonders he has seen, what experience he has gained, in his wild aerial travels, are they not contained in *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho*?

With an easy flight he passed to the shore of the Nile, and into the dim antiquity of the fifth century. Opening there the dazzling lights of his imagination, he dispersed the thick mists which shrouded that awful scene, and we see before us, as though we were bodily present, the tremendous spectacle of the empire's decay, and the gigantic towering growth of the Christian Church, which bursts from the rotting folds of the huge imperial system, as the awakened Lazarus from his grave-clothes. The broad, fat, yellowish Nile, swells and flashes down from fabulous deserts, haunted with frightful ogres and monsters of every goblin shape, through the plains of Egypt to the Delta and the city of Alexandria. Along its banks, and in that city, Mr. Kingsley pictures the death of the Old World, with its Paganism and Philosophy, and the birth of the New. And he could have chosen no site on which the relics of the fading past, and the germs of the dawning future, are brought into more startling contrast—in which the hubbub and seething turmoil of that transition epoch are more fearfully exhibited. We look up a quiet valley, and see there cells of monks scooped out in rows from the rock on either side, and the dull hermits are hoeing in the fields between; while on the hill above, against the purple haze of the setting sun, there stands the spectral wreck of a mighty Temple, old as the time of Noah's sons, on whose rents 'the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars.' In Alexandria, Mr. Kingsley has heard Hypatia, the beautiful Pythoness, the last and most glorious teacher of the proud stoicism and Elysian dreams, which were woven together like a rich flowery damask in Neo-Platonism. He has conversed with Orestes, the polished effete sensual governor of Alexandria; has watched his scheme of revolt against the Roman Emperor; has seen him lure Hypatia from the tranquil heights of philosophy by the too tempting promise of making her Empress of Africa, and crushing for ever this frenzied faith in a crucified Jesus. He has stood in the presence-chamber of Cyril, the stern prelate, who laughs at the writhing impotency of Orestes, and explodes, by a touch, his hollow schemes of revolt and empire. He has looked from a balcony upon the legions of Nitrian monks rushing at midnight through the streets of Alexandria (like a lava torrent), under the ruddy glare of torchlight, till Cyril's message hushed the storm, and recalled them to their grated dormitories. And all the other mirabilia of that eventful age, surely he has

seen them ere he described them with such vivid accuracy and thrilling power in *Hypatia*. He fought with Heraclitus on the scorched campagna of Rome, hunted jerboas and ostriches with Syrenius—argued about the Song of Solomon with Augustine, Bishop of Hippo; and then we lost him, nor heard more of his adventures, till suddenly we learnt that he had come to the reign of our good Queen Bess, and was revelling in the wild romance of those days when the discovery of the New World awoke the old Viking temper lurking in our Norse blood; when the great battle of Protestantism and spiritual liberty was fought by England for the world; and when, amidst the splendour and exaltation of these events, as Emerson says, 'the English mind flowered in every faculty,' and Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, were the familiars of their age. And now, after years of wandering, we welcome our somewhat errant genius as he lands on the Devon coast, to visit again in the modern times, and the civilized England, which he forsook in scorn years ago.

Friends ask us how he looks after his dire and perilous voyage through so much time and space. And what does he think of us now? In answer to the first of these questions we have to say, he likes us now much better than he did; and therefore, we frankly own it, we like him much better. We fancy he has seen hard times abroad; he has seen bloated wealth and pining poverty in other times and lands than ours. These sights have softened him; he has come back a wiser man, to settle contented, even amidst the horrid clank of machinery, and the screech of our steam-engines, which make the nineteenth century such an intolerable bore to chivalrous spirits like his. Moreover, the war has redeemed our character in his eyes. It has proved irrefutably that the men of England are not a set of manufactured Guy Fawkeses, sewed up with packthread, stuffed with cotton rags, and goggling with inky eyes, only fit, like all shams, for the terrible burning. Mr. Kingsley has found out that, even among such, there are men who have real souls in them, and can shed real blood too, if need be, in defence of truth and honour.

Let the foregoing be our proemium to the short outline, and shorter criticism, of Mr. Kingsley's story we shall now lay before our readers, and which we hope may serve to introduce them to the three volumes themselves. The opening scene of the tale is laid in Aberalva, a fishing-village on the Devonshire coast. In fact, in this little place most of the mischief is brewed, if love-making, of which there is abundance in every variety, may be so termed; and if not, yet there is mischief of another kind, which ends at last in a woful tragedy. .

Mr. Kingsley is never weary of painting scenes from the home

of his childhood. In *Westward Ho!* in *Glaucus*, and again in these volumes, the shores of Devonshire crusted with shells, its upland wolds golden with gorse blossoms, and the lush fragrant vegetation of its meadows and hedge-rows, are described again and again with enamoured fondness, as if he felt these earliest impressions of nature to be the purest and most blessed—‘for Heaven lies about in our infancy’—and would lovingly expend his best art to reproduce the scenes which first awed and thrilled his imagination with a sweet enthusiasm,

‘More bright than madness or the dreams of wine.’

Some of our readers may have strolled through Aberlva (though we cannot discern its real name under this pseudonym) two years ago, *i. e.*, in the month of July, 1854. If so, there and then the story begins. The houses lie in a long line along the cove, and then rise stragglingly up the hill towards Penalva Court. They are all basking beautifully in the hot sunshine, for yesterday they were whitewashed, and adorned, as is the pleasure of the inhabitants, by freshly-coloured stripes or buttresses of pink and blue. In front of most of them there is a small garden, surrounded by bright green palings, and stocked with the gaudy flowers which bloom in that genial climate. There are large fuchsia trees, ten feet high, set against the dazzling white walls, and sparkling all over like magnificent candelabra with the million crimson lights that twinkle and bláze amid their foliage. ‘What a sweet spot for a summer lounge!’ you exclaim, as you walk up the street, smell the rich fragrance of the mignonette, and then turn round to see the blue, blue sea lying before you, till it is lost in the hazy, olive-coloured rim of the southern sky. There is but the faintest swell at times on its broad azure breast, as if it were rocked breathlessly asleep under the glistening heat of the sun. ‘Just the place,’ you add, ‘to read, write, or live a dreamy, luxurious romance.’ Not such, however, is Mr. Kingsley’s. Down upon the shore there is the usual mid-day scene in such places—of trawlers and fishing-boats lying aslope on the sand, their dark rusty sides shining in the warm sunlight—of spars of timber, idle masts, &c., heaped together, upon which the sailors are squatting, pipe in mouth, with their elbows on their knees and their fists squeezed against their chins—of children swinging themselves in and out the boats, or paddling in the little pools. The pier, with its gaunt skeleton frame of tarry beams, runs out into the sea, and you may hear the waters lapping and washing underneath it with an endless moan. Beside the pier on the one side sits the heroine of the tale, Grace Harvey, the village schoolmistress. Her character is peculiar and excep-

tional, but we aver that it is drawn from nature, and that, in the circumstances of her training, it is not an impossible or improbable character. It therefore satisfies the rigorous condition of truthfulness, which is the supreme law of art, though grossly violated in the caricatures of some of our most popular writers; and we accept the description of her character, together with the history of its development, as one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mr. Kingsley's genius. She is sitting among a group of scholars, telling them one of her strange, saintly tales, when we are thus uncourteously introduced to her:—

‘Let us leave the conversation where it is, and look into the face of the speaker, who, young as she is, has already meditated so long upon the mystery of death that it has grown lovely in her eyes.

‘Her figure is tall, graceful, and slight; the severity of its outlines suiting well with the severity of her dress, with the brown stuff gown and plain grey whittle. Her neck is long, almost too long; but all defects are forgotten in the first look at her face. We can see it fully, for her bonnet lies beside her on the rock.

‘The masque, though slim, is perfect. The brow, like that of a Greek statue, looks lower than it really is, for the hair springs from below the bend of the forehead. The brain is very long, and sweeps backward and upward in grand curves, till it attains above the ears a great expanse and height. She should be a character more able to feel than to argue; full of all a woman's veneration, devotion, love of children—perhaps, too, of a woman's anxiety.

‘The nose is slightly aquiline; the sharp-cut nostrils indicate a reserve of compressed strength and passion; the mouth is delicate; the lips, which are full, and somewhat heavy, not from coarseness, but rather from languor, show somewhat of both the upper and the under teeth. Her eyes are bent on the pool at her feet; so that we can see nothing of them but the large sleepy lids, fringed with lashes so long and dark, that the eye looks as if it had been painted, in the eastern fashion, with antimony; the dark lashes, dark eyebrows, dark hair, crisped (as west-country hair so often is) to its very roots, increase the almost ghost-like paleness of the face, not sallow, not snow-white, but of a clear, bloodless, waxen hue.

‘And now she lifts her eyes—dark eyes, of preternatural largeness; brilliant, too, but not with the sparkle of the diamond; brilliant as deep clear wells are, in which the mellow moonlight sleeps fathom-deep, between black walls of rock; and round them, and round the wide opened lids, and arching eyebrow, and slightly wrinkled forehead, hangs an air of melancholy thought, vague doubt, almost of startled fear: then that expression passes, and the whole face collapses into a languor of patient sadness, which seems to say, ‘I cannot solve the mystery. Let Him solve it as seems good to Him.’

In this portraiture, though by no means in Mr. Kingsley's best

manner, for it wants the chaste delicacy proper to the subject, the character of Grace is faintly shadowed. Her imagination is vast and subtle in its workings, and is accompanied, according to an invariable psychological law, with a susceptibility of emotion proportioned to the acute refinement and weird strength of her fancy. But the 'passion and the life' are fed from deep springs within, and so her pensive temperament dims with a gentle sadness the fervid pulsing thoughts of her soul. The 'melancholy main' has nursed her solemn musings. A profound religiousness has early imbued her nature with tenderness and divine yet sorrowful blessedness. Her heart, which 'the holy forms of young Imagination have kept pure,' is in very truth 'the fountain of sweet tears.' She has but little sympathy with the gay, sportive aspects of nature. The hushed and awful stillness of night soothes into unutterable peace her devout, impulsive spirit, and the rack of storms awakens the tremor of agonizing fear and pity for those who go down to the sea. Yet, amidst all changes of her fluctuating heart, there dwell in it a yearning love for the children of her care, and child-like faith in her Father—God. Can we wonder that Grace Harvey, in the beauty of her person, the melancholy and mystery of her thoughts, the shifting expressions of her face, now glowing with such calm brightness as the face of God was lifted upon her soul, and then darkened with such piteous gloom, should have ruled, as by enchantment, the hearts of all the simple folks in that village. They could not comprehend the troubled visions of her excitable and somewhat morbid imagination, so that they venerated her with a sort of superstitious awe, while the silent charity of her life charmed and won their perfect love.

Such was Grace, her character, her vocation, her life—who might, as Mr. Kingsley says, in America have been degraded into a profitable 'medium,' or in the Catholic Church been exalted into a St. Theresa. Before she entered her home that evening, she prayed the Lord, with an anguished spirit, to avert the storm which she saw coming with portentous signs. The haze around the horizon had become thicker and more livid in its colouring. The hot air was troubled, as if pressed from afar. A hollow rumble died upon the ear as though it echoed from the deepest caves of the sea. The faint swell on the blue waters rose higher, and broke that azure surface into wide, undulating, though scarcely visible furrows. At last the dark clouds loomed out of the sea, and swept in ragged masses towards the zenith. The ships, many of them bound to the seat of war, flew in haste to the open waters, and all men knew there would be a hideous night of wrath and ruin on the coast. The storm stinted not its

fury, the wind and rain came lashing down at nightfall; but, above the hoarse thunder of the waves and the howling of the wind, the fishermen heard the boom of a cannon out at sea. Again and again it rang through the shuddering tempest. There was one ship in distress. Mr. Kingsley has described the wreck with terrific faithfulness. The brave seamen, covered with their mackintoshes and sou'-westers, were down on the beach, saw the ship, fired rockets to her, but all was in vain. Another heave and she was splintered into fragments, and sank in the white seething waste. Grace had accompanied them, and witnessed the dreadful scene from a flat slope of rock: the remainder of the chapter we prefer to extract.

‘Old Willis went down to her, and touched her gently on the shoulder. ‘Come home, my maid, then—you’ll take cold, indeed;’ but she did not move or lower her arm.

‘The old man, accustomed to her fits of fixed melancholy, looked down under her bonnet to see whether she was ‘past,’ as he called it. By the moonlight he could see her great eyes steady and wide open. She motioned him away, half-impatiently, and then sprang to her feet with a scream.

‘‘A man! A man! Save him!’’

‘As she spoke, a huge wave rolled in, and shot up the sloping end of the point in a broad sheet of foam. And out of it struggled, on hands and knees, a human figure. He looked wildly up and round, and then his head dropped again on his breast; and he lay clinging with outspread arms, like Homer’s polypus, in the *Odyssey*, as the wave drained back, in a thousand roaring cataracts, over the edge of the rock.

‘‘Save him!’’ shrieked she, again, as twenty men rushed forward and stopped short. The man was fully thirty yards from them; but close to him, between them and him, stretched a long ghastly crack, some ten feet wide, cutting the point across. All knew it—its slippery edge, its polished upright sides, the seething cauldrons within it; and knew, too, that the next wave would boil up from it in a hundred jets, and suck in the strongest to his doom, to fall, with brains dashed out, into a chasm from which was no return.

‘Ere they could nerve themselves for action, the wave had come. Up the slope it swept, one half of it burying the wretched mariner, and fell over into the chasm. The other half rushed up the chasm itself, and spouted forth again to the moonlight in columns of snow, in time to meet the wave from which it had just parted, as it fell from above; and then the two boiled up, and round, and over, and twirled along the smooth rock to their very feet.’

‘The schoolmistress took one long look; and, as the wave retired, rushed after it to the very brink of the chasm, and flung herself on her knees.

‘‘She’s mazed!’’

'No, she's not!' almost screamed old Willis, in mingled pride and terror, as he rushed after her. 'The wave has carried him across the crack, and she's got him!' And he sprang upon her, and caught her round the waist.

'Now, if you be men!' shouted he, as the rest hurried down.

'Now, if you be men, before the next wave comes,' shouted big Jan; 'hands together, and make a line.' And he took a grip with one hand of the old man's waistband, and held out the other hand for who would to seize.

'Who took it? Frank Headly, the Curate, who had been watching all sadly apart; longing to do something which no one could mistake.

'Be you man enough?' asked big Jan, doubtfully.

'Try,' said Frank.

'Really you ben't, sir,' said Jan, civilly enough. 'Means no offence, sir; your heart's stout enough, I see; but you don't know what it'll be.' And he caught the hand of a huge fellow next him, while Frank shrank sadly back into the darkness.

'Strong hand after hand was clasped, and strong knee after knee dropped almost to the rock, to meet the coming rush of water; and all who knew their business took a long breath,—they might have need of one.

'It came, and surged over the man, and the girl, and up to old Willis's throat, and round the knees of Jan and his neighbour; and then followed the returning out-draught, and every limb quivered with the stream; but when the cataract had disappeared, the chain was still unbroken.

'Saved!' and a cheer broke from all lips, save those of the girl herself. She was as senseless as he whom she had saved.

'They hurried her and him up the rock ere another wave could come; but they had much ado to open her hands, so firmly clenched together were they round his waist.

'Gently they lifted each, and laid them on the rock; while old Willis, having recovered his breath, set to work, crying like a child, to restore breath to 'his maiden!'

Tom Thurnall, the man who had been saved, was carried to the house of Dr. Heale, the only doctor and apothecary of the neighbourhood. Nor did he soon leave the house where he had been unexpectedly billeted; for, next morning, after he awoke from the unconsciousness and dreamless sleep in which his exhausted body revived its strength, we find him rubbing, and dusting, and sorting the cobwebbed bottles and musty drawers in the old doctor's surgery, singing all the while as gaily as a lark. He had been surgeon on board the *Hesperus*, the vessel which was wrecked, and one look at him can tell you what sort of a man he is. On a compact and brawny body, which yet is as supple as an eel's, his head stands as firmly, and as pliantly too,

as the Cornwall rocking-stone upon its bed of rock. There are a broad forehead, a short nose, a deep-set chin, and finely-chiselled lips, arched pleasantly but closely against each other. In his eye there is a kindly, shrewd, fearless expression, the look of a man who has seen danger, conquered it, and laughed at it. His wild, desperate, but not ignoble history, has been recounted in a former chapter.

Though he had been trained for the medical profession by his father, a gentle, learned physician in Whitbury, of Berkshire, and became afterwards distinguished at St. Mumpsimus Hospital, London, he plunged off as soon as his education was completed on some chimerical adventure to South America. Thence, under the gulfy impulse of a reckless, roving disposition, he wandered the world over. He had fought in Mexico, drunk ass's milk in Tartary, been fattened for a feast in one of the South Sea Islands, and, finally, dug gold among the Black hills of Ballarat. From his marvellous hair-breadth escapes he had acquired an invulnerable coolness of temper, and played—cheerfully—at chuck and toss with the snake-haired Erinnys. Together with the immense self-reliance which usually characterises such travel-worn men, there was mingled a chivalrous generosity of feeling which tinged his else foolhardy life with the glory of a troubadour's romance, and makes him a most likeable fellow, though he masked this tenderness of feeling as though it were a weakness under a blunt-stoical, quasi-indifferent manner. Yet withal he was an utterly godless man.

There were two reasons why he determined to settle down, in this extempore fashion, and in defiance of old Dr. Heale and his wife, as the doctor's partner:—First, because it was his way to turn himself at once to account in whatever circumstances he fell among, and Aberalva was as suitable and promising an opening for him as any other in the world. Second, he was resolved to discover a belt which he had lashed around his waist ere he sprang from deck, and which contained a *rouleau* of 1500*l.*, his hard earnings in Australia, that he had hoarded for his aged father, now stricken with blindness, and stripped of all his children save his irreclaimable Tom. He was convinced this belt had been stolen from him, and was in the possession of some Aberalva person, whose secret booty he would ferret out and regain if he had any skill, as he boasted he had, in exploring human character.

His suspicions naturally fell upon Grace Harvey, whose frantic impulsiveness (so he thought it) had been the means of saving his life. He dare not avow his suspicions, for he quickly saw what a favourite she was among the people; so that even to



whisper his thoughts would bring down a storm of indignation around his ears. He thus set himself secretly to watch her movements. Can the reader discern in this determination the origin of a thrilling drama, when such a man as Tom Thurnall examines sceptically, wonderingly, and lovingly, the character of a woman like Grace—so innocently pure, so strong and awfully beautiful in her simple Trust in God? The revelations of Grace's character growing brighter every day, from the very intentness with which he watched them, first puzzled and confounded him, and at last awoke within him a longing for the high ideal he saw exhibited in her life, and an uncontrollable love for herself.

Grace, meanwhile, was ignorant of the suspicion with which he mentally charged her, yet she bore a heavy burden on her heart. That she had saved Tom Thurnall from death was enough to excite a profound interest in his concerns. She knew he had been robbed of his belt, and the conception of such appalling wickedness—wickedness unheard of in that primitive village, gnawed like an ulcer on her thoughts. Who of these villagers, for whom she prayed and laboured continually, could be the guilty one?

The fame of Tom, whose medical accomplishments seemed miraculous after Heale's solidopathic methods of treatment, attracted her yet more to him; and his very character, in its quiet composure and nimbleness, and utter fearlessness, fascinated her imagination, because it was a strange and perfect contrast to her own. At last she knows that Tom has suspected her; and more bitter knowledge, the conviction grows upon her, that her own mother is the thief. It is noble to see how this *weak-hearted* woman bears meekly the agony which crushes her; nor flinches from the sacred toil of her home, and her school.

And so the elements, which the writer knows how to bring together, coagulate, and the fibrous tissues of the story are slowly formed into a compact and delicate organism. Penalva Court is the manor-house of the district, a country residence of Lord Scoutbush, who is suzerain of the free fishermen of Aberalva, and the largest landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. At present it is occupied by Elsley Vavasour, poet, who eloped with Lucia St. Just, sister of Lord Scoutbush; but being afterwards reconciled, received this mansion from his lordship as a home for herself and family. Tom Thurnall recognised at once in this gentleman with such a high-sounding name, plain John Briggs, of Whitbury, his quondam associate in the study of the

pharmacopœia, and co-assistant to ~~Bolas~~<sup>Bolas</sup>, apothecary of that ilk. It is evidently Mr. Kingsley's intention to present these two men as opposite types of our modern English civilization: the one practical, shrewd, hearty, fearless, having attained profound knowledge of his fellows and a command of himself; the other, vain, fastidious, and capriciously moody, having no control over himself, and a very simpleton in his acquaintance with actual life. It was Tom's contemptuous sneer for Briggs's flowery rant that drove the latter in desperation to London. He had, however, real genius, and acquired fame under the *nom de guerre* of Elsley Vavasour. Under that title he was introduced to society, and under it he courted and won his aristocratic wife; and now, when these two meet again unexpectedly in this remote village, the contrast so violently expressed in their youth appears more keenly defined, from the discipline they had respectively passed through. Tom's burly face, and grey laughing eyes,—what a contrast to the pallid Romanesque face of Elsley, shaded by black waving hair, and faintly illumined by large dusky eyes! There is a mournful pathos, and yet stern moral justice, in the sad history of poor Elsley, as portrayed by Mr. Kingsley. His *natural goodness* fades away, as if mildewed, from the degeneracy of his turbulent and morbid fancy, which is sanctified by no spiritual faith nor invigorated by the healthful exercise of a practical life. Being enclosed within himself, and neither refreshed by the hallowed air of heaven nor the common atmosphere of social duty, his faculties are first excited into prurient luxuriance, and then wasted away like withered vegetation in the closer malarious atmosphere of such complete selfishness. His wife, a gay, merry Irish girl when she fell wildly in love with the gentle poet, *settles* at last into the anxious weakly mother, often fretting from ill health, and yet bursting out at times in genuine flashes of both Irish humour and wrath.

The heaven that canopied Penalva Court was an April sky. Black clouds, swift showers, and fitful gleams of sunshine, passed every day over the *moody poet* and his fretful, loving wife, till that awful storm swept over them, that wrecked the happiness and life of both. Since Tom's arrival, Elsley had been maddened with fear lest his name and humble origin should be exposed. Tom kept his secret, but could not unloose the terror that seized, like a viper, upon the weakened, effeminate mind of his former acquaintance. Other visitors came that autumn to Penalva,—Valencia, sister of Lucia, Lord Scoutbush himself, and Major Campbell. The latter was a calm, dignified, learned soldier, and the intimate friend of Scoutbush and his sisters. Years ago he had cherished,

but never avowed, love for Lucia—Elsley's wife—when she was a mere girl, and teased the tall Scotch Major for his *gauche* manners and grim bachelor habits. For her sake he had renounced the Indian service for the Line, and gallantly subdued the awkwardness of his demeanour if he might find favour with Lucia: but all was in vain—she had fled with the famous poet; and the soldier, with noble reticence, hid the secret of his passion in his own heart, where yet it flowered with perennial beauty, in humble prayer for her happiness, though now another's. With especial interest did he therefore form the acquaintance of Elsley Vavasour. His concern for Lucia's happiness made him anxious to know the character of her husband. Elsley felt the glare of his clear eyes burning hotly upon his diseased soul, and soon exhibited before him the worst symptoms of his ill-regulated passionate temper. Elsley became also furiously jealous of the silent authority which Major Campbell's manner irresistibly carried with it, and of the confidence which every one seemed to repose in him. He feared that his wife would make him the confidant of her wrongs and domestic misery; and this fear distilled like poison through his throbbing veins. No wonder, then, that he welcomed the proposal to accompany his wife and family and Valencia to Beddegelert, at the foot of Snowdon, in order to escape the cholera, which had suddenly leapt from the dull brown haze of the sultry sky, and stalked through the village of Aber-alva like an ill-omened harpy, to glut itself on the corruption of death. Scoutbush and Campbell remained with Tom Thurnall, and Frank Headley, and Grace Harvey, to encounter the hideous phantom, to cleanse the village of its pollutions, and to render such succour as they could to the plague-struck inhabitants. When that dreadful visitation had passed, they hastened to join Elsley and the others, who had meanwhile been occupying their lodgings, and to enjoy some fishing ere they went out to the Crimea, whither they were bound. Here the catastrophe occurred which smote Elsley's life, and Lucia's too. The sight of Campbell had again fired Elsley's jealousy. The quiet dignity and courtesy of the Major's manners were a brilliant foil to his own petulance and selfish indifference. His jaundiced eyes discoloured every simple word and act, and his delirious fancy surrounded him with evil suggestions, which clung like scorpions to his brain, and would not be shaken off. At last, one evening, after his mind had been festering with wounded vanity, he overheard Lucia speak to Major Campbell in a playful, affectionate way, such as she might have done when she was a girl; and in a fearful paroxysm of pent-up wrath, he rushed away

from his home to the mountains. In a *brief note*, written from a wayside inn, he hurled out, in one blast, against his wife, the whirlwind tempest that raged in his own breast; and then, with the mad suicidal temper of a peevish child, he dashed over moors and rocks, up one of the ridges of Snowdon, to howl out his miseries to the heedless ear of night, and, perchance, to die.

There was a thunderstorm that night on Snowdon; and the description of Elsley's ascent is without doubt the grandest word-picture of the book, and it reminds us, in the lurid, ghastly colours that seem to smoulder upon it, of Salvator Rosa's art. We give the following extracts:—

'There he stood—he knew not how long—without motion, without thought, without even rage or hate; now—in one blank paralysis of his whole nature—conscious only of self and of a dull inward fire, as if his soul were a dark vault, lighted with lurid smoke.

'What was that? He started—shuddered—as well he might. Had he seen heaven opened?—or another place? So momentary was the vision, that he scarce knew what he saw.

'There it was again!—lasting but for a moment; but long enough to let him see the whole western heaven transfigured into one sheet of pale blue gauze, and before it Snowdon, towering black as ink, with every saw and crest cut out, hard and terrible, against the lightning-glare;—and then the blank of darkness.

'Again. The awful black giant, towering high in air before the gates of that blue abyss of flame; but a black crown of cloud has settled upon his head, and out of it the lightning sparks leap to and fro, ringing his brows with a coronet of fire.

'Another moment, and the roar of that great battle between earth and heaven crashed full on Elsley's ears.

'He heard it leap from Snowdon, sharp and rattling across the gulf towards him, till it crashed full upon the Glyder overhead, and rolled and flapped from crag to crag, and died away along the dreary downs. No! There it boomed out again thundering full against Siabod on the left, and Siabod tossed it on to Moel Meirch, who answered from all her cliffs and peaks with a long confused battle-growl, and then tossed it on to Aran; and Aran, with one dull bluff report from her flat cliff, to nearer Lliwedd; till, worn out with the long buffetings of that giant ring, it sank and died on Gwynnant far below; but ere it died, another and another thunder-crash burst, sharper and nearer every time, to hurry round the hills after the one which roared before it.

'Another minute, and the blue glare filled the sky once more; but no black Titan towered before it now. The storm had leapt Llanberris Pass, and all around Elsley was one howling chaos of cloud and rain, and blinding flame. He turned and fled again.'

'Terrible were those rocks below, and ten times more terrible as seen through the lurid glow of his distempered brain. All the weird peaks and slabs seemed pointing up at him: sharp-toothed jaws gaped upward, tongues hissed upward, arms pointed upward, hounds leaped upward, monstrous snake-heads peered upward out of cracks and caves. Did he not see them move—writhe? or was it the ever-shifting light of the flashes? Did he not hear them howl—yell at him? or was it but the wind tortured in their labyrinthine caverns?

'The next moment, and all was dark again; but the images which had been called up remained, and fastened on his brain, and grew there; and when, in the light of the next flash, the scene returned, he could see the red lips of the phantom hounds, the bright eyes of the phantom snakes; the tongues wagged in mockery, the hands brandished great stones to hurl at him, the mountain-top was instinct with fiendish life,—a very Blocksberg of all hideous shapes and sins.

'And yet he did not shrink! Horrible it was—he was going mad before it. And yet he took a strange and fierce delight in making it more horrible; in maddening himself yet more and more; in clothing those fantastic stones with every fancy which could inspire another man with dread.

'But he had no dread. Perfect rage, like perfect love, casts out fear. He rejoiced in his own misery—in his own danger. His life hung on a thread; any instant might hurl him from that cairn, a blackened corpse. What better end? Let it come! He was Prometheus on the peak of Caucasus, hurling defiance at the unjust Jove! His hopes, his love, his very honour—curse it—ruined! Let the lightning-stroke come! He were a coward to shrink from it. Let him face the worst, unprotected, bare-headed, naked, and do battle, himself, and nothing but himself, against the universe! And as men at such moments will do, in the mad desire to free the self-tortured spirit from some unseen and choking bond, he began wildly tearing off his clothes. But merciful nature brought relief, and stopped him in his mad efforts, or he had been a frozen corpse long ere the dawn. His hands, stiff with cold, refused to obey him: as he delayed he was saved. After the paroxysm came the collapse; he sank upon the top of the cairn half senseless. He felt himself falling over its edge, and the animal instinct of self-preservation, unconsciously to him, made him slide down gently, till he sank into a crack between two rocks, sheltered somewhat, as it befel happily, from the lashing of the rain.'

The remainder of the story is quickly told. Elsley, though pursued and discovered by two Oxford men, Naylor and Wynd, who hunted him up from the wayside inn, slipped from them in the morning, ran like an escaped lunatic to Bangor—took a draught of laudanum, which is henceforth his chief subsistence, and went by the first train to London.

The first shock of anguish on the part of his wife, is followed

by weeks of desolate misery after her return to London, while Major Campbell seeks, and seeks in vain, for the poor deluded man.

Tom Thurnall at last finds him out, in a lean-to garret, drugged with his opiate, and worn down to a frail hollow-eyed skeleton. With kindly cunning Tom humours him, and lures him to his own lodgings. He goes with him to Whitbury, where Elsley had a fond crazed wish to die; and there, in a few more days, Elsley having confessed to her his true name, dies in the arms of his devoted wife. 'Elsley turned towards her once, ere the film of death had fallen, and looked her full in the face, with his beautiful eyes full of love—then the eyes paled and faded; but still they sought for hers painfully, long after she had buried her head in the coverlet, unable to bear the sight.'—Tom then hastens eastward, whither Scoutbush and Major Campbell had gone.

Grace discovers the belt of money, which her mother had deposited in a cranny of a cavern near the shore,—binds it above her heart, and never parts with it till she gives it, as she had promised, into Tom's own hand. After her mother's death, she nursed our soldiers in the Varna and Balaclava hospitals. Once only she saw him whom she sought, standing among other officers in front of the hospital, while she was attending an operation. When she came down stairs he was gone, and never seen again.

She returned with our soldiers last summer; went to serve Tom's father in Whitbury, and waited anxiously—trustfully there, till last Christmas, when Tom startled a large company in his father's parlour by his sudden appearance. 'There he was in bodily flesh and blood, thin, sallow, bearded to the eyes, dressed in ragged sailors' clothes—but Tom himself.' The greeting there we cannot describe; and in saying so, do we not pay the highest compliment to our author? Our readers will find it at the close of the third volume, which we finish with regret, as though we had said farewell to friends who had grown dear to us, and of whom we have written as though their history were real, and not a phantom—a dream—a fiction, as it is.

There are two characteristics in this work which command admiration. One is the healthful way in which Mr. Kingsley writes of education. He has a righteous contempt for that kind of genius which is but a sort of 'male hysterics,' and is readily superinduced upon persons of a fine sensibility, just as all similar mesmeric phenomena are quickly developed in them. The luxurious narcotic life of some literary men who stimulate their fancy with a sort of cantharidin, and give uncontrolled indulgence to their passions to work themselves into a frenzy requisite for

composition, receives a terrible exposure in the history of Elsley Vavasour. Mr. Kingsley demands the healthful discipline of the body by manly exercise, as the only cure of the maudlin sentimentalism which infests our weak, dyspeptic, spasmodic poets. He loves the strong-limbed man, and believes with the old Greek *Gymnasts* that the *ἐξς* of the body materially affects the *ἦθος* of the mind. In this he is right. Nervous derangement lies at the root of much of the distempered literature that glimmers and lightens, but only with the phosphorescence of decay. Worse evils, too, result from the same cause; for a flaccid, unstrung body can hardly be the tenement of a brave, truthful spirit. This earthly body has mystical affinities with the ethereal spirit, and imparts a virtue to its higher faculties, as the nature of a soil affects the blossom of the plant that has been rooted in it. We support, therefore, Mr. Kingsley in his advocacy of what he once called 'healthy animalism;' for neither taste nor morals can be benefited by a dwarfed, imbecile body.

The other excellence of this work, is the sensible way in which Mr. Kingsley has spoken of marriage life. This is generally shrouded in darkness by novel writers, as though it belonged to the Eleusinian Mystery, and must not be exposed to the uninitiated and profane. Mr. Kingsley, however, uses his story as a means of conveying instruction in a popular and impressive form, and has not feared to trespass on the penetralia of that life, which is either too uninteresting for other writers, or too blessed to be described by their pens. Mr. Kingsley has a just and delicate appreciation of woman's nature, and has nobly expressed his reverence of her weakness and his admiration of her strength.

On the whole, this is a work abundant in that kind of excellence by which Mr. Kingsley's fictions are distinguished, and less marked than some of them by his characteristic faults. He is not generally successful in the development of plot—in combining with mystery and surprise that adherence to probability which is so difficult a problem in the structure of a story. Some of his characters represent types rather than individuals. His fertility is not conspicuous in the invention of incident. Twice in this very story do we read of jealousy roused almost to madness by the same contrivance—overhearing a conversation. To make one of the most interesting of the female characters in the book at last a servant in the house of Tom Thurnall's father, does not appear to us a happy conception. But blemishes of this kind, were they more numerous than they are, would do little to diminish the enjoyment of the reader. The interest, by

whatever means, is sustained throughout—a practical test of the first importance.

The pleasure derived from Mr. Kingsley's fictions rests on higher grounds than that dexterity in the contrivance of a *dénouement*, which some inferior workmen possess in a far greater measure. His boldness and his originality—the robust vigour, animal as well as intellectual and moral, which pervades his writings—the comprehensiveness of his sympathy—the fairness with which he will put the most opposite views of the same subject—the seriousness of his purpose—and his genial good-nature, even when most dogmatical; these are the qualities which constitute his excellence, and should win him welcome. In one respect, he stands unrivalled. We have not another writer who contrives to give us, as he does, so many of his own opinions on social questions, on art, on religion, on all sorts of topics, without ever intruding himself unduly, or beginning to preach. This artistic diffusion of the didactic element throughout conversations, always natural and spirited, is a triumph of skill. While the story proceeds, and while the characters develop themselves, we meet at every turn with some opinion or other about present topics, or subjects in the thoughts of every one, which set us thinking, strike out fresh lights, and become germs of thought we carry away with us. Mr. Kingsley is not in danger of falling into the sin of so many of our would-be religious novels, which stow away the ardour of the seraph and the wisdom of the cherub beneath a clergyman's silk waistcoat, lodge the attributes of Belial or of Moloch in the breast of the Papist, and make a canting vulgar hypocrite of every Dissenter.

We trust that we have now earned for ourselves the right of speaking faithfully on one point—the most serious of all. Our sympathy with Mr. Kingsley's general teaching compels us to protest against much of the religious teaching of this and all his fictions. We ask him—ask him as a man, a Christian man, and a clergyman, to consider the three following objections to his religious doctrines, which we urge in courtesy, but with an intense conviction of their importance.

(1.) In his characters he never makes any allusion to the burdensome feeling of guilt, and utterly ignores the fact of revelation which holds out to man his only medium of forgiveness. In the repentance—*μετάνοια*—of his characters there is no *λύπη*; no penitence, self-reproach, or sense of blameworthiness. We confess that we cannot understand the moral nature in which these sentiments have not existed; no moral sentiment has fixed itself with such distinct and awful emphasis upon human history



as the conviction of guilt. Why, then, does Mr. Kingsley seem to deny its existence? No fact is so clearly asserted in the Bible as the stupendous guilt of man, and the Gospel which it reveals consists in the proclamation of that plan which God has devised for its removal and man's restoration. Would that Mr. Kingsley preached that Gospel more clearly!

(2.) The only religion which we discover in his writings consists in man's awaking to perceive the love of his Father God, and the ceaseless providence with which He has been guarding and preserving him. There is no new relationship formed between the soul and God; but the soul awakens to a fixed, unalterable relationship which is nowise affected by this change of spiritual consciousness. We respectfully ask Mr. Kingsley if the whole tenor of Bible-teaching does not show that there is a family upon earth to whom God has come into a nearer relationship than he holds to other men. We know how this doctrine may be abused, but the Bible assuredly speaks of some who are His children as others who are not. Can we believe that all men, good or bad, are His children alike? Does he see no differences between men—demean himself in no way differently towards them?

(3.) We would remind Mr. Kingsley how closely he approximates to the Pantheistic doctrine, that the Probation of Life has only one issue—in making men better, and that all men are on their passage, as Emerson would put it, even from prisons and the gallows to some holier development: a pleasant doctrine, which, amidst the distracting problems of the moral universe, we might sometimes passionately wish to believe. But the realities of life are against it; no less the dread forebodings of Revelation, which always agrees with the *facts* of life, if not with our fancies. Mr. Kingsley will not think that we misrepresent him in thus plainly stating what is the invariable drift of his writings, and what must be pernicious because it is so fearfully delusive. The commonest experience attests that the Probation of Life has two issues: that under it men become worse, sinking lower into the blinding corruption of sin; or they become better, rising under new trials, to the possession of a more perfect virtue. And does not Scripture point to two roads, of which, alas! the downward is the broadest and the most crowded? We protest against Mr. Kingsley's representation of human life, not because we could not wish to believe it, but because our consciousness, our experience, our Bible, and all history contradict it.

Mr. Kingsley's description of the Brianite, or local Methodist preachers, we conceive to be as gross a violation of taste as it is utterly false in fact. We are grieved to think that Mr. Kingsley

should stoop to imitate the scurrilous caricatures which Mr. Dickens has drawn of these self-denying men, to whose labours the agricultural population of this country is indebted for nearly all the religious life which has survived among them during the last century. Mr. Kingsley has dishonoured himself in traducing their characters and misrepresenting their doctrines. Had he known more of them, we are sure his generous heart had never allowed him to write so recklessly of a class of men entitled to much of that large-hearted charity which Mr. Kingsley can sometimes exercise.

Now we are in the croaking strain, we must have one word more. Tom Thurnall, as we have said, is admirably drawn. His individuality is distinct and strong; yet he represents a class that counts by thousands. Brought up religiously, he has no religion save strong affection for a father, and a vague notion that the Powers above will somehow do the right thing at last. Buoyant, dare-devil, infinite in cunning resource, he knocks about the world, indomitable, self-reliant, singing and laughing, though the very foot-ball of fortune. He learns at last that he has a Father in heaven, that lowly trust is better than audacious self-reliance. But meanwhile, his incredulity, like that of multitudes, is profound and scornful, when he hears the ministers of religion dwelling on the terrors rather than the hopes of Revelation—or, to speak more correctly, aggravating its darker aspects, and passing by, or limiting, its brighter.

‘Whether Tom were altogether right or not, is not the question here; the novelist’s business is to represent the real thoughts of mankind, when they are not absolutely unfit to be told; and certainly Tom spoke the doubts of thousands when he spoke his own.

‘Grace was silent still.

‘“Well,” he said, “beyond that I can’t go, being no theologian. But when a preacher tells people in one breath of a God who so loves men that He gave His own Son to save them, and in the next, that the same God so hates men that he will cast nine-tenths of them into hopeless torture for ever (and if that is not hating, I don’t know what is)—unless he, the preacher, gets a chance of talking to them for a few minutes—why, I should like, Miss Harvey, to put that gentleman upon a real fire for ten minutes, instead of his comfortable Sunday’s dinner, which stands ready frying for him, and which he was going home to eat, as jolly as if all the world was not going to destruction; and there let him feel what fire was like, and reconsider his statements.”’—Vol. ii. p. 109.

Certainly Tom was anything but right in his practical rejection of Christianity on such grounds. We do not think Mr. Kingsley has quite sufficiently insisted on this. He describes Tom as

going out into the fields on a fine Sunday morning, and recognising, in a pagan way, the beauty, wisdom, and beneficence about him. It was well for him, remarks the author, that he had even this natural religion—that he was faithful to the light he possessed. We think he was *not* faithful. For about this very time he had his New Testament in his hand, and is represented as busy with the Epistles to the Corinthians. With the undimmed, undistorted truth thus before him, his indifference to Christianity is inexcusable. It may be questioned whether, in a land like ours, a rejection of Christian truth, so long maintained as his, can be compatible with the excellences attributed to him. Still, in its main outlines, the character is as real and common as it is instructive; and such compounds of Alcibiades and Gallio are but too numerous.

It would be quite as wrong for any one to be offended with Mr. Kingsley for putting a misconception like that just quoted boldly into words, as it would be to blame a medical man for making a faithful report of a diseased district. The question is, —How did views of the Gospel so morbid come into the minds of such men? And next,—How may we clear them out straight-way, and substitute a healthier view of Christianity?

There is one objection taken by Mr. Kingsley to the Evangelical section of the Church (whether within the English Establishment or without it), which we are at a loss to understand. —This appears to us one of the instances in which he comes forward as a mere random fault-finder, without having any preferable substitute to propose. Talking of American slavery, he puts the following reflections into the mouth of an intelligent American:—

‘The battle against Middle Age slavery was fought by the Old Catholic Church, which held the Jewish notion, and looked on the Deity as the actual King of Christendom, and every man in it as God’s own child. I see now! No wonder that the battle in America has, as yet, been fought by the Quakers, who believe that there is a divine light and voice in every man; while the Calvinist preachers, with their isolating and individualizing creed, have looked on with folded hands, content to save a negro’s soul here and there, whatsoever might become of the bodies and the national future of the whole negro race.’—Vol. iii. p. 142.

Now, with regard to slavery, as far as England is concerned, the Evangelicals were as active as the Quakers in their efforts to secure its abolition throughout the British dominions. They *did* care for the bodies and for the race. And so now, their sympathies are strongly with the Abolitionist party. But

emancipation in America lies with the Americans themselves, and at present it is impossible to do more than teach the negroes here and there, as we find opportunity. The supposed curse resting on the descendants of Ham is not to be laid, as Mr. Kingsley supposes, to the charge of Calvinism, but to that determination on the part even of professedly religious Americans to keep their slaves. The purpose being fixed, they are glad to hunt up a text to justify it. So the controversy concerning transubstantiation can never really rest on the words, 'This is my body;' because the doctrine did not proceed from a misinterpretation of that text, but the text, on the contrary, was misinterpreted to justify the doctrine.

But to return to the objection to Evangelicism, that it isolates and individualizes—is not national, universal. Once Puritanism did make itself national, and set up a Commonwealth. Would Mr. Kingsley prefer such a state of things? Does he wish to see religion brought, as in the Middle Age, under the control of the civil magistrate? Is he quite sure that the religion enforced by the sword of the governor would be *his*? And if it were, we are sure he cannot suppose that legislation would awaken, or persecution profitably direct, that inward light which does exist in men. What, then, would he suggest? If the English Church *cannot* or *will not* make itself, in his sense, truly national, what other party has any prospect of so doing? What is left, if we would not fall into endless anomalies and perplexities, but that we should rest satisfied with an invisible Church—with that communion of saints in all lands and times, wherein he believes as well as we? Meanwhile, each section of that church can but do its best to teach and enlighten men, as far as it has the power. If so to do be an undue isolating and individualizing of men, what else, we ask, did the Apostles, in their first preaching of the Gospel, and settlement of a church here and a church there? Might not the same fault be found with them for not effecting a similar impossibility? Mr. Kingsley is too well acquainted with history not to know that the imperial patronage afforded to Christianity by Constantine ripened with fearful rapidity all the elements of corruption within it. Dante, who understood the Middle Age at least as well as any of its modern idolaters, bitterly regretted the consequences of that alliance. We should like to see Mr. Kingsley explain himself deliberately and at length on this matter.

There occur, in the course of the story, some excellent remarks on the study of nature, on description, and on the use and abuse of illustration. When Mr. Kingsley contends that he who would

describe a landscape must really take pains, first of all, to see it—must not abandon it to hunt after analogies, or distort and coax the reality before him into an unnatural harmony with them, we think him quite right. But sometimes he goes too far, and would seem unduly afraid of what Mr. Ruskin has condemned as the 'pathetic fallacy.' It is true, that we must first see the object; but it is also true that the poet should see *into* it—should not be blind to what it *suggests*, any more than to what it *is*. If the mere externals of nature are to be set down by themselves, without any indication of the communion between the soul of man and the hidden life of nature—without any colouring derived from that which is *behind* the eye—without any hint of those affinities between the worlds of matter and of mind which Platonist and poet alike have always loved to trace, then we must cancel the finest descriptive passages in Wordsworth, and nearly all those of Mr. Dickens.

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ART. VI.—*The Kingdom and People of Siam; with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855.* By SIR JOHN BOWRING, F.R.S., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. In 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

THE name of Sir John Bowring, well known to readers of newspapers and reviews, for thirty, or probably five-and-thirty years, has been for the last month placed in undue prominence before the public. Lord Derby, for some reason best known to the Protectionist leader, has chosen to treat a public question in a personal manner, and, with his well-known powers of wounding, has slashed and scarified his victim, the Chief Superintendent of Trade at Canton, in a manner as unusual as unjust. There was no epithet too strong, or too severe or stinging, to apply to an absent public servant. The Protectionist chief, the leader of the opposition in the House of Lords, did not disdain to apply the epithets of vain, shallow, and pedantic monomaniac to one who was not present to defend himself. Taking up the key-note, other noble lords followed in the same strain. Lord Ellenborough, who, of all modern Eastern governors, has been the most warlike, complained of the bellicose Doctor at Canton, laying peculiar emphasis on the last word, as though it conveyed some ludicrous or criminal idea; and Lord Malmesbury, who

committed more mistakes at the Foreign Office in his short incumbency of seven or eight months, than any Principal Secretary of State before or since, spoke of Sir John Bowring as though he were a man without the slightest discretion, or the least particle of judgment or common sense. Lord Carnarvon followed suit to this strange and random lead ; and Lord Grey, as usual, from some peculiar crotchet, joined the Protectionist Peers.

A very similar scene was enacted in the Commons on Mr. Cobden's motion. The member for the West Riding attacked his absent friend unfairly and mercilessly. Sir James Graham, to use the expressive language of Sir R. Bethell, 'stabbed him in the back ;' and Mr. Gladstone, with more elaborate preparation and a more artistic refinement of malice, under the guise of candour, exposed every sore place to the public view. Other and better men, from honest but mistaken motives, joined in the attack ; but from the commencement of the Parliamentary battle the public has seen the question in its simple and true light. The British people have felt that any Governor or Superintendent, no matter what his party or principles, would have acted very much as Sir John Bowring has acted, would have felt the intended insult inflicted on our flag, and have taken simultaneously the occasion to insist on an observance of solemn Treaties. It may be that Sir John Bowring is a vain, self-sufficient man, without a sound judgment ; but, be this as it may, in his intercourse with the Chinese, the Tartars—in name and in nature—not he, were the aggressors, and no sufficient reparation having been made, it surely is no great marvel that the occurrence of a recent insult should have been the occasion chosen to seek redress for ancient wrongs in the continued and continuing evasions and infractions of the Treaty of 1842, and the subsequent Supplemental Treaty of 1843.

Sir John Bowring had been in China some four or five years in a subordinate capacity before he became Chief Superintendent at Hong-kong, and it is not pretended that his conduct had on any former occasion been rash or headstrong. He had also made a journey in 1855 to the country of a neighbouring people—the people of Siam—had been on the best terms with the King and public servants of that country, and had negotiated a Treaty with them which was brought over to this country by Mr. Consul Parkes in 1855. The volume before us, indeed, is dedicated to Maha Mongkut, the First King of Siam, in rather turgid, but it may be perfectly true language, as a Prince who affords in his person an illustrious example of a successful devotion of the time and talent of a great Oriental Sovereign to the cultivation of the literature and the study of the

philosophy of Western Nations, in the hope that the extension of commercial and social relations will associate the growing advancement of Siam with the prosperity and cordial friendship of the civilized world. The dedication, somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Macaulay's famous letter to the Electors of Edinburgh, which was dated from Windsor Castle (to compare great things with small), is dated from Government House, Hong-kong in the month of August in the past year.

We cite the tone and tenor of the dedication as a circumstance characteristic of and creditable to the author, proving, as it does, his laudable desire to extend the alliances and augment the trade of Great Britain. Such a plenipotentiary, whatever parliamentary speakers may say, affords internal evidence by this act, that he is not the man to pick a quarrel with a trading nation unnecessarily, or to seek imaginary pretexts for breaking the peace. In the commencement of hostilities, Dr. Bowring, when in this country, was known to be as much an advocate for a Peace policy, as Mr. Cobden himself was known to have been a member of, and a disciple of the Peace Society, as he was at that time the Secretary of the great disciple of Peace, and of modern utilitarian philosophy, Jeremy Bentham, and for many years the Editor of a publication founded by that philosopher, and called the *Westminster Review*. Such a man was not likely, in the days of 'his hot youth, when George IV. was king,' to have forced a quarrel on the Chinese, or on any other nation; and in his sixty-sixth year it is almost incredible to think he would be guilty of a rashness and inconsiderateness of which any one who knows or has known his character and opinions, would have acquitted him in 1825, when he numbered only half the winters which he counts now. There may be, doubtless, in one instance out of myriads, rash and bellicose men at sixty-six, who were prudent and peaceful at thirty-three. But, on this extreme and almost impossible case, we would ask how it happens that Sir John Bowring, who, it is all at once discovered, is so unjust and sanguinary to the Chinese, has, till the outbreak of these hostilities, been accused by our merchants 'of an undue partiality towards the natives of the flowery land?' From 1850 to 1853, or the beginning of 1854, when Consul at Canton, the complaint was that our official unduly leaned to the Chinese. When appointed Superintendent at Hong-kong, in 1854, the cry was still the same, and it is only Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, and the Earl of Derby, who have by some means, and all at once, discovered that Sir John Bowring has nurtured for seven long years a deep and well-disguised design to lay Canton in ashes, with

the settled purpose of haranguing the military Mandarins in their own difficult tongue, on the perfidiousness of breaking treaties. Unfortunately for the theory of these gentlemen, Sir John Bowring could not at any time, and cannot now, speak half-a-dozen sentences off-hand in Chinese; and, strange as it may seem, we assert, on our own knowledge, he could not speak half the number of sentences in intelligible French, if Chinese failed him, as it was sure to do. In Siam, where our Plenipotentiary conducted himself, as is his wont everywhere, in the most peaceful and conciliatory fashion, the King, fortunately for Sir John Bowring, spoke and wrote very tolerable English; and when it was necessary to have recourse to officials, Mr. Consul Parkes, an excellent Chinese scholar, was at Sir John's elbow to act as interpreter.

Mr. Consul Parkes it was who carried to this country the Treaty concluded with the King of Siam, and who, if we be not misinformed, was, for his general services in China and his particular services in Siam, raised from the position of interpreter to the position of consul. One of the most characteristic things in the volume before us, is the facsimile of the letter of welcome addressed by the King of Siam to Sir John Bowring. It is written in a plain bold hand, on excellent paper, with a deep gold border, and is stamped in red ink with several seals, to which it appears the Siamese attach more importance than to signatures. This curious document is in the following words:—

‘ Raj Mondir House, Grand Palace,  
Bangkok,  
27th March, 1855.

‘ My gracious friend,

‘ It give me to-day most joyful pleasure to learn your Excellency's arrival here, as certainly as your Excellency remained now on board the steamer ‘ Rattler,’ which accompanied with a brig of war. I can not hesitate to send my gladful cordil more than an hour. I beg to send my private Minister, Mr. Nai Kham Nai Puong, and Mr. Nai Bhoo, with some Siamese fruits for showing of my first respect and expressing of my greatest joy that I will have now personal entertainment with your Excellency in both publickly & privily as well as very intimate friend daring your Excellency's staying here, when our Officers of State have communicated with your Excellency, according to Siamese custom.

‘ Please enter to Parknam as soon as I have ordered the High Supreme Officer of the Department of Foreign Affairs to get down to-day to Parknam, where your Excellency will meet at the hall newly built for your Excellency's receptance.

‘ After consultation with the High Officer thereon, your Excellency will be leaded or called to this city with as much respect as your



Excellency is my friend. Please allow our respects according to Siamese manners. your Excellency's residence here was already prepared. We are longly already for acceptance of your Excellency.

'I remain your

Excellency's faithful friend,

S. P. P. M. MONGKUT,

the King of Siam.

'P.S.—I have just returned from old city Ayudia of Siam fifteen days ago, with the beautiful she Elephant which your Excellency will witness here on your Excellency's arrival.

'S. P. P. M. MONGKUT, the King.

'To His Excellency Sir John Bowring,  
Kight Dr. of Laws, &c. &c. &c.'

A letter of this nature, we need scarcely remark, would never be written by an Eastern potentate to a plenipotentiary of an offensive and meddlesome disposition, such as Sir John Bowring is described to be by those who through his sides wish to wound the ministry. A man of such a nature and disposition would have been at once excluded from Siam, instead of having every facility afforded to him for the most ample examination.

The first thing Sir John describes is the geography of the country. Siam, it appears, is composed of forty-one provinces, each governed by a functionary of the highest rank. There are two regions, the Northern and Southern. The native name of the kingdom is *Thái*, meaning the Free Kingdom. Monseigneur Pallegoix, the French Roman Catholic Bishop, from whose work and notes Sir John Bowring very largely, but with full permission, quotes, says that the modern name of Siam is derived from one of the ancient titles of the country, *Sajam*, meaning 'the dark race.' The frontiers of the kingdom have considerably varied at different periods of its history. The present boundaries of Siam extend from four to twenty-one degrees of north latitude, or nearly 1200 miles in its greatest length; its greatest breadth is from ninety-six to one hundred and two degrees. Siam pays tribute to China, and its King seeks from the Emperor at Peking a special recognition of his right to reign, sending every three years his envoy to the Chinese capital. The Siamese, however, receive, in the remission of duties upon the cargoes of tribute-bearing ships, more than an equivalent for the tribute they bear. But the Government of China in no respect interferes with that of Siam, nor do the Chinese in Siam enjoy any other privileges and advantages than those which result from their superior industry, activity, aptitude for business, perseverance, and capital. The Sovereign of Siam governs as much, and as far, as he is able. He frequently (as in more civilized parts of the world)

appropriates to himself titles which are shadows—mementos of a state of things that has passed away. The sovereignty over the kingdom of Cambodia, which is on the frontiers of Siam and Cochin China, is claimed by each, and the Cambodian prince, unable to resist either of the sovereigns, pays tribute to both.

The snowy mountain ranges of the North descend from the Chinese province of Yunnan, and branch off into two great divisions, between which lies the fertile valley of Siam. On the eastern bank of the Tenasserim river rises the chain of the 'Three Hundred Peaks,' which, as the name denotes, are remarkable for their sharp and conical forms. It is said there would be little difficulty in establishing a water communication between the Bay of Bengal and the Gulf of Siam. In about latitude 11°, the direct passage across the isthmus is about fifty miles. A ship canal, if practicable, would be next in importance to those which have been proposed to cross the Isthmus of Darien, in America, and that of Suez, in Egypt. The chain of mountains which divide Siam from Cambodia is little known, and communications with Cambodia are for the most part tardy and difficult. Sir John Bowring, who draws far too largely on the information of the Roman Catholic Bishop, Pallegoix (from whence it would seem that he has little personal knowledge of Siam), says that he was informed by this dignitary that, in visiting Bangkok, he had been able to traverse by water a considerable part of the distance between the Cambodian and the Siamese capitals. Siam Proper may be deemed a vast plain. What the Nile is to Egypt, the Meinam is to Siam, with the distinction that there is along the banks of the Meinam a vast fertile and feracious jungle, which has to be reclaimed. The area of the valley of the Meinam has been estimated at about 12,000 square miles. The soil of Siam is, in all the prolific parts, alluvial, formed of the mud or clay brought down by the rivers from the mountains. The Meinam, the river of Siam, has its annual inundations. In June, its waters begin to rise, and in August they overflow the banks to a height sometimes exceeding six feet above the ordinary level. The country sometimes fearfully suffers from these inundations. That of 1831 nearly destroyed all the sugar plantations, and three or four feet of water continuing to cover the face of the country, almost all the cattle perished. When the waters of the Meinam are supposed to have reached their highest point, the King deposes one hundred bonzes, who are instructed to command the inundation to proceed no further. There is a wandering fish in Siam, which is not found in these latitudes. In 1831, when fish were uncommonly cheap, the Bishop of Siam bought a supply, and he poured fifty hundred-

weight into his ponds; but in less than a month nine-tenths escaped during a rain that fell in the night. There are three species of this wandering fish. It is particularly wholesome, and very abundant.

Dr. Bowring did not visit Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam, but he gives a description of it from a gentleman who visited it in December, 1855. It contains between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants, among which are a large number of Chinese, a few Burmese, and some natives of Laos. The soil is wonderfully fertile. The principal product is rice. A large quantity of oil, also an astringent liquor called toddy, and sugar, is manufactured from the palm, extensive groves of which are found in the vicinity of the city.

The account which the Roman Catholic Bishop, Pallegoix, gives of the country is not flattering. In one place, where the Bishop heard pleasant music, he found a mandarin surrounded by his dozen wives, who were playing a family concert. The mandarin took the opportunity to seek information about Christianity, and listened patiently and pleased enough until the missionary told him one wife must satisfy him if he embraced the Catholic faith; which closed the controversy, as the Siamese said that *was* an impossible condition.

A place named Mei Klong is, it appears, the native place of the Siamese twins, whose parents are now dead. The chief interest of the family about their absent brothers is that they should send home some money for their poor relations.

The Gulf of Siam is little exposed to the typhoons which do such damage in the Chinese Seas. The Admiralty charts are full of extraordinary blunders, according to Sir J. Bowring.

The population of Siam amounts, in round numbers, to about five millions of souls, amongst which are 1,500,000 Chinese. Sir J. Bowring remarks that the extraordinary diffusion of the Chinese emigrants is one of the most remarkable of the events of modern history, and is likely to exercise a great influence on the future condition of man. The Chinese, however, do not migrate to mingle and be absorbed with other tribes. They preserve their own nationality, language, costume, and religious usages. Though they intermarry, the Chinese type becomes predominant, and the children are educated on the father's model, the influence of the mother being annihilated. The ties that bind the Chinese to their country, though they often acquire large fortunes in foreign lands, seem never to be broken.

It is estimated that there are in Siam a million and a half of Chinese settlers; in the city of Bangkok alone there are supposed to be 200,000. In fact, all the active business appears to

be in their hands. Nine out of ten of the floating bazaars, which cover for miles the two banks of the Meinam, are occupied by Chinamen. Very many of them are married to Siamese women, for a Chinawoman scarcely ever leaves her country. The children are invariably educated to the Chinese type; the tail is cultivated, if it be a boy, and the father alone seems to model the child's nature and education. Sir John Bowring admits that the Chinese exhibit a strong parental affection for their offspring, and that, with rare exceptions, the Siamese women are well treated by their husbands. The Chinese not only occupy the busiest and the largest bazaars, but their trading habits descend to the very lowest articles of barter. Like the Jews in England and on the Continent, they penetrate to, and traffic with, the interior wherever profits are to be realized. They have their own temples, and carry on their worship of Buddha. The signs over their warehouses, shops, and houses, are all written in Chinese. Over their doors are the same inscriptions one is accustomed to see in China, as 'May the five felicities dwell in this abode.' The Siamese, however, keep the Chinese in absolute subjection. 'While I was in Bangkok' (says Sir John Bowring) 'I saw no instance of resistance to the native authority. In 1847, however, a serious insurrection of the Chinese population menaced the Government; but the movement was soon suppressed.' That the Chinese are a turbulent and dangerous race we know well enough from recent events. The following observations of Sir John Bowring prove that they carry their aggressive dispositions beyond the limits of their own country:—

'The Siamese have managed to keep the Chinese in tolerable subjection, though not without serious controversies and tumults. The insurrection which took place in the year 1847 had its origin in the imposition of a new or an augmented tax, to be levied on the sugar-boilers. The Governor visited the malcontents at Petriu, was seized and decapitated by the Chinese labourers; after which the Chinese dispersed themselves in the neighbouring districts; but at Leukonchesi they not only killed the Governor, but took possession of the fort. The Siamese troops sent to subjugate the insurgents exhibited great poltroonery against the besieged, who had only beans to fire from the guns of the fort, and who were wholly ignorant of the art of war; but, notwithstanding, the gates of the city were finally destroyed. Elephants were sent out, and a general massacre of unresisting men, women, and children took place. It was supposed that a general rising of the Chinese was intended; and it is very doubtful whether the Siamese Government could have maintained itself against any extensive combination.'

Some of the Chinese merchants established in Siam before the

embassy of Sir John Bowring, were monster monopolists. Here is an account of one of them, who showed the sagacity and artfulness of the race when the treaty was read to him which abolished the whole system of monopoly in Siam:—

‘A Chinese merchant of enormous wealth, who held the opium monopoly, with, I was informed, more than ninety other monopolies, has been raised to the rank of nobility, and was present among the multitude of prostrate nobles, dressed in the distinction of mandarin costume, when that article of the treaty was read to them which abolished the whole system of monopoly, and established free trade from the month of April, 1856. Certainly, he bowed his head in silence, but looked as if a hundred thunderstorms were concentrated in that proud, scornful, yet resigned expression. He had been told his doom at a conference with the principal ministers; but as the opium monopoly, the most precious and profitable of all, was preserved to him, he had the sagacity to feign a willing resignation, and to say he would employ his capital for the future in legitimate instead of privileged commerce.’

One of the dependencies of Siam is Laos. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Pallegoix, who is well acquainted with the country, speaks of their music as very sweet, harmonious, and sentimental. Sir John Bowring thus describes a Laos concert:—

‘Three persons will form a melodious concert: one plays the bamboo organ, another sings romances with the voice of inspiration, and the third strikes in cadence the suspended tongues of sonorous woods. The Laos organ is a collection of sixteen fine and long bamboos, bound by a circle of ebony, where there is an opening for the aspiration and inspiration of the breath, which causes the vibration of a number of small silver tonguelets, placed near a hole made in each bamboo, over which the fingers run with great dexterity. I have seen the Laos women of the highest ranks sent for by their lords to gratify my curiosity. They have crawled into the presence, and, with bowed head, waited tremblingly for the commands of their husband. Their dress is more graceful than that of the Siamese women, especially their mode of arranging and adorning their hair, which was sometimes ornamented with fragrant white flowers.’

The earlier, and, indeed, modern travellers in Siam, including missionaries of all religions, speak of the people as distinguished by dishonesty and deceit; as borrowing, and never returning; as never employing open force against their enemies when they have any hope of succeeding by fraud or surprise; as idle, inconstant, and fond of amusement; as artful, deceitful, timid, and avaricious.

Generalizations such as these, as Sir John Bowring remarks, are among the great defects of writers on foreign countries

When examined, they will be discovered to be the result of impressions early and hastily formed. Sir John Bowring speaks of the affection of parents for children, and the deference paid by the young to the old. He remarks :—

‘Fathers were constantly observed carrying about their offspring in their arms, and mothers engaged in adorning them. The King was never seen in public by us without some of his younger children near him; and we had no intercourse with the nobles where numbers of little ones were not on the carpets, grouped around their elders, and frequently receiving attentions from them.

‘According to my experience, the mendacity so characteristic of Orientals is not a national defect among the Siamese. Lying, no doubt, is often resorted to as a protection against injustice and oppression, but the chances are greatly in favour of truth when evidence is sought. My experience in China, and many other parts of the East, predisposes me to receive with doubt and distrust any statement of a native, when any the smallest interest would be possibly promoted by falsehood. Nay, I have often observed there is a fear of truth, *as* truth, lest its discovery should lead to consequences of which the inquirer never dreams, but which are present to the mind of the person under interrogation. Little moral disgrace attaches to insincerity and untruthfulness; their detection leads to a loss of reputation for sagacity and cunning, but goes no further. In Siam I was struck with the unusual frankness as to matters of fact.

‘Dishonesty, too, is repugnant to Siamese habits. There is much extortion practised by the ruling few upon the subject many, and there are many persons without means of honest existence who, as elsewhere, live by their wits; but organized robberies and brigandage are almost confined to the wilder parts of the country.

‘Suicide is rare. Now and then, a fanatic is known to cover his body with resin and oil, and offer himself to be burnt as a living sacrifice to Buddha. It is said that in the last instance that occurred, the unhappy wretch, after inviting the people to witness his public execution, sprung in agony from the funeral pile, and rushed into the Meinam to be drowned. One such example must be potent to prevent the repetition of the folly.

‘Pallegoix, than whom no writer is better entitled to speak from experience, gives on the whole a favourable description of the moral qualities of the Siamese. ‘They are,’ he says, ‘gentle, cheerful, timid, careless, and almost passionless. They are disposed to idleness, inconstancy, and exaction; they are liberal almsgivers, severe in enforcing decorum in the relations between the sexes. They are fond of sports, and lose half their time in amusements.’

The dwellings of the Siamese are thus described :—

‘The dwellings of the Siamese represent far more than I have seen in any other part of the world the grades of their social condition. From the beautiful stone palaces of the Kings, crowded with every

European comfort and luxury, and ornamented with every decoration which either the eastern or western world can supply, to the shaking bamboo, palm-covered hut of the peasant, whose furniture consists only of a few vessels of coarse earthenware or wicker-work, and a mat or two spread upon the floor, the difference of position upwards or downwards may be distinctly traced. Removed from the very lowest ranks, in the Siamese houses will be found carpenters' tools, a moveable oven, various cooking utensils both in copper and clay, spoons of mother-of-pearl, plates and dishes in metal and earthenware, a large porcelain jar, and another of copper for fresh water. There is also a tea-set, and all the appliances for betel-chewing and tobacco-smoking, some stock of provisions and condiments for food.

'A sauce called *nam-phrik* is used by all classes in Siam. It is prepared by bruising a quantity of red pepper in a mortar, to which are added *kapi* (paste of shrimps or prawns), black pepper, garlic, and onions. These being thoroughly mixed, a small quantity of brine and citron-juice is added. Ginger, tamarinds, and gourd seeds are also employed. The *nam-phrik* is one the most appetite-exciting condiments.

'The Siamese prepare considerable quantities of *curry* as their habitual food. These are generally so hot that they burn the mouth of a European. I recollect one of the Regents complaining bitterly that a sore mouth deprived him of the pleasures of the table: the wonder to me was that a sound mouth could tolerate such ardent comestibles as he habitually used.'

As to the meals and cookery of the Siamese we learn the following facts:—

'Fish, in the early stages of putridity, is mixed with a variety of exciting substances, such as capsicums and chillies, mynths, sprouts of the mango, the orange and citron trees, cocoa-nut milk, sugar: lard and pork fat are used to modify the stronger flavours.

'The Siamese have learned from the Chinese the art of salting and preserving eggs, which, in their estimate, rather improve than deteriorate by time. The egg is covered with a thick paste of ashes and lime. Eggs so prepared may be sent on long voyages, and have become a considerable article of export to California and other places.

'The tables of the opulent are crowded with a succession of dishes. In our intercourse with the high authorities, it was their purpose to entertain us in European style—and wonderfully well did they succeed. On one occasion, however, I requested the Krom Hluang (King's brother) to give us a genuine Siamese repast. On arriving, we found the table spread in the accustomed and approved European-Oriental style, with an abundance of plate, glasses, wines, soups, fish, roasted and boiled meat, *hors-d'œuvres*, with a variety of pastry, jellies, &c.; but, apart, the Prince had provided what he called a Siamese dinner for *one*, and I imagine the succession of dishes could have been scarcely less than sixty or seventy. He said he wished to gratify my curiosity,

but that courtesy required him to entertain me according to the usages of *my* country, and *not* of Siam.

'The ordinary meals of the Siamese are at 7 A.M. and 5½ P.M., but the more opulent classes have a repast at mid-day.'

The seeds and leaves of the hemp are used as in India and Arabia, and produce effects of exhilaration and depression resembling that caused by opium-smoking. A nobleman never moves about without the bearer of his arcca-box. These boxes are of solid gold, ornamented with jewels.

The betel is such a necessary of life in Siam, that were the choice offered to a hungry Chinese of food or betel, there is no doubt he would ask for the second.

'Tobacco (Sir John Bowring tells us) may be said to be universally used in Siam. Boys of five or six years old begin to smoke. Women chew the weed with the arcca-nut. The common mode of preparing tobacco for use is to envelope finely-cut shreds in a covering of plantain or palm leaves. Some of the opulent smoke the long pipe. The use of snuff is not general among the Siamese.

'The habit of bathing is almost a necessary result of the heat of the climate, and the adjacency of the river, into which the Siamese often wade and swim many times a day. They are fond of ablutions, and their bodies are thus kept quite free from vermin. They must be deemed a cleanly people: they pluck out the hairs of their beard as soon as they appear; clean their teeth, so that foul breath is scarcely known among them; they constantly change their garments, exposing them to the action of the sun's rays.

'I have nowhere in the tropics tasted *fruits* comparable in their excellence with those of Siam, except perhaps in the Island of Java; but the Siamese durians, mangoes, mangosteens, and some others, appeared to me of unparalleled size and flavour. Almost every day furnished a new variety. We had mangoes which in their greatest girth measured above nineteen inches. Sometimes the King would send fruit, gathered in the jungle, which none of us had before seen. The sweet tamarind was also a novelty to us; and there were very many to us unknown sorts of fruits, beautiful in appearance and agreeable in taste, either cultivated in the gardens or growing wild in the woods, which were among the daily bounties of the kings and of the nobles. One of the courtiers told me that the King had mentioned my fondness for fruits; and the consequence was that many spontaneous offerings were brought to the palace, and found their way to my table. These are true courtesies, which I could only the more appreciate, as we had been given to understand that we should witness nothing but cold ceremonials, extorted urbanities, and a proud and repulsive policy. We were led to expect that we should find rapacity intrusive, insatiable, and extortionate,—every art employed to obtain much, and to give little in return.' Far different was my experience.'



Would these courtesies have been extended to a touchy, vain, self-important, quarrelsome man—to a 'monomaniac,' to use the temperate and gentlemanly language of Lord Derby?

We are told of an extraordinary usage connected with child-birth :—

'The event has no sooner taken place, than the mother is placed near a large fire, where she remains for weeks exposed to the burning heat : death is often caused by this exposure. So universal is the usage, so strong the prejudice in its favour among high and low, that the King himself has vainly attempted to interfere ; and his young and beautiful wife, though in a state of extreme peril and suffering, was subjected to this torture, and died while 'before the fire,'—a phrase employed by the Siamese to answer the inquiry made as to the absence of the mother. A medical missionary told me he had been lately called in to prescribe for a lady who was 'before the fire,' but ere he had reached the house, the patient had died, and both body and funeral pile had been removed. There seems some mysterious idea of pacification, such as in some shape or other prevails in many parts of the world, associated with so cruel a rite.'

Slavery is the condition of a large part of the population of Siam—not absolute slavery, as in the West Indies or United States, but a dependence worse than domestic servitude. Every Siamese is bound to devote one-third of the year to the service of the King. The groundwork of all Siamese institutions and habits is a reverence for authority. The principle is pushed to forms of the most extravagant excess ; on the one side of assumption, and on the other of prostration.

The personal configuration of the Siamese is thus described—

'The Siamese are a small, well-proportioned race ; their skin is of an olive hue ; they have black hair, of which they keep a coarse tuft (which has somewhat the appearance of a brush) on the top of the head, all around being closely shaven. Women adopt the same practice of cherishing a tuft of hair, which, however, they carefully oil and comb. The preservation of the tuft, and the changes it undergoes under different circumstances, are objects of great interest and attention in Siam.

'The head of a child is frequently shorn. At the age of three or four the tuft begins to be cared for, but it is more in front than is usual after the time of puberty. It is prettily knotted and kept together by a golden or silver pin, or, in case of poverty, by a porcupine quill ; but it is generally garlanded by a wreath of fragrant flowers. As among the Chinese, long nails are appreciated as a mark of aristocracy ; and every art is used for making the teeth black, which is deemed a *sine quâ non* of comeliness. The use of betel and areca helps to accomplish this object.

'The ordinary dress of the Siamese is a long piece of cotton printed

cloth, passed round the waist between the thighs, the ends of the cloth being stuck in behind. They wear no covering over the head, or upper part of the body; and the legs and feet are quite naked.'

The following remarks upon the Siamese people, written by a Siamese in his native language, and translated by an American missionary, are not without interest:—

'They preserve *long* finger-nails. In the cool of the day [evening] they take hog's fat to anoint the nails every day. Another way is to take garlic to rub their nails, and the nails grow long very fast. They take care not to do any labour—they only work at toys. The man who keeps long finger-nails is a man of dissolute mind. His heart rides on priminess. He is the master of harlots, and desires to deck himself that he may stroll about and talk with the women that they may have a heart to love him. Men of this sort are few; amongst a hundred men there will be about forty.'

Under the head of education, we find the following:—

'The bonzes are charged with the public education, and schools are attached to most of the religious establishments. Instruction in the creeds and rites of Buddhism constitutes, naturally, a very important part of the system of instruction. A considerable portion of the male population are able to read and write, but there are few means of acquiring any of the higher branches of knowledge. There is, notwithstanding, especially among the nobles, much devotion to the study of the mechanical arts, and even considerable acquaintance with the use of nautical and philosophical instruments.

'The average amount of payment for tuition in common schools at Bangkok is eight dollars per annum, thirty-five shillings, from each boy; and fifteen dollars more cover all his expenses for board, clothes, stationery, &c. Some wealthy Chinese have private teachers, at a cost of eight dollars per month. A school-room may be hired at two dollars and a half per month, or even less.'—(*Chinese Repository*, vii. p. 309.)

'The education of women is much neglected in Siam; there are few among them that can read or write. At the theatrical exhibitions within the palace, however, a woman was the prompter, and turned over, with great alacrity, the MS. pages of the play which was being acted.'

The medical schools are thus described:—

'There are said to be two medical schools or systems in Siam contending for the mastery—the Indian and the Chinese—and it would be difficult to say which is the most crowded with follies and superstition. Here is a Siamese *recipe*, which seems to combine the nonsense of both. It is a prescription for what was called 'morbific fever':—'One portion of rhinoceros horn, one of elephant's tusk, one of tiger's, and the same of crocodile's teeth; one of bear's tooth; one portion composed of three parts bones of vulture, raven, and goose;

one portion of bison and another of stag's horn, one portion of sandal. These ingredients to be mixed together on a stone with pure water; one half of the mixture to be swallowed, the rest to be rubbed into the body, after which the morbid fever will depart."

There is a general treatment of sick persons which is often successful. They are dictated to a thin rice soup, with a small infusion of dried fish as a condiment. Shower-baths are used three or four times a day. The attendant nurse takes a large quantity of water, in which there is a strong infusion of medicinal herbs, and squirts it in a shower of vapour over the body of the patient. Rubbing all the joints and limbs, in the manner of Oriental shampooing, is also practised.

Among the popular amusements, cock-fighting and kite-flying are pre-eminent. Our author says :—

'Cock-fighting is a favourite sport of the Siamese. Though strictly prohibited, one cannot pass the streets without seeing crowds surrounding the scenes of combat.\* A courageous game-cock is a great treasure, and the object of special attention. The race is smaller than the English, and more resembles the pheasant in size and shape. There is a small bellicose fish, too, which attacks its fellow with great ferocity—bristling its fins, and exhibiting the utmost excitement: one of these, seeing its reflection in a glass, will violently advance, head foremost, against the shadow. The battles of crickets and the formicaleo are favourite sports of the people, from their childhood up. Lotteries have been introduced by the Chinese, and often lead the Siamese to utter destitution. In fact, the passion for gaming and betting seems unchecked, either by public opinion or the power of the law.

'Kite-flying is the amusement of young and old. I do not think the art is so well understood as in China, where not only kites of a great variety of size and shape are seen, but they are made musical. When certain winds prevail, kite-battles are much in vogue; the sport being to entangle the kite of your adversary, and to drag it and the string into your own possession. Much noise and excitement accompany these aerial combats.

'Boat-races are not unfrequent, nor are pugilistic combats. Dancing on the tight and slack rope, puppet-shows, sleights of hand, optical illusions, wrestling, and sham fights, are among the ordinary recreations of the people. They share the love of amusement with the Chinese, but have few of the laborious and persevering virtues which characterize the people of China.'

\* Of the Siamese laws Sir John Bowring thus speaks :—

'The Siamese generally divide their laws into three principal sections :—

'1. The *Phra-tam-ra*, which prescribes the titles and duties of public functionaries.

‘2. *Phra-tam-nun*—codes of the ancient Kings.

‘3. *Phra-raxa-kam-not*—modern codes, under the various heads of Robbers, Slaves, Conjugal Duties, Debts and Contracts, Disputes and Law-suits, Inheritance, and Generalia. Pallegoix says he has made himself master of the codes, and speaks favourably of them, and of their adaptation to the national character and wants. The groundwork is traceable to the institutions of Menu. There is a provision that all the provincial judges shall have a copy of the laws, and that the King shall read a portion of them every day; which is probably as much practically in force, as the enactment that ‘all law-suits shall be terminated in three days:’ such days are frequently prolonged to years.

‘*Judicatures*, or Courts of Law.—There are practically in Siam three principal tribunals for the administration of justice,—those of the King, the princes, and the provincial governors.

‘The action of the judiciary is tolerably prompt and despotic. A deposition having been laid before a judge, messengers are despatched to arrest the accused, around whose neck a white cloth is tied, and he is brought to the *Them*, or provincial prison, and is placed in fetters, unless he can pay for exemption. He must be provided for while in prison by his friends; and when he is conducted to the presence of the judge, the indictment is read, and the witnesses interrogated; their depositions are committed to writing, and the accused is allowed to call any number of witnesses in his defence. . . .

‘Pallegoix says that there is a universal venality among the judges, and that litigated cases end generally in the ruin of both the contending parties.

‘The expense of an ordinary suit is from 12 to 30 ticals (30s. to 75s.): this is paid by the losing party.

‘Legal reasons for excluding witnesses are so many, that they would appear seriously to interfere with the collection of evidence. Those shut out by moral impediments are:—Drunkards, opium-smokers, gamblers, notorious vagabonds, goldsmiths, braziers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, executioners, beggars, potters, dancing women, women who have been thrice married, adulterers, clerks, orphans, players and tumblers, undutiful children, contemners of religion, slaves, intimate friends and inmates of parties concerned, quacks, strumpets, liars and sorcerers, personal enemies. Some of these exclusions are the result of ancient prejudices and traditions, especially those which refer to particular trades, as in the instance of potters, who are shut out in consequence of a murder committed on a virtuous man by a potter ages ago. A bad reputation attaches to the other excluded trades.’

Of punishments we are told:—

‘The capital punishment of nobles is extraordinary in Siam. They are put into a sack, and beaten to death in a public place. Such, a few years ago, was the fate of a son of the most powerful noble in the land, the present Somdetch, who was supposed to have been intriguing with one of the wives of the late King.

'Coining is so common in Siam, that it is said more than one-tenth of the whole silver circulation (ticals) is spurious. On conviction, the man who blows the bellows is punished by having his right-hand fingers chopped off; he who forms the coin has his right hand cut off; he who impressed the King's mark will lose his right arm. These punishments were inflicted in a case which occurred just before I visited Siam.

'Adulterers are punished by marking with a hot iron on the cheeks, and the forehead is sometimes branded for other crimes. A bonze convicted of adultery is stripped in public of his yellow robes, flagellated till the blood springs, and condemned to cut grass for the Royal elephants to the end of his days.'

Marriages are the subjects of much negotiation; but the contract is a civil, not a religious one.

'There are four classes of wives:—1st. The wife of royal gift, who takes precedence in rank. 2nd. The legal wife, who has been married according to the legal forms. 3rd. The wife of affection. 4th. The slave wife; that is, the handmaid with whom the owner has cohabited, and who, in consequence, becomes emancipated.'

Our readers are probably aware that the rate of interest is everywhere very high in the East. The maximum rate of interest in Siam is six per cent. per month. After three months the rate is reduced to three per cent., which is the average rate, and compound interest is not allowed.

We have the following evidence as to the treatment of slaves from the Roman Catholic Bishop, corroborated by the testimony of Sir John Bowring;—

'Bishop Pallegoix states that slaves are 'well treated in Siam—as well as servants are in France;' and I, from what I have seen, would be inclined to go even farther, and say, better than servants are treated in England. This is proved by the fact that whenever they are emancipated, they always sell themselves again. Masters cannot ill-treat their slaves, for they have always the remedy of paying the money they represent; and he must be a very worthless character who cannot get somebody to advance the sum. If they are treated harshly, you may make certain that generally it is the man's own fault. The only punishment which can be considered severe is the being put 'into chains;' and this is rarely done until every other means have been tried. If no improvement takes place from this last punishment, the slave is handed over to the King, and takes his place with the convicts—a punishment to which death itself is far preferable.'

• The chief productions of Siam are rice, sugar, eagle-wood, cardamums, gamboge, and gutta percha. The production of rice is estimated at 25,000 tons, but the extent of cultivable rice land is capable of being doubled or trebled. The rice of Siam is

equally famed with its sugar. The present amount of sugar produced is very large, and it may be increased independently with the demand. The principal sugar establishments in Siam are the property of the Chinese. As the soil is admirably suited to its cultivation, sugar will probably become the most important of all the exports of Siam. The Siamese fruits, comprising the banana, the guava, the jack, the durian, the tamarind, and the mangosteen, are among the finest in the world.

Among the animals, elephants are abundant. Without the elephant it would scarcely be possible to traverse the woods and jungles of Siam. He makes his way as he goes crushing with his trunk all that resists his progress; over deep morasses he drags himself on his knees and belly. Elephants in Siam are much used in warlike expeditions, both as carriers and combatants. In the late war with Cochin China, the Siamese general surprised the enemy with some hundreds of elephants, to whose tails burning torches were attached. They broke into the camp, according to Pallegoix, and destroyed more than a thousand Cochin Chinese, the remainder of the army escaping by flight. The Siamese treat elephants as reasonable beings.

Among the feathered race, bats abound. The Roman Catholic Bishop Pallegoix states that—

‘The larger species do much mischief in the gardens, as they live principally on fruit. They are black in colour, are nearly as big as a cat, and invade the mango and lichee trees by hundreds and thousands. Their principal domicile is amidst the thick foliage in the courts of the pagodas and temples, and among the tufts of the bamboo. Multitudes are caught in the net with which the fruit-trees are protected against their ravages. They are skinned and eaten by the Siamese; but Pallegoix says they have a *urinous* taste, which the employment of red pepper is not sufficient to subdue. At night they hang over the city of Bangkok like a dense black cloud, which appears to be leagues in length.’

Of the crows we have the following account:—

‘The number and audacity of the crows in Bangkok, and other populous places in Siam, are amazing. Pallegoix says, ‘They devastate the gardens, and eat all the ripe fruit; carry away chickens, and all eatables exposed to the sun: they enter houses by door or window; will steal cakes and plantains from the hands of children; will raise up the covering of pots and pans, and carry off their contents, not only for present use, but to be stored for future supply. They conceal their robberies in the roofs of the houses, or in hollow trees, and often assemble to make war upon jays, pigeons, and less courageous birds. Of the food that is given to dogs, cats, poultry, the crows invariably steal the largest portion.’

In the manufacture of the precious metals, particularly in their vases, urns, tea and coffee pots, &c., in a style in which gold is embossed on silver resembling the Russian, the Bangkok goldsmiths have obtained a European celebrity.

Time was when Bangkok occupied the third place among the commercial cities, and as many as sixty British vessels were engaged in trade with the river Meinam; but such has been the baleful influence of bad legislation and monopoly, that when Sir John Bowring visited Siam, all that remained to represent foreign trade was one English half-caste merchant, one Armenian, and a few Anglo-Indians from Bombay and Surat. The commerce carried on in the square-rigged vessels was wholly possessed by the king and the nobles, while the mass of the junk coasting-trade had passed into the hands of the Chinese. From the wonderful aptitudes of Siam, however, it is obvious that nothing but mismanagement could have prevented the extension of the commerce of such a region. Four great rivers, navigable at a considerable distance from their mouths, open easy and cheap communications with cultivable lands. There are also multitudes of canals, and the general spirit of the people is favourable to maritime pursuits.

It might be supposed from the manner in which Sir John Bowring has been spoken of in Parliament, that he entertained a prejudice towards the Chinese. No trace of any such feeling is observable in any portion of these volumes, as it will be apparent from the following extract:—

‘Let it not, however, be supposed that I look with any feelings but those of complacency upon the exodus of the Chinese from their native land, and their outpourings on all adjacent regions. I believe there is no class of settlers who, under proper control, are so likely to be useful—that the very quality, the passion for acquiring wealth, which leads them to dare all danger and difficulty, is a most valuable recommendation. Their own habits of subordination, their inborn and inbred respect for authority, their gregarious spirit, which drives them into associations of every sort,—private and public, praiseworthy and pernicious,—only require a thorough knowledge of their character to be turned to the best account. Already they constitute nearly half the population of Siam. Every year there is a considerable influx, principally from the Island of Hainan, and from the provinces of Kwang tung and Fookien; the two latter districts affording, indeed, the chief supply of emigrants not only to Siam, but to Cochin China, the Straits, California, Australia, Western America, and generally to the countries in which Chinamen are located.’

The exports from Siam, according to the statement of Bishop Pallegoix, chiefly consist of rice, teak-wood, sapan-wood,

cocoa-nut oil, palm sugar, cardamums, raw cotton, ivory, gamboge, gum-benjamin. We cannot but express our extreme surprise that for the prices and quantities of these articles, Sir John Bowring is obliged to recur to a Roman Catholic churchman. Opium has become one of the most important articles of importation: its consumption is said to be 1200 chests, which represents a value of nearly 150,000*l.* sterling. The vice of opium-smoking is chiefly confined to the Chinese, and among them it seems ineradicable. The custom-house service at Siam is carried on with considerable activity. Sir John Bowring found several revenue boats at the entrance of the Meinam, in the Gulf of Siam, whose business it was to report the arrival of the ships. All along the banks of the river are small custom-house stations, and they are said to practise many exactions, and to connive at many irregularities.

The treaty which Sir John Bowring negotiated must, in the opinion of the negotiator (which may be somewhat partial and prejudiced in his own favour), lead to a complete revolution in the financial system of the country. It destroys many of the present and most fruitful sources of revenue. But Sir John Bowring asserts it will be more productive hereafter to the State, and confer great benefits on the people. Of the revenue of the country we have the following account:—

‘The present sources of revenue are six:—

‘1. Tributes from princes dependent upon the King of Siam.

‘2. Land, garden, and plantation taxes.

‘3. Farms and monopolies.

‘4. Custom-house duties.

‘5. Tonnage and harbour charges.

‘6. Fines and confiscations.

‘The forms of tribute are very various: the token of subjection is mostly represented by trees or flowers of gold and silver, and gold-dust, which are presented (principally by the *Malayan States*) every three years.

‘Most of the other dependent States pay tribute in the produce of the country, which the king either sells in *Bangkok*, or exports on his own account.

The lands are registered (Sir John Bowring says *cadastred*, but there is no such barbarous word in English): and so minute is the survey, that every fruit-tree is put down. Sundry local functionaries are charged with the collection of the public taxes. There are about 8000 bonzes in the royal pagodas, who are provided for by the king’s revenue, which is charged with military and marine expenses, and all public works.

The Siamese language, according to several, is a connecting



link between the Chinese, the Sanskrit, the Pali, and their derivatives; but Sir John Bowring can see no ground for such a theory. The roots of the Siamese are few, and all monosyllabic. The pitch of the voice gives various meanings to the same words; auxiliary particles stand in the stead of cases, moods, and tenses, as in Chinese. The following particulars as to a Siamese grammar are given by our author:—

‘The best grammar of the Siamese language with which I am acquainted is that of Bishop Pallegoix; it is in Latin, and was printed in Bangkok in 1850. In the same year, a Siamese dictionary, in Latin characters, was printed for the use of the Catholic Mission. A far more important contribution than either to our knowledge of the Siamese is, no doubt, the great Dictionary which has been lately published in Paris, under the care of the Bishop, and at the expense of the Imperial Government.

‘The Siamese alphabet consists of twenty vowels, half-vowels, or diphthongs, and forty-four consonants. The forty-four consonants are divided into seven gutturals, six palatals, six linguals, six dentals, eight labials, and eleven half-letters, sibilants, and aspirates.

‘With few exceptions, the Siamese is a monosyllabic language; and those exceptions are almost wholly found in foreign words.’

The following interesting matter we find under the head ‘language, literature, and modes of address:—

‘La Loubère avers that it is quite impossible to convey in French characters any accurate idea of Siamese pronunciation; that of ten words written in any French alphabetic form, and read by a Frenchman, not one would be understood by a Siamese. Mr. Jones abandons all attempts to represent the combinations of Siamese characters by the English alphabet.

‘There is much that is poetically paraphrastic in the Siamese language. The word for content is ‘good heart.’ Lips are designated by words meaning ‘the light or beauty of the mouth;’ a flower, ‘the world’s glory;’ a crocodile, ‘son of the water.’ An augmentative is made by the use of the word *mother*; a diminutive, by that of *son*. La Loubère says, he could not discover *any* word in Siamese resembling European, except Po (father), and Me (mother); but these two sounds, or something approaching them, being the first lisps of infancy, he might have found indicating the parental relations in almost every language of the world.

‘The modes of address are as various as the various ranks of society, and any failure in the proper forms of conversational respect to a superior is immediately resented. A child of low condition is called ‘you rat!’ simply; to a child of the middle ranks a more respectful prefix is added, equal to ‘Master Rat,’ or ‘Miss Mousé.’’

Some of the Buddhist temples are described in a manner that will remind one of Romish continental churches:—

‘Representations of tortures in the most horrible shapes are often found on the walls of the Buddhist temples. A glutton is sometimes represented reduced to a skeleton, while devils surround him tormenting him with the presence of all sorts of luxuries and delicacies, which they snatch away and place beyond his reach.

‘A drunkard is chained on his back to the sands, under a burning sun, with water at hand which he cannot approach.

‘An adulterer is visited by devils, some of whom tear away the peccant parts with red-hot pincers; and other devils compel him to devour them as they are torn away.’

It is the opinion of Sir John Bowring that modern Buddhism represents the gross corruptions and adulterations of a simple and truer philosophy, and that these corruptions are traceable chiefly to the craft of priests. He observes, in continuation:—

‘The present King of Siam, who must be deemed one of the very highest authorities as to the *real* character of Buddhism, contends that there is nothing in Buddhism properly understood which is repugnant to the facts established by astronomical and geological science. Such an opinion is, however, clearly incompatible with the teachings of modern Buddhist bonzes as to the cosmogony of the universe.

‘There are some broad analogies between the Buddhism of China, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam; but when we look into the various ramifications, refinements, and glosses which the various Buddhist teachers have introduced into different countries, the analogies and resemblances are lost in the huge mass of invention and fable which an imaginative temperament, ministered to by habits of seclusion and contemplation, has gathered round the original doctrine.

‘The great outline is everywhere the same. The primary cause, by whatever name it may be called, is a sort of omnipotent and almighty *Repose*, whose original work was the Universe, launched into being at a period so remote as not to be distinguishable from a past eternity; and the machinery once constructed rolls on, in virtue of its own elementary principles, as it has rolled on for infinite ages. . . . .

‘Buddhism bears a strong resemblance to Brahminism, and, in fact, to much of that Western philosophy which denies or doubts the *active* immortality of the soul, and which deems life to be as the lightning, or the electric spark, or any other transitory vitality, shining for a moment, and then lost for ever.

‘The Buddhism of the Siamese is to be found in a collection of sixty volumes, prepared by order of a King of Ayuthia, in the year 2145 of the Sacred era of Siam (A.D. 1654).’

Some of the doctrines of Buddhism are not widely different

from those of Popish Monachism, as will appear by the following extract:—

‘To be entirely disconnected from the world is represented to be the most exalted stage of mortal virtue; so, one of the highest acts of merit, and which more than any advances the devotee towards final absorption (Nivana), is the sale of all his property, and his own person, and the dedication of the proceeds to acts of charity. Several instances of such self-sacrifice are recorded in the Pali writings.’

The objections to Buddhism are thus shortly summed up by Sir John Bowring:—

‘The real and invincible objection to Buddhism is its selfishness, its disregard of others, its deficiency in all the promptings of sympathy and benevolence. Its highest virtue is exhibited in fruitless contemplation; its noblest reward is to be found in eternal repose. A bonze seems to care nothing about the condition of those who surround him; he makes no effort for their elevation or improvement. He scarcely reproves their sins, or encourages their virtues; he is self-satisfied with his own superior holiness, and would not move his finger to remove any mass of human misery. And yet his influence is boundless, and his person, while invested with the yellow garments, an object of extreme reverence. Three hundred *Phra* receive daily their alms from the hands of the King; and this almsgiving is, in the minds of the Siamese, a merit of a high order, entitling them to expect recompence in the next stage of their existence, be that what it may.’

Some of the Romanist missionaries bear favourable testimony to the influences of Buddhism on the condition of women. Father Bigandet says:—

‘In Burmah and Siam the doctrines of Buddhism have produced a striking, and to the lover of true civilization a most interesting result—viz., the almost complete equality of the condition of women with that of men. In these countries, women are not so universally confined in the interior of their houses, without the remotest chance of ever appearing in public. They are seen circulating freely in the streets; they preside at the *comptoir*, and hold an almost exclusive possession of the bazaars. Their social position is more elevated, in every respect, than that of the persons of their sex in the regions where Buddhism is not the predominating creed. They may be said to be men’s companions, and not their slaves.’

The number of the priesthood is somewhat fabulous. In Bangkok, there are more than 10,000 bonzes. The whole number in Siam exceeds 100,000. The persons and property of the priesthood are, as at Rome, removed from the general action of the law. There is a sort of Ecclesiastical Court, presided over by a bonze of high rank. There are a sort of Siamese nuns,

called *Nang-xi*, who are dedicated to the service of the Pagodas. They wear white dresses, and are allowed to collect alms for themselves, and for the temples to which they belong.

Of the flexible principles and fluctuating views of the Popish missionaries, we find this curious account:—

‘Father Jerome Xavier, a Portuguese Jesuit, wrote a book called *The Mirror of Truth*. He was answered by a Mahomedan of Ispahan, named Lin el Abeden, in a volume called *The Mirror Repolished*. The Propaganda thought it necessary to have the Islamism refuted, and directed Fr. Philip Guadagnot to do so. He published a work full of abuse of the Prophet; and the Mission, foreseeing that the cause would be damaged by the publication, requested Father Guadagnot to re-write his book—which he turned into so strong an encomium on Mahomet, that the Propaganda sent him a severe reprimand.’

Sir John Bowring tells—and we can well believe him—that commerce has given a great shock to idolatry in all its grosser and more offensive forms. This, he remarks, may have been less the effect of Christian teaching than that knowledge of a demonstrative character which philosophical instruments and books bring with them.

The observations, which we extract below, on the Roman Catholic missions, appear to us temperate and truthful:—

‘In the field of philology the world owes much to Catholic missionaries; and many have been their works of piety and charity, especially in administering to the sick, and in aiding the cause of education. They have frequently, as in Siam, obtained great influence, but have been little alive to the far mightier opposing influences and interests. Hence, in their ardour to advance, they have lost the ground on which they seemed to stand. ‘Ripeness is all,’ as Shakspeare wisely says; and in the snatching at the unripe fruit, the harvest may be wholly lost. For the vast machinery which was put in motion by the Pope and Louis XIV., under the instigation of the Jesuits, in order to convert the King and the people of Siam; multitudes of missionaries, bodies of soldiers, ambassadors to and fro; a grand scheme, political and religious, which filled the eager and expectant vision of the Catholic world, as one of the most glorious projects of the Holy Father and the *Grand Monarque*;—for this the Siamese were wholly unprepared, and the entire scaffolding fell to the ground with a great crash, burying its most active artificers in the ruins.’

The Catholic population and mission, as it now actually exists, is thus described:—

‘The settlement of the English in Penang afforded an asylum to Christians of all the neighbouring territories; and in 1830, a great

impulse was given to Catholic missionary exertions by the nomination of Monsieur Pallegoix, Bishop of Mallos, as Apostolic of Siam; since which period, the exertions of the Catholics have been unremitting in activity, and missions have also been established in Cambodia and Laos. A century ago, the missionaries estimated the number of Catholic Christians in the capital at 5000. A vicar apostolic resided there. The Birmans dispersed both shepherds and flocks. There is a touching report, made by Bishop Pallegoix, of the destruction and desolation which he found to have visited the former seat of Catholicism when he reached Ayuthia, in 1831. There were the tombs of no less than eleven vicars apostolic among the ruins,—now the abode of owls and bats, and reptiles.

'The present state of the Catholic population in Siam is reported to be—

In Bangkok . . . . .	4050
Ayuthia and Salaburi . . . . .	200
Petria and Bangpla-soi . . . . .	300
Nakhonxaisi and Bang Xang . . . . .	300
Chantaburi . . . . .	1100
Jongailang . . . . .	500
Dispersed and in slavery . . . . .	600

7050 in all.

The *personnel* of the Mission consists of the bishop, a pro-vicar, eight European missionaries, four native priests, thirty students, four convents occupied by twenty-five nuns (*religieuses*), five schoolmasters for boys, fifteen catechists (mostly Chinese). It can hardly be said that the converts have always exhibited a becoming prudence.'

Twenty-seven years ago, American Protestant ministers established themselves in Bangkok. Some dispense medicines, others preach, or keep schools, which, it is said, do not prosper. Their great object is to print and distribute versions of the Bible in Siamese and Chinese. They have four presses in activity; they incur enormous expenses, their Bibles circulate throughout the country, and yet many persons assured Sir John Bowring that in twenty-seven years they had not baptized twenty-seven Chinamen. Is this so? or is it the report of Sir John's friend, Bishop Pallegoix?

Here is the account—certainly not a very encouraging one—which Sir John gives of the Protestant Missions:—

'*Protestant Missions*.—Dr. Gutzlaff was the first Protestant missionary who called public attention to Siam. He spent nearly three years in the country. His journal is published in the first volume of the *Chinese Repository* (1832). It is characterized by that extraordinary and sanguine credulity, which no amount of disappointment, no experience of facts, no opportunities of knowledge, seemed in the slightest degree to influence or control. He saw everywhere, and in

everything, hope and promise. His theory was (and he was in the habit of saying this to his friends), that even the lies told and the frauds practised upon him might, after all, be the means, under the guidance of Providence, of promoting the very objects he had at heart, and whose triumphs he saw in what others deemed melancholy evidence of difficulty and defeat. He reports of the then Sovereign, that 'he acknowledged there was some truth in Christianity.' Of the Chau fa noi (the present Second King) he says, 'he is a decided friend of Christianity;' of Krom-ma-Khun, that 'he greatly approved of Christian principles.' He describes priests as 'anxious to be fully instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel,' and generally represents Siam as one of the fields promising great harvests to evangelical labourers. A succession of labourers have appeared—excellent and persevering men; but it may be doubted if they have made a single convert among the Siamese.

'In 1831, Dr. Gutzlaff wrote: 'The attention of all the different races of people who inhabit Siam has been universally roused (by the Protestant mission); and they predict the approach of the happy time when even Siam shall stretch forth its hands to the Saviour of the world.' The report of the Protestant mission at this period states that the missionaries had equal access to palace and to cottage,—crowds of visitors, high and low, priests and people, men and women, old and young, natives and foreigners—impelled, no doubt, by a natural curiosity to see the persons of strangers, and to hear what they had to say. But, in 1833, Mr. Abeel, one of the ablest of Protestant missionaries in the East, writes that he cannot respond to these 'glowing expectations,' nor encourage unjustifiable hopes. He cautions his readers from laying improper stress upon 'professions,' and says most truly of the then reigning King, that he was one of 'the strictest devotees of Buddhism.' The King gave evidence of his regard for 'the truth of Christianity,' by informing the missionaries that they must not distribute the books of which they had brought a large supply; that 'if it was their object to change religions, they were welcome to attempt it in other countries, but not in his.' In this respect the present King is a remarkable contrast to his predecessor, and has, I understand, in no respect interfered with the distribution of books or the teachings of the Protestants, but has expressed an opinion that it is as likely the Buddhists should convert the Christians, as the Christians the Buddhists.\*

'It may be doubted if the profuse and indiscriminate distribution of Bibles and books is a judicious proceeding, or likely to be accepted as evidence of the *value* attached by the giver to the gift. One of the missionaries acknowledges that sheets of white paper would be yet more carefully sought. Hundreds of thousands of printed tracts and treatises have been scattered broadcast over China and Siam. Has the result responded to the expectation? Has the seed grown up into the harvest of promise? Great reverence is attached to *books*, as

\* *Chinese Repository*, p. 466—468.

books, among the Buddhists. It may well be questioned whether it is wise and prudent to fling them to all the winds, as our missionaries fling 'their seed,' in the hope that some will fall into good ground and bring forth 'a hundred-fold.' No such seeds have hitherto fallen—no such good ground has yet welcomed those seeds. I doubt not the ultimate prevalence of truth—of Christian as of all other truth; but it is impossible to close one's eyes to the sad—the very sad, but most undoubted fact, that, spite of sacrifices the most heroic, zeal the most devoted, liberality the most unbounded, little, almost nothing, has been done. I ask not the discontinuance of missionary labours, but the calm consideration of the causes of failure—of the incredibly small returns for immensely great exertions.'

But the present King of Siam, before his accession to the throne, had been on friendly terms with the missionaries, and had gained through them his knowledge of the English language and Western sciences. Upon his accession he assured the missionaries and other foreigners of his protection.

The principal interest of the kingdom of Siam is confined to Bangkok. The approach to the city and the scene on the river are thus described:—

'The approach to Bangkok is equally novel and beautiful. The Meinam is skirted on the two sides with forest-trees, many of which are of a green so bright as to defy the powers of art to copy. Some are hung with magnificent and fragrant flowers; upon others are suspended a variety of tropical fruits. Gay birds, in multitudes, are seen on the branches in repose, or winging their active way from one place to another. The very sandbanks are full of life; and a sort of amphibious fish are flitting from the water, to be lost among the roots of the jungle-wood. On the stream all varieties of vessels are moving up and down, some charged with leaves of the atap palm, which at once adorn and cause them to be wafted by the wind along the water. A few huts of bamboo, with leaved roofs, are seen; and in the neighbouring creeks, the small boats of the inhabitants are moored. Here and there is a floating house, with Chinese inscriptions on scarlet or other gay-coloured paper; and at greater distances from one another are temples adjacent to the river, whose priestly occupants, always clad in yellow garments, their heads shaven bare, and holding a palm-leaf fan between their faces and the sun, sit in listless and unconcerned vacancy, or affected meditation, upon the rafts or railings which skirt the shore.

'But the houses thicken as you proceed; the boats increase in number; the noise of human voices becomes louder; and, one after another, pyramidal temples, domes, and palaces are seen towering above the gardens and forests. Over the perpetual verdure, so emerald-bright, roofs of many-coloured adornings sparkle in the sun. Sometimes white walls are visible, through whose embrasures artillery is peeping; multitudes of junks grotesquely and gaily painted, whose

gaudy flags are floating in the breezes; each junk with the two great eyes which are never wanting in the prow; ('No have eyes, how can see?' say the Chinese;) square-rigged vessels, most of which carry the scarlet flag with the white elephant in the centre; while, on both sides of the river, a line of floating bazaars, crowded with men, women, and children, and houses built on piles along the banks, present all the objects of consumption and commerce. Meanwhile, multitudes of ambulatory boats are engaged in traffic with the various groups around. If it be morning, vast numbers of priests will be seen in their skiffs on the Meinam, with their iron pot and scrip, levying their contributions of food from the well-known devotees, who never fail to provide a supply for the multitudinous mendicants (if mendicants they can be called), whose code alike prohibits them from supplicating for alms, and from returning thanks when those alms are given.

Seldom is music wanting to add to the interest of the scene. The opulent Siamese have invariably bands of musicians in their service;—the gongs of the Chinese, the sweet pipes of the Laos, the stringed and wind instruments of the native population, seem never still.

The city of Bangkok extends along the banks of the Meinam a distance of several miles, estimated from 50,000 to half a million, so imperfect are Oriental statistics. My impression, without any accurate means of knowledge, is that the population somewhat exceeds 300,000. Pallegoix says that it may be estimated at above 400,000 composed of—

Chinese (paying taxes)	200,000
Siamese	120,000
Annamites (Cochin Chinese)	12,000
Cambodians	10,000
Peguans	15,000
Laos	25,000
Burmese	3,000
Malays	15,000
Christians of various nations	4,000.

Sir John Bowring thus describes his reception by the King:—

'In my reception by the King, I occupied a cushion in the centre, and in an exact line with the Prakalahom, or prime minister,—the minister for foreign affairs being one grade below. Etiquette requires that communications shall be made by an interpreter (and an attendant scribe recording all that passes) to the minister for foreign affairs, who conveys the words of the ambassador to the King; and the King's answer is returned through the same channel. The hall would, probably, contain two or three hundred dignitaries.

'At the time of my reception, the governors of all the provinces adjacent to the capital were invited to attend. All wore their robes of ceremony, more or less splendid according to their rank. A passage was left in the centre of the hall, through which I walked, attended by my suite, and the captains and officers of Her Majesty's ships *Grecian* and *Rattler*; and we took our seats in the most advanced



position ever accorded to a foreign ambassador, or to the highest functionary not of the royal race. . . .

'In the case of M. de Chaumont, in the time of Louis XIV., the presents from the King of France to the King of Siam were ostentatiously exhibited, and made a prominent subject in the ambassador's address. Knowing that such offerings are associated in the Oriental mind with the idea of tribute, I made no reference to a present from the Queen of England, consisting of a diamond watch, writing-case, &c., which lay on the floor for presentation to the King; and I explained to his Majesty, privately, my reasons for avoiding the accustomed usage, which his Majesty very graciously appreciated,—as, indeed, in all my relations with him, when I had occasion to convey to him the motives of my conduct, he was invariably willing to accept those explanations, and to assure me that he should attribute my proceedings not to any want of respect for himself, but to my sense of the duties I owed to my sovereign and my country. . . .

'There is a house in the palace, which has the inscription *Royal Pleasure*, in English, and characters in Sanscrit with the same meaning. This house is fitted up, for the most part, in European style, and is filled with various instruments, philosophical and mathematical; a great variety of Parisian clocks and pendules, thermometers, barometers, telescopes, microscopes, statues,—among which I remarked those of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, nearly of the size of life, in their Court costumes; pictures of celebrated individuals, a considerable collection of books, copying-machines, handsome writing-desks. . . .

'The apartments of the females of the Royal Family are still further in the interior of the palace. In these more secluded places, no less than three thousand females are reputed to have their abode, among whom six hundred are called the wives or concubines of the King; the remaining two thousand four hundred being either ladies charged with official functions within the palace, or slaves and attendants upon the persons of the King's harem. It is said, there are beautiful gardens attached to the ladies' apartments; and there is a vast collection of treasures in gold, silver, precious stones, rich ornaments, and costly garments, distributed in various parts of the interior.'

Around the person of the King everything, however exalted elsewhere, is in a state of the most entire and reverential prostration. No one dares stand in the royal presence, or look upon the King's countenance. The reverence accorded to him, is that elsewhere accorded to the Divinity. He is master not only of the persons, but really of the property of his subjects. The present King was taught Latin by the French Catholic missionaries, principally by Pallegoix. English he began in 1845, principally availing himself of the United States missionaries. The late King had seven hundred wives.

The institution of a second King is one of the peculiarities of the Siamese usages. He is not charged with religious, as dis-

tinguished from the civil functions of government, but exercises a species of secondary or reflected authority, the limits of which are not clearly defined. He is generally a brother or near relation of the King. The present Second King is a legitimate brother of the First King, a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, writing and speaking English with great accuracy.

One-third of the population of Siam are in the condition of slaves. The price of a slave varies according to age and sex: a full-grown man is worth from eighty to one hundred and sixty ticals. The slavery to which these people are subjected is that of field labour; and on the whole, Bishop Pallegoix says they are treated kindly, and are better off than the domestic servants of Europe.

Of the present Prime Minister of Siam,\* Sir John Bowring gives a very high character. He thus speaks of him:—

‘His sagacity, his activity, his boldness, his directness of purpose and consistency of action, excited my admiration from my first intercourse, and that feeling was only strengthened by more intimate acquaintance. Whether called by the name of craft or cunning—but, after all, what is the highest wisdom but the best craft and cunning?—whether the object was selfish or patriotic, whether motives unworthy were concealed under conduct the most praiseworthy, I know not, and care not to know; but I deemed it a great privilege to have found such a Prime Minister at Bangkok, and I wish many a civilized nation were as well off for such public servants.

‘He is one of the most candid persons in an argument, readily and frankly admitting the removal of a difficulty when he sees it has been explained.’

Our readers may have heard that the white elephant is held in extreme reverence at Siam. Sir John Bowring thus explains the cause of this:—

‘The real cause of the reverence in which the white elephant is held, is that he is supposed to be the incarnation of some future Buddha, and will therefore bring blessings on the country which possesses so great a treasure. Hence the white elephant is sought with intense ardour, the fortunate finder rewarded with honours, and he is treated with attention almost reverential. This prejudice is traditional, and dates from the earliest times. When a tributary king, or governor of a province, has captured a white elephant, he is directed to open a road through the forest for the comfortable transit of the sacred animal; and when he reaches the Meinam, he is received on a magnificent raft, with a chintz canopy, and garlanded with flowers. He occupies the centre of the raft, and is pampered with cakes and sugar. . . .

‘He wears a kind of diadem on his head, and gold rings on his tusks; he is served in golden vessels, and fed on sugar-cane and delicious fruits.

'When he goes to bathe, a numerous *cortège* accompanies him ; one keeps time with music, and another holds over him the red parasol of state, used only by high dignitaries. His officers may not withdraw from his presence without a profound salutation ; when sick, the King's physicians attend him, and talapoins visit him, to pray for his cure and sprinkle him with holy water. In spite of all these attentions, the white elephant is often in bad humour, and many a time would have killed the talapoins if they had not kept a respectful distance from the trunk and tusks of his lordship. The one kept at present is so intractable, that they have been obliged to cut off his tusks. Every evening he is entertained with music until his excellency goes to sleep. When he dies, the King and Court are in great affliction, and give him funeral honours according to his rank.'

Military science, judged of by any European standard, has not made much progress among the Chinese. Though frequently engaged in war with their neighbours, they are not a warlike nation. We extract a portion of what Sir John Bowring remarks on the army :—

'Each division of the army has its silk or cloth banner, generally decorated with lions, dragons, or fabulous monsters. The royal flag has a white elephant on a scarlet ground, surrounded by a white edge. Every soldier has a piece of bamboo suspended from his neck, which he fills with water whenever he finds the opportunity ; and he replenishes his sack and supplies his wants by indiscriminate pillage whenever his small provision of rice is exhausted.

'It is said that the Siamese have been able to gather together armies of from two to three hundred thousand men, with some thousands of horses and a thousand elephants, to act against the Cambodians, Birmans, and other neighbouring enemies. But the last campaign which was undertaken against the Laos tribes was by no means fortunate ; and, as far as I could learn from an English officer who accompanied it, the war was carried on in utter disregard of all intelligent strategy, and rather resembled the maraudings of wild tribes than any well-planned purpose.'

Of the marine, he says :—

'The Siamese marine consists of five hundred war-junks, and twenty square-rigged vessels : the latter are mostly under the command of Europeans. In the course of a few years, the nautical habits of the Siamese, encouraged by the presence of foreigners, will probably lead to the creation of a powerful navy—powerful as compared with any possessed by their neighbours.'

The second volume contains an account of the dependencies upon Siam, comprised in fifty-five pages, from which we find it impossible to make a single extract.

There is a more interesting chapter on the diplomatic and commercial relations of the Western nations with Siam. The Portuguese were the first who maintained relations with the Siamese. Their purposes mingled the conquest of territory with the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith; but there are no records of formal treaties either with the Court of Lisbon or any of the Portuguese factories established to the east of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1604, the first attempt was successfully made on the part of the Dutch to open intercourse, followed by a Siamese embassy to Buntam. From Java, the Siamese ambassador made a trip to Holland, in 1608, when the Siamese expressed much surprise at finding that the Dutch actually possessed a country of their own, and were not a nation of pirates, as the Portuguese insinuated. In 1634, the Dutch trade had become very important, and a profitable outlet was found in Japan for some Siamese articles of export. A splendid factory and extensive fortified warehouses were then built by the Dutch.

In 1663, the Dutch East India Company had to complain of some breach of treaty on the part of the Siamese; and, conscious of their predominant interest, caused their traffic to be suspended, and their agent to take his departure. This produced the desired effect; for, in the next year, Siamese ambassadors came to Batavia to treat for a reconciliation, and to comply with the Company's demands, upon which trade resumed its course.

In Dr. Bowring's visit to Siam, he found among the people no traces of the Dutch ever having visited the country, none claiming descent from them, and none bearing the Dutch name, while there were many Siamese who gloried in Portuguese patronymics. In the time of Louis XIV., the French sent an embassy to Siam, with the declared and ostentatious purpose of converting the King. Six Jesuits, mathematicians, accompanied the mission, which arrived off the Meinam in 1685; but the King would not change a religion followed uninterruptedly throughout his kingdom for the new faith. All that France gained by the mission, according to the *Lettres Edifiantes*, was a treaty, one of the conditions of which was that the Siamese were to deliver to the French all the pepper produced in Siam at a certain specified price.

The Spanish embassy, in the time of Philip V., was even more infructuous than the French.

Of the English embassies, Mr. Craufurd's was the first in point of time. It took place in 1822, and Mr. Craufurd published an account of it in 1828. The reception of Mr. Craufurd was in no respect flattering. On arrival at Paknam, on the 26th of March, 1822, 'we could not' (says Mr. Finlaison) 'fail to remark that the different personages who had as yet visited us were either of very

low rank, or of none at all.' The person of 'some rank' who had been announced did not appear. When a habitation was at length provided for the embassy, it was a miserable one, approached through a trap-door from below, and on three sides almost entirely excluded from fresh air. The envoy and suite had at length a public audience of the King. The scene was singular and humiliating. Excepting a narrow passage left along the centre for the passage of the envoy and suite, the whole pavement of the hall was covered by a prostrate multitude, their heads bowed down to the earth in the direction of the throne, and their hands alone raised, clasped in an attitude of devotion. The King, seated above the crowd, seemed like an inanimate figure. The envoy and suite being seated, the audience commenced by a loud reading of the lists of presents. This being finished, the King, in an oracular voice, proposed a few unimportant questions to the envoy; and his answers being received, were conveyed to the throne. After a short silence, a signal, resembling in sound large castanets, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets, announced the close of the audience; and the golden curtain being drawn, the King retired. The rapacity and curiosity of the subordinates Mr. Craufurd found very troublesome. The result of the mission was an agreement that English merchant-ships might come to the mouth of the Meinam, where 'they would be searched' by the Governor of Paknam, and their small arms and cannon 'landed, according to former custom, and then the ships would be conducted to the capital.'

Captain Burney's mission, in 1826, also from the Governor-General of India, followed Mr. Craufurd's. It was then deemed an object of much importance to negotiate a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Siamese. Few of Captain Burney's propositions were entertained by them, though the arrangements he then made were the best that could be effected.

An American mission, that of Mr. Roberts, reached Siam in 1833, and a treaty was ratified on the 14th April, 1836. But the terms of the treaty are so little favourable to commerce, that it could confer no benefit on either America or Siam, and it has remained a dead letter from the first.

The next mission was that of Sir J. Brooke. He was charged with plenipotentiary powers by the Queen, and arrived at Siam in 1850. On the 22nd of August, the mission proceeded in numerous barges to Bangkok. All the attempts of Rajah Brooke to conclude a satisfactory treaty with Siam were unavailing, and he finally broke off his communications with the Siamese Government on the 28th September, 1850, and left the country with

a very unfavourable impression as to our future prospects of success in establishing commercial relations with this remarkable people. Sir J. Brooke had not left Paknam when a United States sloop of war arrived, bringing Mr. Ballestier to represent the grievances of which the United States citizens had to complain, and to obtain a more favourable treaty. Mr. Ballestier's reception was by no means favourable, and he failed altogether in the object of his visit. He was refused an audience with the King, and finally left without presenting the President's letter—without the gratification of making a new treaty of amity and commerce, or even modifying the treaty already existing between the two Governments.

Sir John Bowring's mission, as we have already stated, took place in 1855. The Siamese Commissioners were appointed by the two Kings on the 8th April, and a Treaty of friendship and commerce between her Majesty and the Kings of Siam was signed at Bangkok on April 18th, 1855.

By the 1st Article of this instrument, it is provided that all British subjects coming to Siam shall receive from the Siamese Government full protection and assistance, to enable them to reside in Siam in all security, and trade with every facility, free from oppression or injury on the part of the Siamese.

By the 6th Article, it is provided that all British subjects visiting or residing in Siam shall be allowed the free use of the Christian religion, and liberty to build churches in such localities as shall be consented to by the Chinese authorities.

Another Article of the Treaty allows British ships of war to enter the river, and anchor at Paknam; and it is further provided, that any British ship of war conveying to Siam a public functionary accredited by her Majesty's Government to the Court of Bangkok shall be allowed to come up to that city.

The most important Article for our trade, however, is, that the measurement duty hitherto paid by British vessels trading to Bangkok, under the Treaty of 1826, shall be abolished, and British shipping or trade will thenceforth be only subject to the payment of import and export duties on the goods landed or shipped.

On all articles of import the duties shall be 3 per cent., payable at the option of the importer, either in kind or money, calculated on the market value of the goods. Drawback of the full amount of duty shall be allowed upon goods found unsaleable and re-exported. To the Treaty are appended six regulations, under which the British trade is to be conducted, and a tariff of duties. This Treaty, so ably and dexterously concluded by Sir John

Bowring, brought about a total change in the whole system of taxation in Siam; it uprooted a great number of privileges and monopolies which had not only been long established, but which were advantageously held by the most influential nobles and the highest functionaries in the State.

The commission to consider and agree on the Treaty was composed of the First Regent, and his brother the Second Regent of the kingdom. Besides these, the King nominated the acting Prime Minister, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The influence of the two latter members, and the indomitable perseverance of the Prime Minister, brought the negotiations to a happy issue; notwithstanding that the two Somdetches, the highest functionaries in the State, had long been the nominal rulers in Siam. The Somdetches defeated Mr. Craufurd's mission in 1822, and Sir James Brooke's in 1851. They were the main cause of the want of success of Captain Burney's Treaty, and of the failure of the Americans, Roberts and Ballestier. In a matter in which these able men failed, Sir John Bowring, by his patient energy—by his adroitness, tact, and discretion, completely succeeded, clearly proving that he does not merit the reproaches which have been so unsparingly cast upon him, as a man eaten up with vanity, and quite destitute of discretion or judgment. So satisfied was the King of Siam with the conduct of Sir John Bowring, that he offered this 'monomaniac'—as he is deemed by Lord Derby—two elephants of any age or size he would prefer, and also two ponies from the royal stables; but as the Plenipotentiary had no means of conveying them from Bangkok, he was obliged gratefully to decline these royal marks of favour. Sir John, however, willingly accepted from the King a bunch of hairs from the tails of white elephants—sacred animals, which had been the cherished possession of this monarch's ancestors. From the personal journal of Sir John, kept between March the 24th and April the 25th, 1855, one may see how anxious the Plenipotentiary was for the conclusion of this Treaty, and how earnest were his endeavours that it should be a complete and perfect work. The volumes of which we have endeavoured to give an analysis, are highly interesting and instructive, and are written in a pleasing and perspicuous style. There is, however, little original matter in them, unless in reference to the Mission and the Treaty. Sir John Bowring has drawn largely on French, Spanish, and Portuguese sources, and has somewhat mercilessly laid under contribution the *Lettres Edifiantes* and *Pallegoix*. Nevertheless, the work is most valuable; and full justice has been done to the

subject by the liberal publishers, who have produced a perfect marvel of a book, with *fac-similes* of seals, curious handwritings, and emblazoned images of the white elephant, and other things sacred to the Siamese.

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ART. VII.—*Select British Eloquence; embracing the best Speeches entire of the most Eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last Two Centuries.* Edited, with Notes, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D., Professor in Yale College, Newhaven, Connecticut, United States. London: Low. 1852.

*Orator fit; Poeta nascitur*, is the old saying. We take the liberty of not agreeing with it. We believe that a *speaker* may be made—that any one, with due practice and culture, may learn to speak fluently and correctly before an audience; just as any one, with due practice and culture of a different kind, may learn to write verses. The Greeks and Romans, with whom the faculty of public speaking was almost a necessity of effective citizenship, had, as an important part of their apparatus for the education of young men, a highly perfect system of rhetorical training, by means of which they could positively undertake to impart the required accomplishment in a given time. In Britain, without any such organized system, but by the mere use of the miscellaneous opportunities of practice which our manners and institutions afford, we contrive to have among us and to keep up from year to year a certain number of persons, variously distributed through society, who can and do speak for the rest. We have lawyers, clergymen, country-magistrates, directors of public companies, members of civic corporations, and the like, who can get up without unnecessary trepidation before a considerable body of people, assembled whether for business or festivity, and acquit themselves satisfactorily in a series of connected, agreeable, and well-delivered sentences. In America, according to all accounts, the faculty of public speaking, as being more in requisition for the purposes of citizenship, is still more widely diffused. Nor is the faculty, in this degree to which it may be attained by all, a thing to be despised. Call it only ‘tongue-fence,’ and, even under this metaphor, Aristotle himself will supply an argument for it. ‘If it is disgraceful,’ says Aristotle, ‘not to be able to protect yourself by your bodily force, it surely, at least, is equally



disgraceful not to be able to protect yourself by the use of that power of speech which is more characteristically and peculiarly the endowment of man.' But while so far it may be admitted that the power of public speaking may be acquired by practice, and also that it is very proper to acquire it, nothing can be more certain than that this universally-attainable power of public speaking is distinct from what we recognise as oratory. In the former sense, we may say *Orator fit*, just as we may say *Poeta fit*, if we choose to distinguish as *Poeta* a man who can write verses; but, in the other and higher sense, *Orator nascitur* is quite as true as *Poeta nascitur*, when the term *Poeta* is correspondingly enhanced in meaning. In other words, there is a constitutional peculiarity fitting some men to be orators, and without which no amount of practice will make men orators; just as there is a constitutional peculiarity fitting men to be poets, and without which, though a man were to versify till doomsday, he would never become a poet. Practice may make men speakers: it may even make them fluent and graceful speakers; but the 'orator' is a rare being, and, whenever such a star comes out, there is recognisable in him a certain gift or peculiarity distinguishing him at once from the hundreds of contemporary gentlemen who speak with ease, and which, though practice and education have developed and perfected it, is yet clearly inborn and structural.

By way of proof, take the fact of the evident difference between men as speakers, when they first begin in that line. Some lucky fellows take wing at once, almost to their own surprise; on their very first attempt to propose a toast or to return thanks, they seem to float into a known element. They, of course, flutter a little, as newly fledged birds will; but somehow, from the very first, everybody sees that they can fly. There are others, and very clever men too, whom it is a perfect misery to all merciful men to see get upon their legs. They flop about; they look idiotic; everything whirls through their brain; they clutch some one notion or phrase like a post, and cannot be torn away from it; sense and grammar equally give way; if they enter on a sentence, they never come out of it, but are seen floundering in a detritus of verbs, nouns, and pronouns, with an accursed *which* clinging to them for damages, and refusing to let them go. Worst of all, they are so bereft of their wits that they cannot even sit down. Very able men, as we have said, may be in this predicament. There are men who can express themselves excellently in writing, or who are even very good talkers over a table, who cannot speak six consecutive words with ease when they assume the perpendicular before an audience. On the other hand, there are men who have no power in writing, and who are extremely dry in conversation,

who can yet address a crowd expertly and with eloquence. Sir David Wilkie, they say, sat in ordinary company like a dry piece of red cheese, saying nothing but 'rally,' in answer to any remark addressed to him; but he could lecture, or make a speech at a meeting of artists. We do not hear that the late Sir Robert Peel was brilliant in social talk. How many a rich and brilliant talker, on the one hand, becomes a stick when he rises to speak! In short, writing, conversation, and public speaking, are three distinct arts. A man may excel in one and be poor in the other two; or he may excel in two and be poor in the third; and very rarely is a man found celebrated, as Burke was, in all the three.

Cicero, in his *De Oratore*, has remarked on the rarity of the oratorical faculty in its highest degree, and on the frequent absence of that faculty, even in an ordinary degree, in men otherwise of consummate intellect and genius. He writes as follows:—

'Often, as I review in thought the greatest of mankind, and those endowed with the highest abilities, it has appeared to me worthy of inquiry what was the cause that a greater number of persons have been admirable in every other pursuit than in speaking. For which way soever you direct your view in thought and contemplation, you will see numbers excellent in every species, not only of the humble, but even of the highest arts. Who, indeed, is there that, if he would measure the qualifications of illustrious men either by the usefulness or the magnitude of their actions, would not prefer a general to an orator? Yet, who doubts that we can produce, from this city alone, almost innumerable excellent commanders, while we can number scarcely a few eminent in speaking? There have been many also in our own memory, and more in that of our fathers and even of our forefathers, who had abilities to rule and govern affairs of state by their counsel and wisdom; while for a long period no tolerable orators were found, or scarcely one in every age. But, lest any one should think that the art of speaking may more justly be compared with other pursuits than those of a general or a senator, let him turn his thoughts to the particular sciences. It does not escape your observation that what the Greeks call philosophy is esteemed by the most learned men the originator, as it were, and parent of all the arts which merit praise; yet, in philosophy, it is difficult to enumerate how many distinguished men there have been, and of how great knowledge, variety and comprehensiveness in their studies—men who have not confined their labours to one province separately, but have embraced whatever they could master, either by scientific investigations, or by processes of reasoning. Who, again, is ignorant in how great obscurity of matter, in how abstruse, manifold, and subtle an art, they who are called mathematicians are engaged? Yet in that pursuit so many men have arrived at excellence, that not one seems to have applied himself to the science in earnest without attaining in it whatever he desired. Or, who has ever devoted himself wholly to music; who has ever given himself up to the learning which

they profess who call themselves grammarians without compassing the whole substance and matter of those sciences, though almost boundless? Of all those, however, who have engaged in the most liberal pursuits and departments of such sciences, I think I may truly say that a smaller number of eminent poets have arisen, than of men distinguished in any other branch of literature; and yet, in the whole multitude of the learned, among whom there rarely appears one of the highest excellence, there will be found, if you will but make a careful review of our own list and that of the Greeks, far fewer good orators than good poets.'

In thus asserting that, up to his time, the world had produced a greater number of first-rate generals, statesmen, philosophers, mathematicians, musicians, grammarians, and even poets, than of first-rate orators, it is evident that Cicero must have had a very high ideal of first-rate oratory in his mind. In our loose mode of talking, we should hardly say as much respecting our own time and country. Certainly, if common rumour is correct, *we* are not quite so well off for generals as for orators. And though, if a correct census were taken, we might still show a larger number of splendid men of business, profound mathematicians, admirable musicians, and learned grammarians, than of great public speakers, we fancy that few would admit that orators are rarer phenomena among us than philosophers and poets. Probably, however, if Cicero were among us, he would rectify our language a little. If we showed him our orators, he would probably say that that was not the kind of article he meant at all; that he never denied that *such* persons could be produced in abundance; that they had plenty of them in Rome, and that, in maintaining that there were fewer great orators than great philosophers and great poets, he had had a rather peculiar and fastidious fancy as to what a great orator was. After this explanation, we might see some reason to agree with him. We might remember, for example, that Greece, which had Plato and Aristotle among her philosophers, and Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles among her poets, had but one Demosthenes; and, going over our own list of great men, we might find the proportions of our absolutely first-rate men in the three departments not very different. It is plain, at least, that in Cicero's time it was not of 'the poet' that they talked as the tip-top of nature's productions (a mode of speaking which seems to have come in with Wordsworth), but rather of 'the orator.' 'The philosopher,' too, poor fellow! has had his day; and it might be worth while for some enterprising innovator to set up 'the historian.'

Cicero's definition of a great orator, though it serves very well to illustrate his own assertion, that orators must always neces-

sarily be rarer than philosophers, poets, or any other species of intellectual practitioners whatever, is hardly very precise or scientific. According to him, or, at least, according to those speakers in his imaginary dialogue who seem to represent his views, an orator must be a man who, to an almost universal knowledge (*i.e.*, to intellectual acquisitions in the departments of the philosopher, the historian, the jurist, the man of business, the general, the merchant, the mechanic, &c., not inferior, or only just inferior, to those possessed severally by these individuals, each in his own department), joins also certain natural and acquired advantages fitting him for his special work as a speaker—as, for example, a fine voice, a splendid presence, a retentive memory, a trained facility in certain tricks of invention or cogitation which the ancients called ‘common-places,’ and above all, a graceful and dignified delivery. Accept such a definition, and it is clear that it does not cost nature half so much trouble to turn out a philosopher or a poet as it does to turn out an orator. She must first, as it were, have as much raw material at her disposal, and of as good quality, as would make a philosopher or a poet; but then, if she wants the result to be an orator, she must provide, moreover, a handsome body of six feet or thereby, noble features, blazing eyes, and hair either of a beautiful glossy black, or a venerable silver—after all which, some little flaw in the casting may occasion a ruinous crack in the voice. Little wonder that nature is shy of commissions involving so much labour. Any hunchback will do for a philosopher; a scarecrow with no thorax, and a voice like a peacock, if only the mental stuff be right, will do for a poet; and no man can be too dumpy or Dutch-built for a historian. But your orator, according to Cicero’s definition, must be the paragon of animals! Possibly the definition was written before a looking-glass. At all events, it is too magnificent, and let us also say too popular, for our purposes. As there are a hundred things which go together to make the greatest conceivable poet, all of which we do not include when our purpose is to define that which is the constitutional peculiarity of the poet, in virtue of which we class a man among the poets, and which may exist in all intensities of degree, and with all varieties of associated qualities as we ascend along the members of the class from Anacreon or Kirke White up to Homer or Shakespere; so there may be detected a specific peculiarity of orators, discernible in all who can be referred to that class, but discernible in various degrees and in various associations with other qualities, physical and mental, as we ascend from Thug the Chartist leader, or Buggins the celebrated vestryman, up to Chatham or Bourdaloue, or old Athenian Folk-

strong. In saying that a man has something of the poet in him, that his turn of mind is poetical, we do not necessarily mean that he is a Milton, or that we are to fall down and worship him ; and so surely we may say that a man has something of the orator in him, and yet not be bound to yield him the respect we owe to the highest specimens of his class. In short, the oratorical is a certain *mode* or structural *variety* of mind, just as the poetical is ; and a weak and silly mind may belong to this mode or variety, just as there may be a weak and insignificant poet. True, when we speak of 'the orator,' we think of the highest actual specimens of the type, with all the splendid accidents (if, indeed, they be accidents) of figure, voice, and gesture, and all the noble accompaniments of intellect, character, and knowledge ; but, if we proceed more scientifically, we may discriminate that common characteristic of the whole species which underlies all these accidents and accompaniments and turns them to account. What, then, is this common character of orators, this *differentia* of the orator, as compared with the philosopher, the poet, or the historian ?

First, as we have just said, it does not consist in any obvious set of physical peculiarities. There have been tall orators and dumpy orators, fat orators and lean orators, fair-haired orators and dark-haired orators—orators that could fell an ox, and orators that a moderately vigorous duck could have upset by a judicious onset. Edward Irving was, in stature, a son of Anak ; but John Knox, who, when he was in the pulpit, was like 'to ding it into blads,' could hardly in later life crawl up the stairs to it. Nay, not even in the particulars of voice and chest has there been any uniformity among orators. There have been shrill-voiced orators, and orators with voices like that of Lablache ; and though such chests as orators have will naturally be improved by the exercise of speaking, tailors have no common measure for the chests of orators. Of course, there is a pre-established harmony between the *physique* of orators and the function for which they are intended. The 'nervous currents' in an orator—whether those that lead from the extremities to the nerve-centres, or those that lead back from the nerve-centres to the extremities—must be such as to produce the peculiar oratorical thrill, and systematically to occasion the peculiar oratorical demeanour ; and it must be also that the incessant repetition of the same nervous movements and circles occasion structural peculiarities, whether perceptible or not. But so it must also be, and precisely to the same extent, with the poet or philosopher. They, too, if every peculiar mode of cogitation has its physical equivalent in correspondingly peculiar 'nervous currents,' must have their aptitudes indicated in their structure ; and if we are unable to discern the

indications, it is not because they do not exist, but because our physiology is not subtle enough to penetrate to where they lie. To all the intents and purposes of our present physiology, the inherent oratorical aptitude in a man no more consists in any peculiarities of his physique than the poetical or the philosophical. Inherent, we say, because, of course, if there is no voice, the orator, for lack of outlet, perishes *in posse* !

Nor, again, does the character of the orator consist in any predilection for particular orders of ideas, particular kinds of matter. Different orators have, of course, their walks ; and there are certain topics fitted by their nature for high oratorical effect, and into which the skilful orator will always slip when it is necessary that he should touch the quick of the heart, and draw down the approving thunder. ‘The meteor-flag of England,’ ‘the battle and the breeze,’ ‘civil and religious liberty,’ are well-known topics of this sort. Irreverently they are called clap-traps, but the man is little better than a sneering nincompoop who carries this irreverent theory habitually about with him as a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon of cheers. The physical universe itself has fundamental elements, distinguishable from its minutiae ; and the moral universe, too, rests on a basis of larger principles, the very touch of one of which is a signal for discomposure :—

‘Against the threats

Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm :  
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt ;  
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ;  
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory,  
And evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,  
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed and self-consumed : if this fail,  
The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
And earth’s base built on stubble.’

Who will say that this is clap-trap ? and yet how it would bring down the gallery ! Now, it is part of the oratorical genius to have the capacity of connecting the smallest interests and occurrences it treats of with these nerve-thrilling generalities. But so it is with all genius—with that of the poet or that of the philosopher, as well as that of the orator. And although the grandest opportunities of the orator are when his subject permits of such references, such seizures of the hearts of his hearers, and descents

with them, as they throb in his very hand, down among the fundamentals, yet anything whatever, on any subject whatever, may be spoken oratorically. Men have been eloquent before now on soap; and there are great differences in the mode of bringing in the budget. Slavery is an American topic; but the usual displays of American oratory are on railways, taxation, and other matters that seem dry and ephemeral enough. To keep the star-spangled banner flying over even such topics is the art of the true American orator; but sometimes it cannot be done.

Finally, the *differentia* of the orator, as compared with the poet or the man of science, does not consist in the use of any peculiar style of language. A spoken style will, of course, differ from a written one, the one being meant for the ear, and the other more for the eye: there will be a cadence and a degree of pronunciability in the sentences of the orator not necessary in those of the narrator or the expositor; and a minute criticism may find out the full extent and the precise nature of these differences. Even this criticism, however, will find itself baffled; and, in general, it will be found that there is no uniformity of style among orators, any more than among poets, or expositors, or historians. We speak, indeed, of a 'rhetorical' style, meaning something high-flown, loose, and florid; but, if we examine actual specimens of the language of the most famous orators, we shall find that, though some may have been of this kind, others have not.

Take a passage from Demosthenes. In his speech on the Crown, he thus defends himself, in reply to Æschines, for having, at a time of great and public danger, advised a course of policy against Philip, which, in the issue, had proved unsuccessful:—

'That decree caused the immediate danger which then surrounded us to pass away like a cloud. Besides, it was the duty of a good citizen, if he had any better plan, to disclose it at the time, not to find fault now. The statesman and the sycophant (ὁ Σύμβουλος καὶ ὁ Συκοφάντης), in nothing else having any resemblance to each other, differ most of all in this:—The one discloses his opinion before the proceedings, and makes himself responsible to those whom he persuades, to fortune, to the times, to the man who consults him; the other, having been silent when it was his duty to speak, if anything untoward happens, maligns that. Now, as I said, *that* was the time for a man who cared for the state and for just advice!—but I will even go as far as this, that if any one *now* can point out any better course, or if, all in all, any other course was possible, I will confess that I was wrong. For if there be anything which any one now sees that would have profited us if done then, this very thing I say ought not to have escaped me. But if there neither is, nor was, nor any one even

at this day has it to suggest, what did it behove a statesman to do? Was it not to choose the best out of appearances and actualities? This, accordingly, I did; the crier's question, Æschines, being, 'Who wishes to speak?' not 'Who wishes to make accusations respecting what is past?' nor 'Who wishes to guarantee what is in the future?' You then sitting speechless in the assembly, I stood forth and spoke. But, since then you did not, show us *now*, tell us *now*, what was the scheme which I ought to have found out, what was the profitable opportunity lost to the state through me; what alliance, what negotiation there was into which I ought preferably to have led these citizens. But, no! The past is with all the world given up, and no one anywhere brings forward counsel about *it*; the future it is, or the present, that demands the craft of the statesman. Then, accordingly, as it seemed, there were some dangers in the future and others already at hand; look at the scope of my policy among these, and do not play the sycophant in railing at upshots. The issue of all things is as the Deity pleases; the judgment of the statesman is shown in the forecasting.'

Here what have we? Nothing but sense; strong, hard, terse Athenian sense; sense of the truest practical order, and yet passing, in the fineness of its grain and quality, into the wise, the sublime, the philosophic. The style is bare, concise, direct, nervous, and unadorned. 'Like a cloud,' says the terrible man, and the figure is over in a word. Of the whole passage that which remains in the mind is the impression of the iron rigour with which the words follow each other, each fatal where it strikes; and, with this, the main idea, permanent and beautiful to this day, of the distinction between the true statesman and the sycophant. And so it is with Demosthenes always; in so much that modern readers, taking up one of his speeches for the first time, and having in their minds certain preconceptions of an eloquent style derived from modern examples, have been known to wonder grievously and express their disappointment. He was truly, as the ancients said of him, a man whose food was shields and steel. No metaphors with him, except of the single-worded kind; no rant, no circumlocution, no tissues of adjectives! And yet, as we know, this was pre-eminently *the* orator of all time! Nor is he a solitary instance of the same style of oratory. Among modern orators the most effective perhaps have also been conspicuous for the plain directness of their language. Chatham was by no means a florid speaker; and the speeches of Charles James Fox consist for the most part of strong and rather commonplace English sense uttered without any affectation. The style of Robert Hall, too, though beautiful and finished after its kind, has a certain logical severity in it, characteristic of the English reasoner.



In seeking for a type of a style of oratory differing from the Demosthenic in the respects now under notice, we should have only to go to Cicero. The Romans, with all their solid qualities, were a rather gross race, and liked a bit of rant. In addressing an audience of Athenians, an allusion to Marathon or Salamis had to be managed very judiciously in order to go down; ten to one, if it were managed coarsely, the only effect would have been to make some sly fellow in the audience wink to his neighbour. But the pompous Romans could never have enough of the S. P. Q. R., and the *Civis Romanus sum* in the speeches of their orators. Probably just because they were such a solid and practical people, their tastes, in the matter of oratory, were for the rhetorical and the grandiloquent. The perfection of a spoken style for them was probably the Ciceronian—fine, florid, redundant, sentimental, and, though admirable of its kind, and enlivened and kept within bounds by that light semi-philosophical wit which Cicero possessed more than any other Roman, yet felt even now to require some indulgence. For example, when he wishes to rouse the Romans to indignation by telling them of the fact of a Roman citizen having been publicly beaten with rods in the market-place by a Sicilian proconsul, how he colours the picture, how he prolongs it, how he dilates on the enormity, how he invokes all the gods and goddesses to say whether in all their lives they had ever witnessed such a thing from the windows of all-observing heaven! Now this Ciceronian style has been very generally in use among the subsequent orators of all nations. It is perhaps that to which we are most accustomed. Irish orators are most frequently masters of it. Take a passage from one of the speeches of Curran—not that it is exactly Ciceronian in all respects, but that it belongs in the main to the same genus. Pleading, in 1794, in defence of Mr. Rowan, secretary to the Society of United Irishmen, who had been indicted for a seditious libel on account of a publication in which Catholic Emancipation was the main topic, Curran addressed the jury as follows:—

‘ This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature (i.e., of the Irish Parliament of 1793). In that interval our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission which, it seems, it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individual been crushed? Or has the stability of the government, or has that of the country, been weakened?

Or are one million of subjects stronger than three millions? Do you think that the benefit they have received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, 'You have demanded your emancipation and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatize by a criminal prosecution the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country.' I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure; to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, 'universal emancipation?' I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation! No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him, no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!

Of course there was 'tremendous cheering,' which 'lasted for several minutes,' and which the presiding judge was unable to check. And, generally, when we do have 'tremendous cheering,' it is after such an oratorical torrent of rapid interrogations, bold popular figures, and energetic and rolling words. The style of Lord Brougham, for example, notwithstanding his admiration for Demosthenes, is more Ciceronian and diffuse, than Demosthenic and concise, in its texture.

As a specimen of a third variety of oratorical style, take a

passage from Edmund Burke. It is from one of his *written* orations ; but it perfectly represents also his spoken ones. The topic is the national character of the English as compared with that of the French.

‘Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not, as I conceive, lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century ; nor, as yet, have we subtilized ourselves into savages. We are not the converts of Rousseau, we are not the disciples of Voltaire ; Helvetius has made no progress among us. Atheists are not our preachers ; madmen are not our law-givers. We know that *we* have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries *are* to be made, in morality ; nor many in the great principles of government ; nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails ; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God ; we look up with awe to kings, with affection to parliaments, with duty to magistrates, with reverence to priests, and with respect to nobility. Why ? Because, when such ideas are brought before our minds, it is *natural* to be so affected ; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our primary morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty, and, by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to be our low sport for a few holidays, to make us perfectly fit for and justly deserving of slavery through the whole course of our lives. You see, sir, that, in this enlightened age, I am bold enough to confess that we are generally men of untaught feelings—that, instead of casting away all our old prejudices, we cherish them to a very considerable degree, and (to take more shame to ourselves) we cherish them because *they are* prejudices. We are afraid to put men to live and trade, each on his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages. Many of our men of speculation, instead of exploding general prejudices, employ their sagacity to discover the latent wisdom which prevails in them. If they find what they seek (and they seldom fail), they think it more wise to continue the prejudice, with the reason involved, than to cast away the coat of prejudice and to leave nothing but the naked

reason, because prejudice, with its reason, has a motive to give action to that reason, and an affection which will give it permanence. Prejudice is of ready application in the emergency; it previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice his duty becomes a part of his nature.'

(Of the *doctrine* of this passage, we say nothing; we are speaking only of the style—the intellectual manner. We observe in it the characteristics of Burke—a certain richness in the subsidiary thought, a tendency to speculation and generalization, and a great copiousness in words and illustrative imagery. As every one knows, Burke's are almost the only political speeches of that age that any one now cares to read or finds it worth while to read—and this because they are the only speeches of the time the *thought* of which is of permanent value. It is the literal truth, as any one may verify for himself, that, great and important men as Pitt and Fox were, and superior as the latter of them, at least, was to Burke as an orator of the day, their speeches now are interesting almost exclusively as historical records, and scarcely at all as portions of our literature. That Burke, however, should have produced speeches which, while 'accomplishing their immediate purpose, should have survived in virtue of their rich intellectual substance, is a proof that oratorical effect may consist with intellectual exuberance, and that a genius naturally speculative may exist submerged in the seeming orator. This was very much the case also with Dr. Chalmers, who, tremendous as his oratory was, positively could not speak except to illustrate and enforce some definition, some broad proposition or antithesis of ideas, some one massive generalization which he had previously excogitated. Occasionally, there is something of this in Kossuth; but, on the whole, his style as a speaker reminds a literary critic less of the speculative richness of Burke, than of the fine hard-grained reasoning of Demosthenes. We speak of his English orations; in his Magyar oratory, there may have been a wilder element.

If the peculiarity of the orator, then, does not consist essentially in his physical conformation, nor in the nature of the themes which he principally affects, nor in the style of his language, in what does it consist? An examination of a number of passages, all allowed to be oratorical, so as to see what quality they have in common, in spite of their differences, or, better still, a study of any living specimens of the orator that may be within reach, will suggest a certain rough approach to an answer. All genuine

specimens of oratory, it will be found, in whatever else they may differ, are characterized by a certain energy, or impressiveness, or force, or warmth, the exact cause of which it may be difficult to detect; and so, also, all genuine orators will be found to exhibit a certain energy, or fervour, or vehemence of character—let us even call it perturbability, or capacity of being roused and agitated. It is precisely the presence or the absence of this element that creates the feeling of difference between a mere fluent speaker and the man whom we recognise as an orator. Vehemence, power of being personally agitated in the act of agitating others—this, whatever smoothness and grace and dignity may be superinduced upon it by art, will be found to constitute the peculiarity of orators.

There is no doubt that, if our physiology were sufficiently advanced, this peculiarity would be found to be connected with certain arrangements of the physical constitution. While in the artist the passive sensibilities may predominate, or the passive sensibilities in association with select intellectual processes; while the pure thinker, again, is constituted for calm persevering reflection within himself; in the orator, whether the original stimulus come from within or without, the habitual rush of the being will be along the nerves of action and motion in the direction of the outer world—with, perhaps (in order to distinguish him from the practical man, who is the same so far), a special determination of the energy towards the organs of speech. Somehow or other, at all events, the body of the orator is concerned in what he does. Standing before his audience, the orator is not merely a voice uttering words and ideas; he is a mass of intensely excited nerve acting, like a charged battery, on the aggregate vitality of his audience while they are individually receiving his words and ideas. The very law of human nature on which oratory depends is, that ideas dropped into the mind when it is in a state of excitement, take a firmer hold of that mind, and are more instantaneously and permanently diffused through it, for better or worse, as the case may be, than when it is in its natural and ordinary mood. Now, though there are various ways in which the mind may be excited, so as thus to increase its tenderness and permeability to ideas, one of the most effective is simple collocation with other minds in an assembly or audience. It is all nonsense to speak of an audience as being simply a collection of individuals; meaning by that, that the audience can have nothing more in it than pre-existed in the individuals separately. Let a thousand individuals meet in the same hall, and, more particularly, let them meet genially and for the purpose of seeing some spectacle, or listening to some harangue, and, after a little

while, electric circuits are established amongst them, and they are formed into a collective organism having a certain common consciousness, and exhibiting phenomena not belonging to the individual. Of course, in the case of the presence of individuals hostile to the spirit of the assembly and contemptuous of its proceedings, and also in the case of the division of a meeting into opposed factions, there are corresponding variations in the phenomena presented; but still, essentially, the fact of congregation brings with it a set of conditions alien to the experience of the individuals when isolated. Hence part of that force which attends on exhibitions of oratory is actually supplied, not by the speaker, but by the audience itself; and, the larger the audience, and the more exciting the circumstances in which they have met, the more there is of this already accumulated fund of power waiting for the orator's use, and, though independent of him in its origin, yet, in the effect, to go to his credit. But for the power to become apparent, nay also partly for its generation, the orator must be there; and it is the very definition of the man who professes to be an orator that he shall be in his own nature a man meeting the enthusiasm of the waiting crowd with a like enthusiasm of his own which shall receive it, evoke it, mingle with it, madden it, reverberate it, overmaster it. Such men there are; and it is a grand sight to see them as they command a crowd. It is clear that, corporeally as well as mentally, or mentally because corporeally, they are in pre-established harmony with the conditions presented by an assemblage of their fellow-beings. Gradually, as they speak, they glow, they wax fervid; the audience acts upon them, and they react upon the audience; and they stand at last a visibly agitated mass of nervous force swaying the sea of heads beneath them, not by their voice and words alone, but by a positive physiological effluence or attraction. Among recent British orators, Chalmers was an extraordinary example of this power of sheerly physiological action which distinguishes the born orator from the merely cultivated speaker. He was a man of large and heavy build, whose demeanour, when he was not himself speaking, was so far from being fidgetty or excitable, that he sat like a mass of stone, perfectly placid and unperturbed, either not moving his head at all, or moving it slowly round as if it turned on a weighty pivot. All the more impressive was it to see this heavy frame under the influence of the oratorical agitation. How the whole man was moved while he moved others! It was not speech; it was phrenzy. Even on lesser occasions, when he still kept within bounds, it was plain that in hearing him the audience was subjected not merely to the influence of his meaning, but to the influence also of the sheer

physical excitement which accompanied his own sense of that meaning. And on greater occasions the sight was absolutely terrible. His heavy frame was convulsed; his face flushed and grew Pythic; the veins in his forehead and neck stood out like cordage; his voice pealed or reached to a shriek; foam flew from his mouth in flakes; he hung over his audience almost menacing them with his shaking fist; or he stood erect, maniacal and stamping. More than once after such an exhibition, there were fears of apoplexy; and once he lay for three hours on a sofa, having his head laved with vinegar, before sufficiently recovering himself. And often, when one remembered and carried away the exact words spoken by him in one of these phrenzies, they would seem plain enough, and such as any one else might have delivered without any approach to the same state of fury. Once, for example, when his agitation was at the uttermost, the sentiment which he was expressing was simply this—that if the landed aristocracy of the country did not pay heed to certain social tendencies, the importance of which he had been expounding, ‘their estates were not worth ten years’ purchase.’ Here was a notion, here were words, which could have been spoken by any hardheaded man, or any quiet thinker who had anyhow got them into his head, and which certainly, if spoken by such a person, might have been spoken calmly; so that clearly the oratorical fury with which they came from the lips of Chalmers depended on a constitutional peculiarity—that peculiarity being an unusual amount of emotional and nervous perturbability in association with his thoughts and feelings, whatever they were. Perhaps, indeed, the intensity with which a notion or sentiment is felt, is measured always and in all persons by the degree in which it affects the nervous or bodily system, so that universally the oratorical perturbability might be supposed to be founded on personal earnestness of character. It was so, at least, in Dr. Chalmers—a man earnest to the core, and who felt in social matters as powerfully and painfully as most men do in matters of mere private and domestic concern. But no such general rule could be laid down without limitations and exceptions. On the one hand, there are examples of oratorical perturbability (though not the highest) where deep personal earnestness is deficient—cases in which oratorical power seems to depend on a sort of factitious or simulated earnestness coming in the act of speech and vanishing when it is over; and in which, therefore, all that can be asserted is the man’s perturbability to his own passing conceptions. On the other hand, we have personal earnestness, and even susceptibility to impressions and feelings to the degree of physical agitation and suffering, where

there is an absence of the oratorical faculty. For the present, therefore, all that we need say is that a certain *kind* of perturbability, a certain visible co-operation of body and manner with mind and purpose, does characterize the orator.

Vague as this is, it serves to explain a good deal. It serves to explain, for example, the well-known fact that many great orations—that is, orations, the effect of which we know to have been prodigious—seem poor enough when they are read in print. Whitefield's reported sermons are often cited as an instance: and we have already stated it as our own belief, that even the great political speeches of the Parliamentary era of Fox and Pitt cannot now be read with any pleasure equivalent to their reputation. It was Fox's own maxim, indeed, that if a speech read well, it must have been a bad speech. The maxim, with all deference to so great an authority, is not true. Fine propositions are imperishable: those speeches, therefore, will survive, and will bear reading, in which there has been good and noble intellectual matter, not to speak of poetry; and that intellectual excellence in the matter of a speech, and that, too, of rare kinds, may consist with the highest oratorical effect in its delivery, is sufficiently proved by such examples as Demosthenes, Burke, Chalmers, and Kossuth. But the remark of Fox is certainly valid to this extent—that very generally, when speeches are read in print after their delivery, the virtue seems to have gone out of them. Nay, more, often when speeches do seem to preserve their virtue, so that they affect and delight the reader, it is not specially the *oratorical* virtue that they preserve, but some other. In reading, for instance, the severe, terse sense of Demosthenes, one may be astonished and delighted, and yet (unless one is a bit of an orator oneself) be puzzled to find out where the extraordinary eloquence lies. The reason is plain. The reader is not under the magnetic battery of the orator's excited presence. The meaning comes to him without the accompanying physiological action which sent it trembling through the very veins of the original auditors. Some speeches, in fact, consist of intellectual rubbish, or, what is little better, sent home by intense physiological action, just as sand and gravel might be discharged from a cannon? consequently, when the physiological action is wanting, what remains is only the intellectual rubbish. In the speeches of Demosthenes, on the other hand, what remains is splendid Athenian sense—propositions linked together logically, like pellets of polished steel. These we may and do admire; but, to understand the Demosthenic oratory, we must fancy the unparalleled intensity of physiological action with which these were delivered into the hearts and brains of the Athenians. Save that the Athenians



were a finical people, and would not tolerate the Fifeshire dialect, nor any except the most exquisite accuracy of pronunciation in their orators, Demosthenes, in respect of energy in the act of delivery, must have been an Athenian Chalmers. Apart from his own celebrated 'saying about 'Action, action, action,' this seems to be proved by the very tradition of his physical uncomeliness at first, and of the natural difficulties of utterance he had to overcome. According to our observation, a certain difficulty of movement about the organs of speech is not an unfrequent characteristic of the orator. Extreme physical facility in speech we should regard as a bad sign—a certain whale-like movement of jaw, or even a tendency to stutter, as a good one. The *os magna soniturum* cannot be one that moves easily and with glib rapidity. Fox was not a fluent speaker, in the ordinary sense; he stood on the floor of the House, like a swarthy, thick-necked Norfolkshire farmer, his meaning sometimes gurgling to his mouth faster than he could utter it, in his excitement, and then ejected in intermittent bursts. Had Demosthenes been an Englishman or a Scotchman, he might have begun practice at once; but the Athenians, being a finical people, made him put pebbles in his mouth, till he had added ease to his energy. Still, that which was the source of his power must to the end have been his constitutional quality of vehemence. As we read his speeches we cannot but admire, and admire greatly; but in completing our conception of him as the living Greek,

‘ whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,’

we must take into account, as something altogether tremendous, the effect of the breathing and agitated personality of the man as he paused, or recoiled, or pointed with his quivering finger, charging, as it were, with a distinct shock out of his own nerve and being, each winged and ringing sentence as it passed from his lips.

But something more definite seems yet desirable. Excitability, perturbability, a sympathetic co-operation of the body with the mind in the act of utterance, is, undoubtedly, the characteristic of the orator. There may, however, be excitability and perturbability enough where there is no oratory; and we have farther to inquire what is the *kind* of perturbability that constitutes the true oratorical vehemence. Now, at first sight, it is plain that the perturbability must not be of the incapacitating kind. The orator must be a man whom his own agitation rouses intellectually. He must be a man, so to speak, who cogitates best under those very conditions of nervous excitement which would para-

lyze other men. To say this, indeed, is but to state an identical proposition. To say that a man is a born orator, is but to say that he is a man so constituted as to be at his best under the conditions of oratory—i. e., standing up in a hall, with a crowd before him expecting what he has to say. These conditions are certainly exciting. No man can be in them, however much accustomed to them, without feeling a change or elevation of mood to a pitch corresponding. As there is such a thing as a battle-fever, the effects of which, according to Goethe's memorable description of it from his own experience, is to make the person subject to it see everything as with brown eyes through a brown atmosphere, so there is such a thing as a platform-fever, the special character of which we leave it to some competent authority to describe. Veteran soldiers may get over the battle-fever, so that in the end they will tramp forward amid the whistling bullets without experiencing the optical illusion referred to by Goethe; and so, also, veteran orators get over the platform-fever. But some feeling corresponding with the situation will remain even with the veterans. The old soldier may seem to walk into battle cool and collected; but under that cool and collected mien there is already rampant the fighting devil. And so even with the most practised and the most seemingly *nonchalant* of orators. Crassus, one of the speakers in Cicero's *Dialogue on Oratory*, and himself represented there as among the greatest orators of his time, not only avows his liking for those orators who show some perturbation in the beginning of their speeches, but maintains that, whether it is shown or not, the perturbation always exists. Speaking for himself, and also for his auditors, three of whom are also orators, he says, 'I often observe in you I very frequently experience in myself, that I turn pale in the outset of my speech, and feel a tremor through my whole thoughts, as it were, and limbs.' Crassus confesses that, in his case, the disturbing emotion was most frequently that of fear. This, however, is not essential. It is enough that the full sensation of the situation is present, whether the form it takes is that of fear, that of triumph, or any other. In any case, the feeling may be said to be one of excitement or perturbation. Here, therefore, comes the peculiarity of the orator. As the born soldier is the man who, while the battle-field fever is on him, in whatever degree he may be subject to it, is not thereby incapacitated for his work, but is rather wound up for its perfect and exact fulfilment, so the born orator is the man on whom the platform-fever, in whatever degree he is liable to it, takes a similar effect. In other words, that man is by constitution an orator who becomes recollective and inventive in the act

of becoming excited ; with whom the peculiar agitation attending the conditions of a public speech is a necessary, or, at all events, an appropriate stimulus to intellectual activity and productiveness. This, or something equivalent to this, will be found to answer as a definition. Popularly speaking, the orator is a man who does not lose himself as he becomes excited, but who, the more phrenzied he waxes, grows in the same degree the more shrewd, the more perfect in his command of all his faculties. Speaking more scientifically, the orator is a man who can never cogitate better than when he is agitated. That there are such men, no one can doubt. Placed before an audience, the majority of men, as we have already said, become helpless and foolish : what sense or wit they have forsakes them, often carrying memory, and grammar, and the very power of coherent articulation, along with it. But there are others who positively outdo themselves when they are placed in the same circumstances ; who seem as if they had found their element, and who move in it in a way to surprise themselves and others ; in whom the excitement of speaking, so far from numbing their various faculties, seems to evoke some for the first time, and to make all more nimble and alert—memory, wit, fancy, imagination, speculative intellect, and even judgment and critical taste, simultaneously. They positively become more cool, more shrewd and subtle, and more self-possessed, less apt to blunder, as they become more fervid. There are many common proverbs and observations respecting orators which in reality embody this theory. When some one jocosely defined an orator as ‘ a man who can speak nonsense till sense comes,’ the definition, though satirical, was scientifically accurate. When another—an American orator, we believe—declared that he ‘ never could make a speech without first making a few remarks,’ he said substantially the same thing. But perhaps the finest recognition of the notion, as we have been expounding it, is that contained in a very happy phrase, used by some ancient writer on rhetoric—we think by Quintilian. *Clarescit urendo*, ‘ He grows clear by burning,’ is the phrase in question ; used, too, if we remember aright, precisely in reference to the orator. Whether it was originally so used or not, it suits him well. The orator is emphatically the man who, *clarescit urendo*, is clearest when he is most fervid ; shrewdest, when he is most excited ; universally most capable, when he is in the highest state of oratorical paroxysm. As Latin is a language which carries such meanings well, we may, by way of summing up, frame the definition thus ;—*Orator est qui urendo clarescit, seu qui quò plus loquens agitatur, eò melius cogitat*. If men were obliged to carry Latin mottoes on their hats descriptive of their peculiar characters and tendencies,

the motto for the orator might be *Agitatus cogitabo*. Persons so labelled would naturally be let alone.

Should there be any approach to truth in the notion of the oratorical character at which we have thus arrived, it ought to stand good when applied to any of the various modes in which oratory presents itself, in actual experience. Let us enumerate these modes one by one, keeping our principle in mind with respect to each.

1. The purest form of oratory is the oratory of extempore discourse, or debate. Here the moment of utterance coincides with the moment of cogitation. There is no prepared matter; it is given to the speaker at that instant what to say. The man, of course, comes to the emergency already stored with that general stock of facts, fancies, and conclusions, which he has accumulated in the course of his life, and which forms his intellectual capital; and, in the case of a habitual speaker, it is natural to suppose that this his prior information will lie in the line of any emergency on which he may be called to exert himself. But with all allowance for this, the real feat, or the connected elaboration of the discourse, has to be accomplished while he speaks. Many and various as are the exhibitions of human power, we doubt if there is any other so impressive at the moment, so calculated to give an idea of the complex capabilities of the human being, as the sight of a true orator out on the mid-voyage of such an extempore discourse. What skill, what vigilance, what navigation! How now he goes full sail, rising and falling with the favouring blast, and leaving league after league behind him; now he slackens sail, and tacks; now he descries a rock a-head, or a span of cloud on the horizon, forewarning the coming tempest! It is art against the elements, seamanship against infinity! Thought has to follow thought, period has to follow period; each as it falls has to fulfil its mission; and all have to be connected. In the burst and triumph of one moment, the orator is unaware what he is to say in the next, or how he is to say it; and yet, when that next moment comes, lo, he is again high on the crest of another billow! Great is the power of training; and something of this success, even in extemporization, may be obtained, as we have already said, by assiduous practice. Nor without assiduous practice is any one likely to attain it. But the man whom nature has qualified specially so to excel, and the only man who will ever pre-eminently so excel, is the man who, by a constitutional necessity, *clarescit urendo*, or cogitates best under the conditions of present oratorical excitement. There are such men—men who are at their best intellectually only in a kind of

higher mood to which they may be roused ; whom physical perturbation encourages and clarifies ; whose thoughts leap most nimbly from point to point, and follow more and more complex laws of association the more the temperament of their whole being is raised ; who are perhaps dull, sluggish, and confused if talked to quietly, but ray out lightnings when they confront an audience.

In nothing, perhaps, is the true nature of the orator's constitutional faculty better seen than in the demeanour of a princely extempore speaker under casual or hostile interruption. Being a man whose very nature it is to grow clearer as he burns, it is in his nature also to seize anything that will serve him as fuel. Phrenzied as he is, he sees everything with eagle eye ; he is alert to every possibility of suggestion ; let a rag but flutter, and he is ready to dart at it. Woe to the fool that thinks to interrupt him ! The interruption is a godsend ; he recoils for a moment to let it be fully heard or seen ; but it is only to swoop forward again, and pin his victim. Pages might be filled with such stories of the use of interruptions to great orators. Here are one or two, partly from our own recollection, partly from Dr. Goodrich's book :—

*Patrick Henry interrupted.*—The greatest American orator, in the agitation preceding the revolt of the American Colonies from the mother country, was Patrick Henry. Speaking once in a great colonial meeting, which he was carrying along with him in his vehement denunciations of the policy of George III. and his Government, he suddenly went beyond himself as follows :—‘ Caesar had his Brutus ; Charles the First had his Cromwell ; and George the Third ——’ Ere he could finish the perilous sentence, the audience caught the alarm ; and, ‘ Treason !’ ‘ Treason !’ rang from every part of the hall where there were any loyalists. The orator stopped a moment, and then slowly, but with a voice that quelled the uproar, repeated his words :—‘ Caesar, I say, had his Brutus ; Charles the First had his Cromwell ; and George the Third—may profit by their example.’ The loyalists were left to make treason out of that if they could ; and the rest of the audience were mad with applause.

*Chatham interrupted by Mr. Wynnngton.*—‘ On the 6th of March, 1741, Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, and but a young man, delivered a short but very emphatic speech in the House of Commons, in reply to Horatio Walpole, who had accused him, among other things, of a theatrical behaviour. ‘ A theatrical part,’ he said, ‘ may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language ; and though perhaps I may have some ambition to please

this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy *his* diction or *his* mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If, however, any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample on all those forms within which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But, with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman——’ Here Mr. Pitt was called to order by Mr. Wyndham, who went on to say, ‘No diversity of opinion can justify the violation of decency, and the use of rude and violent expressions, dictated only by resentment and uttered without regard to——’ Here Mr. Wyndham could add the fatal monosyllable ‘truth,’ which was already formed on his lips, Pitt was down upon him. ‘Sir,’ he said, ‘if *this* be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongues. For what calumny can be more atrocious, what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to anything but truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passions while he is restraining the impetuosity of others. Happy would it be for mankind if every one knew his own province. We should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this honourable gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself. That I may return in some degree the favour he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but, whenever he feels inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what *his* censures will never amend.’

*Chatham interrupted by himself.*—‘On November 27, 1754, Mr. Pitt made two speeches ostensibly against Jacobitism, but intended for Murray (suspected of secret Jacobitism), who had just been raised from the office of Solicitor to that of Attorney-General. ‘In both speeches,’ says Fox, ‘every word was Murray, yet so managed that neither he nor any one else could take public notice of it, nor in any way reprehend him. I sat near Murray, who *suffered* for an hour.’ ‘It was perhaps on this occasion,’ says Charles Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, ‘that Pitt used an expression which was once in every mouth.

After Murray had 'suffered' for some time, Pitt stopped, threw his eyes around, then fixing their whole power on Murray, exclaimed, 'I must now address a few words to Mr. Attorney; they shall be few, but they shall be daggers.' Murray was agitated—the look was continued—the agitation increased: 'Felix trembles!' exclaimed Pitt, in a tone of thunder. '*He shall hear me some other day.*' He sat down—Murray made no reply, and a languid debate showed the paralysis of the House.—*Goodrich*, p. 58.

*Erskine's first success as a Pleader.*—'Erskine's first forensic appearance of any importance was as junior counsel for Captain Baillie, Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Baillie had exposed certain flagrant abuses in the management of the hospital, in such a manner as to bring upon himself a prosecution for libel, the real mover in the prosecution, though not the ostensible prosecutor, being Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty. It was supposed that Baillie had no chance against so powerful an opposition; and his senior counsel having done their best on the first day of the trial, it was expected that there would be no further advocacy on that side. On the following day, however (Nov. 23, 1778), Erskine rose in Court, to the surprise of all, and began,—'My Lord, I am likewise counsel for the author of this supposed libel; and, when a British subject is brought before a court of justice only for having ventured to attack abuses, which owe their continuance to the danger of attacking them, I cannot relinquish the privilege of doing justice to such merit: I will not give up even my share of the honour of repelling and exposing so odious a prosecution.' As Erskine was all but unknown, the curiosity of all present was greatly excited. The curiosity was changed into admiration, and the admiration into a rapture of astonishment as Erskine went on to ask and answer successively with respect to his client the questions—'Who is he?' 'What was his duty?' 'What has he written?' 'To whom has he written?' and 'What motive induced him to write?' Speaking on these heads, one by one, he showed that Baillie, as Lieutenant-Governor of the Hospital, was officially bound to note and observe any abuses in its management; that the abuses which he had alleged to exist actually did exist, to the full extent of his allegation; that, in exposing the abuses, he had addressed himself to those whose right and duty it was to be fully informed on such points; and that his motive was nothing else than the public good and the advantage of those veterans for whom the institution was intended. Before closing, he shifted his remarks from the accused to the prosecution. 'Indeed,' he said, 'Lord Sandwich has, in my mind——' Here Lord Mansfield reminded him that Lord Sandwich was not before the Court. Immediately Erskine resumed, 'I know he is not formally before the Court; but, for that very reason, I will bring him before the Court. He has placed these men [the nominal prosecutors] in the front of the battle in hopes to escape under their shelter; but I will not join in the battle with *them*. *Their* vices, though screwed up to the highest pitch of human depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with *me*. I will

drag him to light who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert that the Earl of Sandwich has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace, and that is by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring Captain Baillie to his command. If he does this, then his offence will be no more than the too common one of having suffered his personal interest to prevail over his public duty, in placing his voters in the Hospital. But if, on the contrary, he continues to protect the prosecutors in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the abhorrence of the numerous audience that crowds this Court—if he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal—I shall then not scruple to declare him an accomplice in their guilt, a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust.’ The verdict was for the defendant, and Erskine’s fortune was made. His speech on this occasion is pronounced by Lord Campbell, ‘the most wonderful forensic effort which we have in our annals.’

*Dr. Chalmers interrupted.*—‘In one of his great speeches before the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, during the Non-Intrusion controversy, Dr. Chalmers was describing in very strong language the state of indifferentism in all matters of religion which had prevailed in Scotland during the ecclesiastical ascendancy of the so-called ‘Moderate’ party. *i. e.*, towards the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the present century. The language was so strong, and seemed to imply such a wholesale insult to the ancestral memories, that one half of the House, or nearly so, started up in a clamour of ‘Noes’ and ‘Orders.’ The other side backed their champion with a cheer, and a burst of assenting ‘Yeses;’ again there was the burst of denial, again that of assent, peal contending against peal, while the white-haired old chieftain was seen large and rampant in the midst. ‘I stet a historacal fact,’ were the only words that came from him; but they came in his highest key, splitting the double uproar like an ascending shriek. Confusion worse confounded! At length up rises a respected baronet on the other side, of very bland exterior and considerable powers of elocution. He obtained the hearing of the House. ‘Really, they could excuse much,’ he said, ‘from the Reverend Doctor, considering the state of excitement in which he was; but,’ &c. &c. The orator, who, in the mean time, had seemed suddenly to calm himself, and had sat down patient and smiling, now rose. ‘Excited, Sir!’ he said, addressing the Moderator in the most good-humoured way imaginable,—‘Excited, Sir! Just look at me. Why, I’m as cool as an algebraic formula!’ There was no resisting this: order was restored; and the orator proceeded.’

Now in all these cases it may be said that it was firmness, courage, force of character, presence of mind, or the like, that came to the rescue of the orator. There is no harm in saying so. Only it has to be remembered that this firmness; presence of mind, or what not, is oratorical firmness or presence of mind; and that the firmest and most self-possessed men in the world,



not orators, would not have been capable of the same behaviour. The orator it is whose firmness, or courage, or presence of mind, or whatever other quality or faculty he wants, comes to him when he is on his legs, and the chairman is adverse or the audience howling. It is even possible that he might be rather timid in other circumstances, and bold as a lion then. It is in his nature to be most shrewd and cool when seemingly most excited.

2. A second variety of oratory, differing but little from the preceding, is when the speaker has an outline or skeleton of his intended discourse previously prepared, and trusts to the occasion for the filling-up. Perhaps in our own day, this 'speaking from notes' is the most common form of oratory. The 'notes' may not be written on a slip of paper; but rarely does a speaker rise without having determined with himself the nature and order of the topics on which he is to speak, and so provided himself with a series of *mental* notes. To all intents and purposes, however, this speaking from a mental programme, or even from a few written notes, may be regarded as identical with extempore speaking. The difficulties are the same, and there is the same triumph in overcoming them. Only in those cases where the preparation is on a rather extensive scale, where not only the heads of the matter but even the main expressions and the precise forms of the exposition and argument are arranged beforehand, is there much need for a distinction. But even here the orator exhibits his peculiarity. So far as he does extemporize, he is of course in the predicament of the extempore speaker. But as regards that which he prepares and brings with him, he is faithful to the law of the oratorical constitution. He must have acquired the habit of preparing what will suit when publicly spoken—in other words, the habit of cogitating, away from the audience, as if he were already in the presence of the audience. His imagination or preconception of the audience must be so vivid and exact, that his mind already feels the oratorical glow and perturbation, and cogitates accordingly. This is an art which has to be acquired, and which the born orator acquires soonest and most easily. Let a man who is not a speaker prepare an argument or a discourse for some casual occasion on which he is obliged to speak, and the probability is that he will find it, on the trial, to be altogether the wrong thing. Matter intended to be spoken before an audience must be cogitated according to those processes of mental association which the circumstantials of public speaking call into action. The common fault of unpractised speakers in their preparations is to prepare too much. They bring such a quantity of fuel that none of it can be kindled. The difference between a good speech and an essay consists precisely in this, that, though

the propositions in the speech may be of the best possible kind and suitable for any essay, they must not be too numerous to be all thoroughly consumed. How many propositions an orator can thus burn up in a speech, so as to leave only their ashes on the platform after having dispersed the bulk of them in the form of exhilarating gas through the brains and being of his audience, depends on the quantity of fire which the orator carries about with him. The most powerful orations *we* have ever heard, however, have always consisted of a few ideas or principles in a state of intense combustion. Even practised speakers, it is known, err sometimes in preparing too much. Then, in the moment of delivery, the oratorical instinct shows itself in teaching them what to reject. They do so remorselessly, omitting two-thirds perhaps of what they intended to say, and substituting what occurs to them there and then. A novice, on the other hand, behaves differently. He cannot part with his 'fine passages;' he remembers that there is a splendid image or a crushing sarcasm just a little in advance of him; he hurries on to get to it; and, when he does get to it, he is in the position of the poor tailor who, having won an elephant at a raffle, could neither leave the brute nor get anybody to take it off his hands. Sometimes a real orator makes a mistake of this kind. Every one knows the story of Burke's taking the carving-knife from under his coat and dashing it down on the floor of the House, to give effect to an appeal. The act was, doubtless, sublime in the rehearsal; but in the performance it did not do at all.

3. Another variety of oratory is when a discourse is committed to memory and delivered as it was learnt. This was the general practice of the ancient Greek and Roman orators, including Demosthenes and Cicero; and in ancient treatises on oratory, *memorization* is always distinguished as one of the parts of the orator's art. It has been the practice also of many of the greatest modern pulpit orators, as Bourdaloue and Massillon; and it is the practice of some of our best Parliamentary speakers on important occasions. Of orations that have taken a permanent place in literary history, as well as affected social history, nearly all have been of this kind, and for very obvious reasons. The difficulty of committing to memory an entire discourse which one has previously composed on paper, is, as all experience shows, not so great as might at first appear. A few readings generally suffice for the practised speaker and preacher, even when he means to deliver the discourse *verbatim*. In such a case, it might seem as if all that was left as peculiar to the orator proper was his manner of delivering the discourse before the audience. But it is not so. In this species of oratory the maxim '*clarescit*

*urendo* is still valid; the only difference being that here the oratorical faculty or process is distributed over two moments—the moment of cogitation or preparation, and that of delivery. In the written preparation of his speech in his study, the orator may be discerned. As has been already explained, the cogitation must be of the oratorical kind, and in obedience to those peculiar processes of mental association which regulate speech intended for an assembly; and the art of such cogitation depends on the possession of so much experience, that the vivid apprehension or the ‘counterfeit presentment’ of the audience shall act like its real presence. Peep into the room of an orator while he is writing his speech, and you will see him gesticulating, pacing up and down, attitudinizing perhaps before a looking-glass, ringing his sentences, one by one, like so many crown-pieces, to try if they will do, directing his eyes to the candlestick and addressing it as ‘Mr. Speaker,’ or fixing them on his grandfather’s portrait as upon some imaginary bald head whom he expects to see in the front of the gallery. If, as modern physiology teaches, the imagination of a situation has for its physical equivalent in the human system an exact reproduction of the same nervous currents, though in a feebler degree, which attended the experience of the situation itself, there is no difficulty in seeing how the orator in his room can accurately anticipate his sensations in the pulpit or on the platform, and invent in accordance with them. Nor does it require much critical skill to distinguish, as regards even matter, between a composition intended to be spoken and one intended to be read. Orators acquire a peculiar cast of thought, distinguishing them from ordinary writers; and an orator himself will write differently if he is not to speak what he has written. What is required of the speaker from memory as distinct from the speaker from mere notes, is that his art of oratorical cogitation shall be more absolutely perfect. If he is to speak exactly what he takes with him, what he takes with him must be absolutely of the right kind. It requires much and frequent practice to attain to such a perfect pre-apprehension of the conditions proper to thought intended to be publicly spoken. But it often is attained. There are men who ascend the pulpit or stand up in Parliament and deliver *verbatim*, and yet tellingly, what they have prepared and got by heart. Sometimes, by such a close adherence to what was prepared, there may be a loss of those casual and unforeseen effects which the actual incidents of any particular assemblage render possible to the extempore speaker. But there are obvious and splendid compensations. Among these, besides the higher quality of the matter, its greater logical connectedness, and the like, there is one compensation

having reference to the act of delivery itself. In the act of delivering a discourse from memory, the orator, being relieved from the care and anxiety involved in the invention of what he has to say, has his whole skill and energy let loose on the seemingly inferior but really momentous business of how he will say it. *Inventio, Dispositio, Elocutio, Memoria, Pronuntiatio*—i. e., Invention, Arrangement, Style, Recollection, and Delivery—such, according to Cicero, are the five essential portions of the orator's art; and seeing that, when a discourse is prepared beforehand, the three first of these processes, and part of the fourth, are already gone through in private, all that remains to be gone through in the face of the audience is the rest of the *Memoria* and the final feat of the *Pronuntiatio*. But, as the *Pronuntiatio* itself is a matter of so much importance (corresponding, in fact, with that 'Action, action, action,' which Demosthenes declared to be the all in all of the orator), and as it is susceptible of all degrees of better or worse, according to the attention given to it, it is a great thing for the orator at the moment to be able to concentrate his energy upon it alone. In delivering a discourse from memory, this may be done; if the speaker is sure of his memory, so as to have no anxiety on that head, all his oratorical excitement is expended in the *Pronuntiatio*. One might think that, as, in speaking by rote, this becomes but a mere mechanical process of repetition, the mind and the circumstances at the time would have little to do with success in it. But it is not so. The orator even 'pronounces' better or worse according as he is roused or perturbed; and consequently, the delivery of a memorized discourse on any particular occasion is dependent on the amount of excitement or perturbation supplied to the orator by the incidents of the occasion. Any one who has heard the same orator deliver the same oration twice, must know how dependent the orator is on external stimuli for his energy in elocution. Nay, it is a curious fact, that agitation from any quarter acts upon the orator as a stimulus while he is speaking his prepared harangue. His mind may even be wandering, may be thinking of something else than his own discourse; yet, if there is anything perturbing in these alien thoughts, that also is auxiliary. It is told of Bourdaloue, that, never having acquired confidence in his memory, and yet not feeling himself competent to speak except from memory, he was always in agony in the pulpit lest his memory should fail him; and yet not only was this not apparent, but those who knew the fact believed that, by a kind of transmutation of forces, the agony went to the benefit of his elocution, so that the audience was never more thrilled and breathless than when the preacher hardly knew what he said.

4. A fourth variety of oratory is when the discourse is not only prepared beforehand, but is read from the paper in the presence of the audience. This is by no means an uncommon form of oratory. In some deliberative assemblies orators read their speeches; the practice of reading sermons is all but universal; and sometimes at a public meeting a gentleman insists on his right of reading what he has to say. Then, in public lecturing, reading from manuscript is by far more frequent than any other plan. Respecting the propriety of the plan in most kinds of lecturing, and on various occasions where the exercise is still more properly that of oratory, there can be no doubt; but its propriety in general has been more questioned and is more questionable. It is the most miserable sight in the world to see a dull fellow with spectacles on stooping down over the reading-desk before a thousand people who can only see the crown of his head, never lifting his eyes, but holding the leaves of his manuscript with one hand, and preaching for three-quarters of an hour into his pocket-handkerchief, which he holds in the other. Such preaching is not to be tolerated, and little wonder that, out of revenge against it, the public have contracted a dislike to the habit of reading sermons. The dislike, however, is perhaps not quite fair. It admits of doubt whether the men who, when they read their sermons, seem to be reading them to their pocket-handkerchiefs, would have been very much more interesting or effective as preachers, if they had learned to commit their sermons to memory. A preacher who reads badly shows by that very fact that he is deficient in the oratorical gift; and, at all events, there have been examples of men in whom the practice of reading from the manuscript has not been inconsistent with the most transcendent powers of oratory. The British pulpit at the present day, both English and Scotch, furnishes many instances; and there are many more in the past history of oratory. Mirabeau delivered some of his tremendous speeches from the manuscript—some of them even from the manuscripts of other persons handed to him just as he was ascending the tribune; and, though Dr. Chalmers now and then interpolated an extempore burst or a bit of familiar exposition in the course of his harangues, all his greatest speeches, with only one memorable exception, and all his great sermons without any exception, were read openly from his papers or note-books. In his case, at least, there was no incompatibility between the use of the paper and the highest and most unparalleled effects of oratory. In the country-parts of Scotland there is now, and there always has been, a strong popular prejudice against read sermons; but wherever Dr. Chalmers went, the prejudice was waived in his case as a matter of course. One

old woman in Fifeshire gave an excellent reason for this. Being taunted with the fact that she, who would not bear read sermons from any one else, would yet walk a dozen miles at any time to hear Dr. Chalmers preach, if he chanced to be in the neighbourhood, she justified herself by saying, 'Ay, ay, the Doctor reads; but O, it's fell readin' thon!' Now the old woman's distinction between 'reading' and 'fell reading,' is exactly the distinction between less and more of the oratorical energy. The difference between the orator who has prepared his discourse by heart, and the orator who reads is that, in the one case the final and all-important act of *Pronuntiatio* is from the memory, in the other it is from the manuscript. If the *Pronuntiatio* from the manuscript can be 'fell' enough, there ought to be no objection to it. There are perhaps reasons which prevent it from being so in general. The act of reading fixes both body and mind in an attitude unfavourable to the action upon them of those miscellaneous perturbing and rousing incidents which affect the disengaged speaker. Some orators overcome the difficulty; and not being 'slaves to the paper,' as the Scotch say, are able, while they read, to yield themselves up also to the full sensation of the place and the circumstances. In the case of Dr. Chalmers, it is worth remarking that the manuscripts from which he read were always, or nearly always, in short-hand. This permitted him, as it seemed, to take in a larger number of words per glance, as his eye crossed the paper, and so to have a larger proportion of his attention free for the aspect of his audience. Indeed, unless one was near him so as to observe the fact, it was difficult to know that he *was* reading. A favourite plan of his in a public meeting was to post himself where he could, as it were casually, rest his left hand, with his note-book in it, on the back of a chair or some such slight support, leaving his body, and especially his right arm, free for movement and gesticulation. Then, moving his head and shoulders in a peculiar acquired curve, one point of which brought him within eyeshot of the paper, he took his glances cunningly at regular intervals, delivering the result of each in a corresponding volley. It is needless to say that in his case there was never any chance that the matter he brought with him should be found unsuitable for the purposes of oratory. No man ever exemplified better than he did the peculiar genius, and, we might even say (using the word in a high sense), the peculiar *knack* of oratorical cogitation. With a mind very scientific in its structure and tendencies, so that, as we have said, he was never happy and never felt himself capable of proceeding unless he had some generalization or some principle in his hands; with much also of the poet in his feelings and habits of thought—he

was yet, in virtue of his total character, and the nature of his life-long training, emphatically an orator in his intellectual method. This is seen even in his published treatises on various subjects—which, however, were almost always originally prepared in the form of lectures. Take, as an example, the following passage from his *Political Economy*—a passage worth quoting on its own account.

‘We confess that, on this subject, we have no sympathy with what has been called the spirit of the age. The very worst effects are to be dreaded from it. Everything now is made a question of finance; and science, with all which can grace or dignify a nation, is vulgarized and brought down to a common standard—the standard of the market and of the counting-house. It does look menacing, to take one example out of the thousand which could be specified, that it hinged on one solitary vote, whether the trigonometrical survey of our island should be permitted to go on—a work which, like the *Doomsday Book* of England, might have, after the lapse of a millennium, still survived, as a great national index for the guidance of our most distant posterity. It makes one tremble for some fearful resurrection of the old Gothic spirit amongst us, when one thinks that we were within a hair’s-breadth of this noble enterprise being quashed. And this is the spirit of the age!—an age of unsparing retrenchment; a *régime* of hard and hunger-bitten economy, before whose remorseless pruning-hook lie withering and dis severed from their stem the noblest interests of the commonwealth; a vehement, outrageous parsimony which, under the guise of patriotism, so reigns and ravens over the whole length and breadth of the land, and cares not though both religion and philosophy should expire, if but some wretched item of shred and of candle-end should be gained by the sacrifice: this which, though now the ascendant policy of our nation, elevated into power by the decisions of the legislature, and blown into popularity by the hosannahs of the multitude, will be looked back upon by posterity as an inglorious feature of the worst and most inglorious period in the annals of Britain, the befitting policy of an age of little measures and little men.’

By an extension of the usual meaning of the term oratory, we might include under that name a very considerable proportion of all written literature, over and above orations actually delivered to assemblies and then preserved to be read. The *Letters of Junius*, for example, and all writings of that class, including, as it would, all, or nearly all, the leading articles in newspapers, and all, or nearly all, the pamphlets and tracts produced so abundantly in every society where questions of morals or politics are agitated, may be regarded as so much unspoken oratory, and their writers as generically orators. Nay, more, in every actual book or writing of whatever kind, whether historical, scientific,

or poetical, there are passages which are oratorical in their tenor, and belong to the oratorical form of literature. The reason of this lies in a certain definition that may be given of oratory as one of four leading forms into which all literature, spoken or written, may be theoretically distributed. According to this classification, while there is one form of literature called *history*, the primary business of which it is to narrate facts; another form of literature called *exposition*, the business of which it is to state and explain human ideas and conclusions respecting phenomena; and a third form of literature, called *poetry*, the business of which it is to invent beautiful imaginary circumstances, or beautiful imaginary combinations of existing circumstances; there is yet, distinct from either of these forms, though employing them all in turn and melting into them just as they melt into each other, a fourth form of literature, which may be called *oratory*, and the express function of which it is to stimulate the human will in some particular direction, or towards some particular course of conduct. In this sense, therefore, all writings which have stimulation for their main end, and all those passages in all writings which incidentally aim at stimulation, may be classed as belonging to oratory. According to Aristotle and the ancients, oratory was that art or science which considered all the possible means of persuasion on any subject with a view to influence the hearer in the manner desired; and, though in this definition, spoken oratory is chiefly regarded, the definition will include a large proportion of ordinary literature. Wherever the aim is persuasion, as distinct from or superadded to narration, exposition, or imaginative effort, there we have the orator. The Greeks had a good word for use in this connexion. While the historian deals in facts, the expositor in abstract conclusions, the poet in fancies and images, what the orator deals in is, the Greeks said, *πίστεις*—*i.e.*, inducements, means of persuasion. But as *πίστεις* may be brought forward either in speech or in writing, there may be orators who are writers as well as orators who are speakers. With respect to such orators in writing—*i.e.*, to pamphleteers, journalists, &c., it would not, we think, be difficult to show that the law of oratorical cogitation applies also to them, though with very important modifications.



**ART. VIII.**—*Gott in der Geschichte oder der Fortschritt des Glauben an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. *In sechs Büchern. Erster Theil. Erstes und zweites Buch.* ('God in History; or, the Progress of the Belief in a Moral Order of the World.' By C. C. J. BUNSEN. In six Books. First Part. Books I. and II.) Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

THE Chevalier Bunsen is a riddle to many. That he is a genius of a high order, his bitterest enemies, we imagine, would hardly be disposed to doubt. At least, we have met with only one, an Austrian ex-diplomatist, who seems to call the fact in question. In a pamphlet entitled *The Austrian Concordat and the Chevalier Bunsen*,\* written in answer to that trenchant work, *The Signs of the Times*, this waspish adversary, whose pen has evidently been dipped in the gall of popish hate intensified by professional spite, denies to him the possession of any talent, save that of ingratiating himself with the Prussian Court and the English Squirearchy. But the very venom of the scurrilous scribe suggests at once the explanation that the creature who voids it has himself been scorched by the Promethean ray he refuses to recognise, and thus his malice defeats itself. Bunsen's other antagonists, political, philosophical, and theological, comprising not a few eminent names in Germany, France, and England, are pretty unanimous in the acknowledgment of his being a man of great parts. These natural gifts, moreover, he has cultivated most assiduously, so that perhaps there is scarcely a man in Europe who has amassed such vast and varied attainments. Of these rich stores of many-sided erudition, gathered from the old East, and from classical Greece and Rome, from Egypt under the Pharaohs, and from the India and China of to-day, he seems to have gained—which is a much rarer accomplishment—almost perfect control. That with all this there is a spice of vanity in his composition—just as much, perhaps, as may be expressed by the colloquialism, 'he is a clever fellow, and he knows it'—few candid persons, who are acquainted with him either personally or through his writings, would care to deny. In common, however, with all true scholars, he is the furthest remove possible from pedantry; and although in conversation, or rather monologue (like Coleridge's), he talks books, and such books too as he writes, yet he carries you along with him in so familiar a style, that you fancy you understand him exactly, even

\* 'Das österreichische Concordat und der Ritter Bunsen.' Regensburg. 1856.

when he is most transcendent and misty. Men who are themselves no dunces are astonished at him as a prodigy,—

‘and still the wonder grows,  
How one small head should carry all he knows.’

But it was not so much to his truly marvellous genius and learning we referred when we spoke of Bunsen as an enigma. It is his religious stand-point which is seemingly so hard to determine; his whereabouts as a Christian philosopher, that one is so strangely puzzled to find. For that is the dignity to which his highest aspirations point, and of which, in all his varied studies, he never loses sight. It is greatly to his honour that in none of his numerous works, even though treating of subjects so purely secular, at first sight, as comparative philology for instance, Roman topography, and Egyptian archaeology, does he forget to interweave the golden thread which links all science with the Bible. If we are often startled at the liberties he allows himself to take with the sacred book, at least he never ignores it; and in this respect he may fairly be held up as an example to classical scholars at large, who, as a body, too much need reminding that the heathen writers may be studied in other than a heathenish spirit. We are glad to find, from an advertisement on the cover of the work before us, that its author has identified himself with the German translation of Mr. Caird's admirable sermon on *Religion in Common Life*, by writing a commendatory preface. This is quite in keeping with his praiseworthy efforts as a man of letters, to give to the religious element its due place in all his voluminous productions. An earnest moral purpose is evident in all that he writes; and this ethical robustness he himself would indignantly refuse to trace to any other well-spring than the Gospel. The Austrian ex-diplomatist, indeed, does not scruple to charge him with a sin against veracity, only second in heinousness to that of Ananias and Sapphira. He affirms that Bunsen on one occasion lied, if not to the Holy Ghost, yet to his representative on earth, the Pope, by denying to His Holiness the existence of a certain convention between the Crown of Prussia and the Catholic episcopate of that kingdom, although he had himself signed it with his own hand on the part of his sovereign. As the Chevalier is still alive—nearly a quarter of a century\* after the alleged piece of impiety—we must conclude, either that Peter's powers have not been transmitted to his

\* The date assigned to the convention is the 19th of May, 1834. It related to the question of mixed marriages, and the subscribing persons are said to have been the Archbishop of Cologne, and Bunsen, at that time Prussian ambassador at Rome, who was summoned back to the Rhine for the purpose.

successor, or that the charge is a wanton calumny. The thing is quite unlike the man as he appears in his works, and as all England knew and admired him when, just before the outbreak of the late war, he threw up his post as Ambassador at our Court, rather than lend himself to the Russian policy of his royal master. Without, therefore, calling in question the fact of this irregular concordat, some miserable misunderstanding, like that which lately took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. D'Israeli, is doubtless at the bottom of the story, which the putrid breath of slander has corrupted into the above piece of scandal. The Chevalier has lived amongst us for many years with his estimable English wife, and in such a way as to command the universal respect of the nation, to a degree never attained by foreign Ambassador before. Seldom, indeed, has a stranger evinced such an undisguised sympathy with English life, social, political, and religious.

Least of all can the last particular be passed over, although it is precisely here that his epicene character, almost reminding us of another very celebrated Chevalier of doubtful sex, presents so puzzling a problem. The son of a pious Lutheran clergyman, he had scarcely finished his university course when he took a leading part in the ecclesiastical counsels of the late King of Prussia, who owed to this young man of five-and-twenty much of the success of that great Church revolution which illustrates his reign, the Union between the Lutheran and Reformed Christians in his dominions, inaugurated at the tercentenary of the Reformation in 1817. When he came amongst us the interest which he took in the religious affairs of this country was no less warm. He encouraged his son to take orders in the Established Church, and sought and obtained the friendship of leading men attached to each of its various sections, High, Low, and Broad, displaying, however, for the last a peculiar predilection. Non-Episcopalian Christians, too, were honoured with a share of his regards; for he was an uncompromising foe to bigotry, and even at the risk of alienating one so dear to him as Gladstone, never concealed his contempt for hierarchical and sacramental religion. As became the representative of the second Protestant power in Europe, he took his place gladly on the platform of the Bible-Society, and ever professed himself an ardent friend of Christian missions. In short, every philanthropic and Christian movement of our times found in him an earnest and eloquent advocate. Now the difficulty is—and it is no small one—how to reconcile all this with the manifest laxity of his religious opinions. It would be very unfair to lay any very great stress on the accusations of a heated personal oppo-

nent like Dr. Stahl, or even upon their endorsement by a number of journals attached to the same line of ecclesiastical and secular politics. The chosen chairman of the German Evangelical Church Diet (Kirchen-Tag) is, no doubt, to be regarded as speaking, not in his public and representative, but in his private capacity, when, in his reply to the *Signs of the Times*, he arraigns Bunsen as a worshipper of Rousseau, St. Goethe, and St. Lessing. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that, by his unmeasured and unqualified eulogiums upon the polished French savage, the great pagan poet of our times, and the German Lucian, who, in his *Nathan the Wise*, attacked Christianity on the stage, our author had laid himself sadly open to the bitter taunt. When, too, Stahl asserts, that in his *Hippolytus*, Bunsen no longer stands on the ground of the Christian Revelation, but, by his translation of the Biblical expressions for the supernatural 'out of Semitic into Japhetic language,' has resolved the essential doctrines of Christianity—including the Trinity and the Incarnation, for instance—into certain general ideas of the philosophizing reason, we must sorrowfully own, especially with the light cast upon the former treatise by the book before us, that there is far too much truth in the indictment. The *British Quarterly Review*, in common with several others of the Christian journals of this country, uttered the note of warning at the time of the appearance of that remarkable, but painfully dubious production. Even Dr. F. W. Krummacher, a man of well-known evangelical sentiments, who in the Stahl-Bunsen controversy, with which Germany has been convulsed during the past year, has taken up a kind of mediating position, with a strong leaning, however, towards the side of religious liberty,\* reluctantly admits that the champion of that great cause holds very low views of revelation.

Indeed, it is evident that on this head, with the exception of the Rationalists, now, happily, only a rump, Bunsen, on his return to his native land, has found himself quite isolated. The men of the school in which he was trained have, for the most part, either died off, or have been carried along by the sweeping reaction which has set in during the interval like a strong flood tide. Faith in positive Christianity, and in the Bible as the miraculous record of a no less supernatural revelation, this faith, once the rare exception, is now, happily, the almost universal rule amongst the German divines. Unfortunately, along with this revival of the religious spirit of the Reformation, there has also been an alarming re-awakening of the old Lutheran intolerance, which

\* 'Bunsen und Stahl. Zur Verständigung über den neuest Kirchenstreit. Berlin. 1856.'

Rationalist indifferentism was thought to have lulled into an everlasting sleep. Startled by this strange apparition, especially when viewed in connexion with the headlong Romanizing tendencies of this New Lutheran party, and with kindred phenomena in other lands, the Chevalier, whose native instincts in favour of freedom of conscience had been greatly strengthened by his having resided successively in the city of the Pope and in the country of Milton and Locke, had scarcely set foot upon the soil of his fatherland when he resolved, though it should be but single-handed, to beard the resuscitated monster. He published that epoch-making work—as the Germans agree in calling it—*The Signs of the Times*. We were not amongst the last to do justice to its very great merits, notwithstanding some leaven of errors previously rebuked in our pages; for we saw in it, too, another and a holier leaven, which has worked most mightily for good, and the fermentation caused by which still continues. It would have been well if Bunsen, flushed with his success in this field, had not fancied himself called to undertake another, and a very different achievement. Perhaps, verging as he is towards seventy, it was hardly to be expected that he would all at once unlearn the transcendentalisms and rationalisms imbibed in the days when Eichhorn and Paulus were deemed, in Germany at least, the *dii majores* of Old and New Testament criticism. But it argues a want of discrimination not to have distinguished better between the two really opposite phases of the reaction than he seems to have done. That bigotry and superstition have reappeared in the wake of the restored faith in the supernatural, is an old phenomenon, which ought not to have led so profound a student of history astray. That it has unhappily done so we attribute especially to the fact, that in the New Lutheran faction, though made up in great measure of *quondam* Rationalists of the first water, the loudest, if not exactly the most trusty, champions of orthodoxy, and at the same time the most virulent enemies of the sacred cause he has most at heart—viz., liberty of conscience—are to be found. Their new-born idolatry of the letter has generated, as usual, the other extreme; and furbishing up all his old Rationalist weapons, which perhaps otherwise might have been left to rust, he has stepped forth as its iconoclast. The result is a work which, whilst it bears ample marks of the new era in German theology, in the concessions which it makes both in matter and in style to the more positive beliefs of the time, is yet manifestly an elaborate attempt to lead it back to Schleiermacher, or even beyond him: The author having lost his latitude in the new circumstances in which he suddenly finds himself after a long absence

from his native land, and being unable himself to go forward, passionately calls upon his countrymen to hark back. What adds to the oddity of the case is, that his heart is after all with the very vanguard, and it is only his intellect that is in the rear. His head cannot clear itself of the cobwebs of an exploded philosophy, or, perhaps, there is no man living better fitted to be the lay reformer of his countrymen, the Ulrich von Hütten of the nineteenth century. The present work makes us more angry than ever with Rationalism, for giving so fatal a warp to so fine a mind and so noble a nature as Bunsen's. It abounds with the loftiest sentiments most eloquently expressed, spurks of the choicest wisdom set in purest gold. But, alas! the trail of Pantheistic speculation dims all that is brightest and fairest, and the stock *petitio principii* of Rationalism, that nothing which human reason cannot grasp can be entitled to belief, meets us either openly or covertly at every turn.

The God whom Bunsen finds revealed in all history, in the same sense and at best only in a lower degree than in the Bible, is, so far as we can see, the Great Reason of the Chinese; and he is incarnate in all mankind no less than in Jesus Christ, only that in Him, as the leader of the race, the ideal man, this identity of nature with the Godhead attained to distinct self-consciousness. It is the old bait: 'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' The Hegelian apotheosis of man, the doctrine of human omniscience, as at all events our destiny, even if modesty must admit that we have not quite reached the goal as yet, this is what underlies the whole. As a consequence we have the reduction to a *minimum*, if not to *nil*, of the supernatural element in Scripture, as something which the great 'I' cannot make out, and which, therefore, must be got rid of somehow or other. For this purpose we see once more dished up the cold *crambe* of the 'great discoveries' in biblical criticism made by Eichhorn, Hitzig, Knobel, Ewald, *et omne genus id*, with the addition of a few original ones by way of garnish to set them off, or of zest to get them down. It must be granted that the talented *maitre d'hôtel* has shown much tact in seasoning these somewhat stale delicacies so as to hit the popular taste. He has avowedly aimed to bring down the results arrived at by the researches of his favourites to the level of the commonest understanding. Indeed, it is this which constitutes the distinctive feature of his work, and which gives it more importance than—viewed simply in a controversial aspect—it would otherwise possess. In raising once more the drooping standard of Rationalism, his tactics evidently are to appeal to the reading public at large against the ever more and more

unfavourable sentence of the schools. Learning has become orthodox, so that heterodoxy has no other chance than to invoke the echo of the erudite unbelief of former days, which still lingers amongst the crowd. Illuminism, checkmated in the academical senates—witness Herzog's *Protestant Theological Encyclopedia*, with its hundred professorial pens, of which six volumes are already published, has descended into the streets, and it is Bunsen (*proh! pudor*) who heads the new revolt. That in spirit and in candour he contrasts very favourably with some former leaders, we gladly concede. But, in plain terms, that is our view of the significance of his book. The following passage from his Preface will afford any thoughtful and attentive reader, we imagine, some inkling of his stand-point in relation to what all, save our modern Gnostics, understand by *revealed religion*:—

‘Let us consider the problem before us more closely and in a more concrete shape. We have before us a world-historical development of enlightened individuals (*Personlichkeiten*) and nations during almost three thousand years before Christ,\* from Abraham onwards, and during eighteen centuries after Him. Mankind's consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstsein*) throughout this development is grounded on the assumption of eternal laws regulating the moral Cosmos. The faith of all historical religions flows from this assumption of a moral, living order of the world, apprehended in God, according to which the good is at the same time the only true, and the true the only good.

‘Here five questions force themselves upon our attention:—

‘First, Is this faith actually attested in the world's history according to the facts in our possession?

‘Secondly, Do the phenomena of this consciousness of God develop themselves in an organic series?

‘Thirdly, Is Christianity really the religion for the world?

‘Fourthly, Can its present ecclesiastical formulæ and forms be regarded as normal and healthy?

‘Fifthly, Will the devotional element—religion considered as worship—cease, and philosophical contemplation be its heiress?

‘Should the first two questions be answered from the stand-point of universal history in the affirmative, two truths of immense significance would be acknowledged; one relating to the destiny of mankind, and another which concerns the divinity and the laws of the moral Cosmos.

‘For, if the first question be replied to in the affirmative, it must at the same time be owned by every man who thinks logically, that that consciousness of God and that faith before spoken of is an innate common-good, the inheritance of mankind, not something accidental or conventional, but something original, and accordingly that it is and abides a perpetual necessity of mankind.

\* This is Bunsen's chronology, founded on the break-neck speculations propounded in his *Egypt*. We, of course, do not answer for its correctness.

‘ If the second question be, in like manner, answered in the affirmative, it must be acknowledged, according to a like inward necessity, that the consciousness of God is not merely a phenomenon of finite existence, and accordingly nothing more, perhaps, than a subjective belief, but that there corresponds to it an objective truth. In that case there is revealed in the history of the world nothing less than the Divinity itself, and the laws of the intellectual Cosmos are just as positive, and still more comprehensible, than the laws which regulate the movements of the heavenly bodies; they are divine, like those of the physical Cosmos, and within the cognizance of our intellect, just as that is.

‘ Supposing the third question also to be answered affirmatively, and the acknowledgment made that Christianity, as revealed in the Gospel, is the true religion, we thereby acknowledge also the fact, that it cannot but prove itself true philosophically, no less than historically. The recognition and presentation, as truths of reason, of the doctrines historically revealed therein, must be the scope of the philosophy of the intellect, and their realization as such in the State must be the final purpose of revelation and of history—or Christianity is not true. But its study in the light of the world’s history proves it to be true.

‘ Accordingly the fourth and fifth questions also are answered, viz., in the negative. Thus the partition-wall between History and Revelation, between Reason and Faith, falls to the ground. But in like manner also must be given up, as wholly inadequate, every view according to which the historical facts of the religious development would be destitute of any other value than an elementary and pedagogic one. Thus, then, down goes Scholasticism in the first place, both that of the Greek and Latin Churches, and that of the Protestant, the Lutheran especially; and, in like manner, the dream of Romanticism and the Middle Ages. But not less does the Vulgar Rationalism of the last century fall to the ground, which sees in Revelation, just as in the whole of history, nothing more than outward facts, just as though there could be a higher revelation of reason than that which we find in history. In the next place must be given up, as unfruitful, all unhistorical philosophy of religion, no less than the unphilosophical treatment of religion as though it were an outward history or outward institutions. But the chief thing is the downfall of every pretension on the part of any outward institution to the possession of infallible authority for the truth of the present formulæ and forms, in so far as, although in conflict with history and philosophy, they claim to be essential.

But there stands unshaken, and surrounded with a glory never beheld before, the most ancient truth; and four eternal realities present themselves in their full divine import. First, *Christ*, as the personal realization of the idea of humanity. Secondly, the moral and rational *Personality*, as the subject of the religious consciousness, aware of its responsibility to God. Thirdly, the *Congregation*, organizing itself synodically and nationally, in other words, humanity,



in its highest expression, as the realizing and judicial power. Fourthly, the *Bible*, as the Divine Objectivity answering to the personal and congregational consciousness, as the mirror of universal history, and, in the highest sense, the Word of God to mankind.

'Only by the recognition of these three divine-human factors of universal history—viz., Christ as the example, the moral personality, and the legitimately ordered congregation, these last being regarded as the subjects of the consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstseins*),—and by according to the Word of God to mankind, reflected, with Christ as the focus, in the Bible, the authority of the Spirit's law-book for spiritual beings—only in this way, I repeat, can the unhappy schism which rends humanity asunder come to an end. I refer, in the first place, to the schism between that which may be thought out, and a faith which it is not possible to carry out in the sphere of thought. Next, to the conflict between that which has actually come to pass, and that which places itself beyond the range of the law of history, and yet for that very reason demands faith as though it had really happened. According to this view philosophy and history are no longer the antagonists of piety and revelation, but join with them in that worship of God, in spirit and in truth, which can never cease. For this faith, founded on reason and conscience, leads not only to true civilization, but also impels us towards the love of our brethren more powerfully than any species of fanaticism. It alone will succeed in vanquishing the selfishness of individuals, and must in course of time bring in the realization of the kingdom of truth and righteousness over the whole earth. It alone will put an end to all mysteries of nature and magical rites in Christianity, as the Apostles insist and as the Spirit enjoins. It will cause forms of worship to spring up everywhere in the power of the Spirit of Christ out of the Bible and out of the consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstsein*) in the congregation; divine worship based on the grateful vow of the believing soul to promote the kingdom of God by a life of self-sacrificing love. Lastly, it will conduct in this way to the final goal of all historical development, to free and humanized States.'—pp. xl.—xliv.

It is obvious at a glance, that the boasted reconciliation between science and religion, spoken of so buoyantly in this extract, is nothing else than an *absorptive* union, which may suit the philosophers very well, but to which Christians feel very serious objections. Of course if the fundamental *petitio principii* be granted, that the doctrines of the Gospel must admit of presentation 'as truths of reason,' or Christianity is not true, the Hegelians have no further quarrel with the Church; for they now have it all their own way. There is then, verily, no distinction, no 'partition-wall' between 'History and Revelation,' and 'Reason and Faith' are but different names for one and the self-same thing. But this is precisely the Mulakoff for which the two parties are fighting; and we maintain that the admission that

'the study of Christianity in the light of universal history demonstrates its truth,' hands over to us this key of the position. For on the face of it, Christianity professes to be a discovery of truths *above* reason—a fact for which a hundred millions of readers of its records, friends and foes alike, are prepared to vouch. Even Bunsen's countrymen have found out at last that they must give up either Hegel or Christ, and hence the utter prostration of German philosophy at the present hour. In vain does Bunsen try to cheat himself into the belief that 'she is not dead but sleepeth.' It is a school which always ignored the fact of a resurrection, and according to its faith so will it be with it. The marvel is, that a system which renders it impossible to say why God should not worship man, instead of man worshipping God, should ever have gained a hold upon a nation calling itself Christian.

Thus far as to the stand-point of our author. He is a decided Rationalist, though fervidly anxious for reconciliation with the great mass of believers in the Bible, if it may be had on his own somewhat overweening and exorbitant terms. As such we cannot hope much from his promised new translation of the Bible with a commentary, to which the work before us is generally understood to be introductory. Whether this threatened addition to the already pretty plentiful stock of German versions of the Scriptures will ever come to anything must be very uncertain, considering his time of life. We have not observed that he says anything very definite of the project in these pages,\* and it may very possibly turn out to be one of his many 'dropped motions.' He is a very fertile writer, and his *Egypt*, the great labour of his life is, we see, at last completed. But two more volumes of the present work have to be written, and the *Signs of the Times* still remains a fragment. We may therefore safely regard his *God in History*, at all events till we hear further tidings of the new Bible and commentary, as an independent production. Since Miss Winkworth is about to present it to the English reading world under the sanction of the author, it more immediately concerns ourselves than had its circulation been limited to Germany; though even in that case, its appearance would not have been without interest here. Accordingly we will do our best within the limits allowed us to give our readers some general idea of its contents. Since the author himself furnishes an epitome of it, this will not be very difficult.

The second title is more explanatory of its nature than the first, which, besides laying the author open to something like a charge of

\* There is a passing reference to it in p. 253.

plagiarism from Dr. Cumming, who has published a work with the same superscription, is far too vague. The treatise professes to give an outline of the history of the growth of the consciousness of God amongst mankind, or to speak in more popular language, of religion considered as the great lever in the development and civilization of our race. With Bunsen, however, religion would seem to be nothing more than belief in a Providence, or as he himself phrases it, in the moral ordering of the world. This, according to him, is the faith which really justifies and saves. If we wish to know what he means by God, we have his reply in the following luminous sentences, as he doubtless deems them, in which, too, we find his definition of the soul, and his view of the bearing of philosophical speculation on the study of universal history:—

'Philosophically we are concerned with the knowledge of the development of what *becomes* out of what *is*, i. e., out of the Absolute, the Subject-Object. This derivation, however, is only possible, according to the author, through mediation of the three supreme revelations of the Unconditioned, as the highest Good, as the unconditionally True, as the perfectly Beautiful. The good is the revelation of God as that of the Eternal Subject, the true as that of the Eternal Object, the Beautiful as that of the perfected Unity of both, i. e., of Thought and Being. To these three infinite objectivities correspond in the finite the three faculties of the soul; the faculty of desire or the will, the faculty of knowing or the reason, and the faculty of intuitive contemplation, or the unity of both, which is usually styled the power of imagination or fancy. The author regards the unity of the former, to us objective, Three, as the Godhead, and the unity of the latter three subjective faculties, as the Soul.'

In this extract the reader will at once recognise, under the obscure jargon in which it is veiled, the same system of modified Hegelianism which pervades the author's *Hippolytus*, and will assuredly *not* recognise in the Eternal Subject, the Eternal Object, and the Perfect Unity of both, the Christian Trinity. As to the soul, it is openly spoken of in the former work as 'a part of the self-consciousness of God before all finite existence,' which throws light upon what is said of it in the present passage. If any think that it would follow from this, that as co-eternal with God, of whose self-consciousness it forms a part, it must necessarily be uncreated, Bunsen would demur to the conclusion, since he knows of (p. xiv.) an *eternal*, as well as a temporal creation. 'History,' he says, 'is the work of the consciousness of God, just as the creation, *both the eternal and the temporal*, is God's own work.'

But enough of these Pantheistic transcendentalisms. They abound most in the preface and in the former half of the first book, which is introductory to the whole. The latter half is a

spirited direct address to the reader on the worth of the Bible as the book of mankind, with a view to bespeak due attention to the following book :—

‘ This (*second* book) exhibits the fundamental characteristics of the consciousness of God amongst the Hebrews ; the *third*, the consciousness of God amongst the Hellenes and Romans. Amongst the Hellenes predominate thought and its ideal realization in art, historiography, poetry and science. In the instance of the Romans, that which presents itself as great in the light of universal history is the realization of the moral idea of God in the State by means of jurisprudence and law. A similar relationship is seen in the *fourth* book, which treats of the consciousness of God amongst the Christian nations, inasmuch as in the case of the Romanic and Teutonic peoples, the preponderance is towards the Hellenic or intellectual side, whilst in the case of the British Anglo-Saxons, it inclines towards the Roman or ethical. The *fifth* book exhibits the consciousness of God in its scientific form.’

In each of these four intermediate and descriptive books (ii.—v.) the Chevalier's plan is to begin with the popular view of things, the national consciousness, and to end with the scientific and philosophical (wherever this point of development is reached at all), between which come the formation of states, the creations of art, and the cultivation of literature, both poetry and prose. Thus far he avowedly follows the method of treating the history of religion laid down by Schelling and Hegel. But he takes no small credit to himself on the score of the special prominence he throughout assigns to great leading *personages*, as not only constituting the main factors of history in general, but also, and most emphatically, as the fountains of tradition and legendary lore. He is never weary of repeating that the source of all life and the only possible human cause of development is the conscious personality, the individual more enlightened than his fellows ; and though this is not exactly a new discovery, yet its distinct and emphatic presentation as a scientific law of history is, so far as we know, really original. At this point we cannot do better than allow him to continue his own *résumé* of the work :—

‘ When we enter somewhat more into the history itself, which we are endeavouring to exhibit, we find the idea of humanity developed for the first time in individual personalities of high standing amongst the Hebrews ; and Abraham, Moses, Elias, Jeremiah, and their companions are actually the leading personages as regards the whole of mankind ; their ideas have founded the universal history of spirit, and, through its means, new world-empires and new civilization, and their significance for every one who contemplates the world from a moral point of view will never cease.

'Side by side, with this Hebrew development, we find, as a younger development, going on quite apart from the other, an Iranian idea of humanity, which attains substantial existence in the Hellenes, first in those of Asia Minor, then in those of Europe, and at length reaches its climax in Socrates and his age.

'We now see both elements, after the political downfall of both nations, blend to form the new world. And how? Through the impulse which Jesus of Nazareth, that unique Personage in the history of the world, communicated to mankind. Accordingly His personality stands before us as mediating between two worlds. In order to the living reception and effectual carrying out of [the ideas of] this personality, a new national life was needed. This appeared in the Germans. The nature of the Germanic life displayed itself first in the phase of German-Romanism, blended with the Celtic element, and then as pure German spiritual power. When the Germans became Christianized, the church view of the religion of the world was on the point of passing over into a stereotyped Scholastic philosophy, which took none but a conventional account of the idea, and of nature and history no account at all. When this philosophy had outlived itself, and become childish, it wanted to tyrannize over the intellect which had now attained to consciousness. Thus the clergy kindled the catastrophe of their own fate. In the new humanity of the last four centuries as it awoke to consciousness, the investigation of the ancient classical world took its place as a human means of culture (study of Humanity\*), side by side with that of the Semitic documents, which Christians style the Scriptures of the Old Testament, and with Semitism in general. Thus the Bible and the classics became the two great pillars, the substructure of human culture and European civilization. Gradually the whole science of man, and the investigation of the writings and monuments of the ancient world in the interests of humanity, were added. Parallel with this development of thought proceeded the restoration of the old German state life, and the civilizing of common life. The stream of life swelled. Out of the chrysalis of the Mediæval corporations sprang forth real national life, and as it bounded aloft, national prejudices and exclusiveness were gradually refined into the humanitarian sentiment.

'When now we glance back from this world-historical development to the world-historical import of the monuments, which that holiest portion of the history of which we first spoke has left behind, we find it to be incontrovertible matter of fact, that mankind possesses but one such monument, and that this is the Bible.

'Accordingly, no less from the stand-point of science, than from that of the necessities of the present time, must we seek to understand, free from all theological systems, that remarkable book in its world-historical import. This, it seemed to the author, might best be done, after the above philosophico-historical explanations, by entering into the spiritual conflicts of the present time, so far as they stand in

\* In the Academical sense of the term.

an inward connexion with the consciousness of God, and into the relation of these present circumstances to the Bible, as the world-mirror for mankind.

‘The second part of this first and introductory book consists, accordingly, of such a preliminary discussion.

‘The *sixth* and last book, again, is made up of the fundamental outlines of a method for the understanding of the Bible in the light of universal history.’

From the Chevalier's eloquent commendation of the Bible to the reader, supposed to be painfully oscillating between the opposite and yet related tendencies to scepticism and superstition, foiled at every turn, and ready to sink a victim to despair, we gladly extract the following, which, though not untainted with the vicious influence of his false philosophy, must be allowed to be a fine passage upon the whole:—

‘To whatever quarter you may look, nothing, save the moral conscience and the world's history is left you. But it is not outward histories you desire to learn. No, it is the history of thine own spirit and of its eternal primeval thought (!) during the thousands of years that thou wantest to contemplate, and that in the mirror of a historical book comprehensible to all. For if thine aim be of the right kind, thou takest thought for thy brethren. Should there exist a book containing the history of God amongst the children of men, that, for certain, must be the code whose sure and infallible interpreter might and must be the all-uniting Spirit. Yes, that is what thou seekest. It must be a book which speaks to thee of reality, and accordingly of what is temporal; which tells thee what kind of consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstsein*) has actually governed the world's history. But you as little desire an outward history as a philosophical system; a pious legend, moreover, as little as a profoundly significant myth. The book must possess a true historical core, and must reflect for thee true personal and human consciousness. It must have a unity within itself, a centre of light to clear up what is obscure, and an inner element answering to the outward. It must show thee what is eternal and what is temporal, the eternal as temporal and the temporal as eternal. It must give thee an answer to the questions: Whence comes this race of man? Whither goes it? for on that point, ultimately, thou layest all the stress; something within thee asks for knowledge of this kind, no longer out of curiosity, or thirst for learned information. It is the purely human within thee which, with divine power, impels thee to ask, Whence came I? Whither am I going? What must I become?

‘But just because there is this longing within thee, because this faith lives in thee, the belief that the realities of history, rightly viewed, go forth to meet such a longing, and warrant it, the belief that there must exist such a divine response precisely for our times; for this very reason, I say, mankind is in possession of such a book. This book is

called by thy people, is called by the world in which thou livest, 'The Book,' 'The Scripture;' and in the highest sense is The Book.

'The Book' is its name, for it is the Book of mankind, which is God's own congregation. In the congregation and out of the midst of the congregation did it originate; it belongs to mankind as the great universal congregation spread over the earth and throughout the centuries. The Christian possesses the larger half in common with the Jew; the Mohammedan nations, the youngest children of the Book, acknowledge both its heroes, and preach in harmony with them.

'The histories of this book are God's Word to mankind. A Word, it is true, in servant form; but so is everything Divine which moves over the earth: so is the Divinity itself, as eternal thought of co-eternal existence in the world. A book of fragments, it is true; but in these fragments breathe a living spirit. A book, it is true, composed in poor speech, but in words which do not pass away, since every human heart bears witness to them. A book of thousands of years, full of seeming contradictions, like nature and man, and the history of our race; yet ever young and one in itself by virtue of the unity of the Spirit, whence it proceeded, just as creation is one in itself, with all its oppositions, yes and even by means of its oppositions. A book of the wise, and yet intelligible to every child, in the same way as the nature of God, *i.e.*, according to the measure of its understanding; a book written in dead languages, and yet eternally living in the tongues of the nations.

'Open its first and last leaves. The first tell thee whence thou comest and whither thou goest. From God to God, from the Eternal through the temporal to the Eternal. They tell you, you will what you ought, if you only resist as little the eternal laws of your being, as the earth, on which you walk, the power of attraction. What they tell thee, has preserved mankind during thousands of years from the most perilous bypaths; from unbelief in the form of the worship of fate, or in the shape of the absurd opinion of chance, or of the assumption of a schism within the eternal thought itself (Fatalism, Epicureanism, Dualism).

'That, and much else besides, which may grow clear and intelligible to thee, the first leaves of that book mean and say. But the last leaves, that mysterious book of the revelations of a seer, with which this Bible closes, are they not sealed with seven seals? Only believe, and thou loosest them all, if thou hast received within thee God's message of salvation, and if from the centre of this consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstsein*), thou lookest within thee and around thee, and with reason and moral earnestness contemplatest the eighteen hundred years which lie between these visions and thine own times. Then, perhaps, the book will tell thee moreover, that as then so now an old world is near its end, and that the present time is pregnant with a new one—on this earth, in this generation of the children of men.

'Only with all this forget not one thing: That which is outside

ourselves must be learned in order to be understood; and no man knows what he has not learned—neither your clergy and popular orators nor you yourself. Hast thou really ennobled thy curiosity into a thirst for knowledge, thy thirst for knowledge into a thirst for salvation, and brought thy thirst for salvation into harmony with love and reason before searching into the mysteries of the world's order, and its revelations?"—Pp. 92—96.

In this passage there is much to which we object: but who does not see how the religious feeling of the author gets the better in general of his Gnostic headpiece? We are scarcely over the threshold of the second book, however, into which he thus ushers us, ere we begin to feel half stifled in the atmosphere of Rationalism in which we find ourselves. The introductory sections profess to give an account of the distinctive character of the consciousness of God (*Gottesbewusstsein*) as it existed amongst the Hebrews. Their two great fundamental ideas, we are told, were the unity of the human race, and the conception of a kingdom of God. Man formed in the image of God, and the destiny of mankind to become ultimately the subjects of a universal kingdom of righteousness and truth, this is the substance of the teaching of the law and the prophets. Prophecy is next treated of, and is resolved into magnetic clairvoyance, self-induced at the will of the seer, but distinguished from that of our Regent-street *séances*, by not being mercenary and by being employed for moral ends. In an additional section on the subject, the author insists strongly on the necessity of conceding more scope to the quasi-supernatural element in prophecy, than the Rationalist expositors are in the habit of doing, although, of course, nothing beyond the phenomena of magnetic clairvoyance is on any account to be admitted. The last of these introductory sections shows from the name Jehovah, and from another name of God, *Ani-hu* ('I am He'), employed in the so-called song of Moses (*Deut.* xxxii. 39), (which composition, however, Bunsen attributes to the time of Israel's subjugation under Chushan-Rishathaim,) the necessity of acknowledging a metaphysical element in the Hebrew consciousness of God. In these designations of the Divine Being he finds, as usual, his own philosophical system, although he does not go so far as to assert that the Hebrew seers were themselves such deep thinkers, as to draw such momentous conclusions from them.

Our minds being thus suitably prepared we are now admitted without further ceremony into the presence of 'the four leading personages who represent the Hebrew consciousness of God.' These are, Abraham the friend of God, Moses the lawgiver and prophet, Elijah the seer and popular leader, and Jeremiah the



prophet of the falling kingdom. Here the criticism of the old-fashioned Rationalist septuagenarian of Eichhorn's school forthwith comes into play, and the handle once turned, the well-remembered tunes are ground off to the end. Our oldest accounts of Abraham's life were written in the age of David and Solomon, but the supplementary writer of the eighth century before the Christian era, to whom we owe the Book of Genesis in its present form, has added much valuable matter. What we have to believe about Abraham on the strength of these late traditions is summed up thus:—'To express the thing in one sentence: Abraham is the oldest moral personality in the world's history; the revelation made to him is, like all true revelation, internal history of the spirit within itself, and accredited to Abraham by its moral reasonableness, by the power of the act of faith to bless, and, in the light of the world's history, by the human character of the thought arrived at, and by its permanent effects down to the present time.' Abraham, in fact, was simply a great reformer, who substituted circumcision as a less abhorrent and more moral expression of the profound idea which lay at the basis of the human sacrifices of his Mesopotamian countrymen, viz., 'that the natural must perish and be absorbed into the spiritual, and the finite be consumed by the infinite.' This led to his being persecuted as a heretic and blasphemer of Moloch, and to his exile from his fatherland to Canaan, where his posterity became the depositaries of this earliest form of Protestantism.

Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, where, as we learn from the newly-published sequel of the Chevalier's great work on the history of that country, they had sojourned about fifteen centuries, till, at the instigation of the Washington who headed their revolt, the angel of death, in the shape of a numerous army of Palestinian Shepherds (the Hyksos), smote the first-born of that devoted land. With such new light reflected from the monuments of the Nile valley, we may well hold cheap the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch! In fact, that lawgiver wrote hardly anything—nothing at all, indeed, so far as we can discover from this section of the work; though elsewhere, it is conceded that the ninetieth Psalm may possibly be from his pen. Many, however, of the religious and political institutions of the Jews are really to be traced to him; but such ordinances as are of an outward character were for the most part only wrung from him as concessions to the rude condition of the people. The statements that God 'talked with him as a man talks with his friend,' and that he 'saw the face of God,' import his profound faith in the moral

ordering of the world, just as in like manner his call upon Mount Horeb is explained as a purely subjective transaction. For the Japhetic equivalent of the Semitic expression, 'the face of God,' is simply 'Providence.' The only authority we possess for the facts of his eventful life, is an 'epic' description belonging to the times subsequent to Solomon.

Our accounts of Elijah, in Kings, have also come down to us in no other form than a late narrative, 'in which we readily perceive a mixture of scanty historical notices with popular sagas.' His triumph over the priests of Baal at Mount Carmel, for instance, was due to the people's sense of the powerful contrast between the orgiastic rites of his rivals, and the holy seer's simple prayer, inspired by reason and conscience. The voice of the Lord to him at Horeb, was nothing more than an inward voice. Bunsen even hints that our Lord's words (Matt. xi. 11) concerning John the Baptist, '*If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come,*' prove Him to have been a Rationalist.

'This saying,' he remarks, 'affords the surest canon for the understanding of Malachi's prophecy, and all of a like kind. Only he can appropriate this word of Jesus, who apprehends the prophecy spiritually, that is, rationally. How easy, from the stand-point of the old and modern Phariseeism and Sadduceeism, to lay hold of these words and to charge Jesus of Nazareth with doing violence to the Word of God, with unbelief or hypocrisy, falsehood, and fanaticism, on account of this expression! Either (it might have been said) thou believest in the prophecy or not; we have here to do not with a subjective view, nor with evasive phrases: come, speak out, and either do homage to the popular belief, or to reason! Such at that time was the spirit of the hypocrites, sophists, and blockheads! And so at all times!'

Bunsen himself does not believe that Malachi, in any sense, predicted the appearance of John; but thinks he meant by his Elijah, 'the promised Deliverer of the oppressed and subjugated people, who was to appear upon the earth before the day of judgment;' and he appeals in support of this view, to John's own answer in the negative to the deputation from the Sanhedrim. To us, the Evangelist John's remark appended to his account of the deputation, 'And they that were sent were of the *Pharisees*,' seems highly significant, and is to be understood as an intimation that the question—'Art thou Elias?' was addressed to the Baptist in the *Pharisaic* sense of a metempsychosis, and was accordingly answered by Him in the negative. But whether this or any other solution of the apparent contradiction between our Lord and His forerunner be preferred, nothing can justify the

indecenty of the passage cited. On which side, in the controversy between the Hegelians and their opponents, lies the scepticism of the Sadducees combined with the arrogance of the Pharisees, must be left to the consciences of the parties; but that for all who call themselves Christians, there is One who ought never to be degraded from the dignity of the Judge to the level of a litigant in our angry contentions, there cannot be two opinions. The Saviour's language, we need hardly say, was not, as is pretty plainly insinuated, of an evasive kind,—such as we too often get from the Rationalists when asked, for instance, whether He really rose from the dead. He did not mean to say, 'John is the Elias of Malachi, if you are weak enough to believe it;' but something quite the reverse—viz., 'If your faith is sufficiently strong not to be staggered by the seeming contrast between the great worker of miracles, Elias, and John, who works none, if you are willing (*ἂν θέλατε*) to receive the truth, this reed shaken by the wind is the Elijah of the prophet.' Of course, Bunsen, who makes short work of the Old Testament accounts of Elijah's miracles by branding them as 'popular sagas,' could not interpret the words thus; but he had no right to attribute to Jesus his own 'canon' for the Rationalistic exegesis of prophecy.

After Elijah comes Jeremiah, whose heroic ministry he describes with glowing eloquence. We are glad to find that he concedes the substantial fulfilment of his prediction of the Seventy years' Captivity, though how he explains the fact on his theory of mere clairvoyance or introspection (*schauen*), he leaves us at a loss to say. Further on, we find him dilating upon the prophet's sufferings, in what strikes us at once as being a very exaggerated style. The picture, with all our sense of the hardships of Jeremiah's incarcerations, is palpably overdrawn, and we are amazed to find so stern a critic as Bunsen fondling the legend found in some of the Christian fathers, that the bold confessor was at last even stoned to death as a blasphemer. Little by little, light dawns upon us, and we begin to divine the drift of all this. It is even so. The great discovery is in due time modestly announced. Jeremiah is the 'Servant of God,' so prominent in the latter half of Isaiah (chap. xl.—lxvi.). The iceberg whose neighbourhood we suspected from the freezing sensations we felt, is down upon us at last. Our most sacred associations are outraged. The fifty-third chapter, the Holy of Holies of the Old Testament, its very Calvary, is invaded afresh by a Jewish conceit, for which the Rabbi (Saadias, A.D. 892—942) who first invented it may be allowed the excuse of desperation, but which certainly does no credit to the Christian Doctor of Divinity who shows himself so proud of the achievement of its independent origination.

Our critic further boasts of having succeeded in identifying not only the illustrious Sufferer in that chapter, but also the Great Unknown, to whom Rationalism, which could never forgive Isaiah for mentioning Cyrus by name a couple of centuries too early, long since attributed the so-called Appendix to that prophet. It is Baruch, Jeremiah's disciple, who has described with such pathos his master's martyrdom. 'A generation after Jeremiah, and, if we mistake not, by that disciple of this greatest of all the prophets, whose prophecies have been appended by the Synagogue to Isaiah, this great word was spoken:—'The true victory over the world is the sacrifice of the teacher who consciously offers himself up for the salvation of his people and of mankind from sin.' Our readers perceive that we refer to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and to the Servant of God who 'is there depicted.' Baruch, indeed, makes for the first time a very great figure here. The Chevalier who, since he agrees with others in rejecting the Apocryphal book ascribed to him, possesses no criterion by which to judge of his style, is yet resolved to make him a great literary character. Here is a list of some of his writings, with their respective dates:—

A	B.C. 580	The Lamentations.
B	570	Desolation and Future Deliverance of Zion and Judah. Is. xxiv.—xxvii.
C	559 555	Vision of the Fall of Babylon. Is. xxi. 1—10.
D	555	Epistle to the Jews in Chaldaea. Jer. l. li.
E	554 546	The World's Jubilee Song over Babylon's Fall. Is. xiii. xiv.
F	545	Edom and Israel, Ruin and Redemption. Is. xxxiv. xxxv.
G		The Glad Tidings of the New Jerusalem, and of the Suppression of all Idolatry. Is. xl.—lxvi.

Besides these numerous and important productions, Baruch is the author of the Book of Job; although there was previously extant an Aramaic popular legend, but with no more pretensions to be considered a real history than the *Thousand and One Nights*. Of this composition of Baruch, and its twin product of the Hebrew Philosophy, Ecclesiastes, our author speaks as follows.—'Job is a Semitic drama of the time of the Captivity. The dramatic element is evolved out of the epos, without attaining to an independent shape. The narrative itself is of Arabian origin, and was known a long time before Ezekiel, by means of an Aramaic popular book. Ecclesiastes is a purely contemplative doubting work of the later Persian period. The person of Solomon therein is only drapery, as the conclusion itself expressly

'says, (?) although such a remark is quite superfluous.' He pays Baruch a high compliment when he says the stand-point of the book of Job is that of 'the German philosophy from Leibnitz to Hegel, although without its dialectic forms.' One or two other items of the Rationalist stock-in-trade remain. For instance, the faded tricolor Zechariah. To the two prophets of that name recognised by the elder pundits of the school—viz., the son of Iddo, (chap. i.—viii.), and the son of Jeberechiah, (ix.—xi.), we have now the name of the third added, to whom the remainder of the book belongs—viz., Urijah, the son of Shemaiah, (Jer. xxvi. 20—23). Of Hengstenberg's masterly refutation of the entire scheme no notice is taken. Again, that oft-exploded device of the pagan Porphyry, the Maccabean Daniel, is vamped up afresh, with a very novel embellishment, it is true—viz., that Daniel himself (whom other Rationalists besides allow to have been an historical personage, although not the author of the book that bears his name) lived, in the time, not of the Babylonian, but of the *Assyrian* captivity! The history of Jonah is expressly styled a myth, spun, as Bunsen believes, out of certain figurative expressions of the prayer in the second chapter (vv. 2, 3, 5), which he admits to be the genuine production of the Hebrew prophet of that name. He compares the fable of Arion carried through the sea on the back of a dolphin, which he thinks was developed in like manner out of Arion's *Hymn to Poseidon*, preserved by Ælian. This must be admitted to be as ingenious as it certainly is perverse. Of the objection from our Lord's words, Matt. xii. 40, he gets rid by the flippant assertion, that these words are those of the narrator, not those of Jesus. This is what Johnson called 'knocking a man down whom you cannot shoot fairly with the butt-end of the pistol.'

Our space will not permit us to follow the Chevalier through the remaining portions of the volume. They treat of the leading ideas embodied in the general view of things taken by the Prophets and Psalmists respectively, of the Hebrew consciousness of God as exemplified in the national polity and philosophy; and lastly, of the beliefs and aspirations of the two centuries before Christ; the whole concluding with a comparison of the Hebrew with the Pagan-Semitic and Mohammedan religions. By way of appendix, we have a number of Excursus, relating to biblical questions, which could not be so fully discussed in the body of the work.

There is much in all these sections which we had noted for remark; but the Christian feelings of our readers must have been already sufficiently pained by our previous exposures. As for the Chevalier, we must leave the psychological problem,

to which we referred at the outset, unsolved. We admire him for his genius, his learning, and the noble stand he has made for religious freedom, and we by no means underrate him for his many and great virtues both public and private. But how, with his evident desires, and his earnestly expressed intentions, to labour in these pages for the *restoration* of belief in the Bible, he could have treated it as he has done, we are utterly at a loss to comprehend. But we see what havoc the *πρωτον ψευδος* of a false philosophy, the impossibility of a miracle, makes in the pleasant paradise of the soul, even in the case of the very best disposed. What trees of life it roots up, what rivers of truth it cuts off at the fountain-head, what paths of softest sward, and green alleys of delight, it strews with rugged flint! This plan of pacification, what is it but to make a wilderness, and call it peace? You tell us the Bible is the Book of Mankind, and you confiscate it for the use of the few dozens of believers in the Almighty Syllogism; that it is the Mirror of the World's History, and you dash it into a thousand fragments!

To ourselves, as Englishmen, the publication before us suggests some weighty lessons. The author, as we have seen, has lived among us so long as to have become, in his general opinions and tastes, more than half an Englishman. He is, moreover, a man of strong religious feeling. But what must be the natural tendencies of that 'higher criticism,' as it is called, among our German neighbours, seeing the work it has done even in such a mind? The Hegelian, pantheistic jargon, which pervades this performance, and the sweep of destruction which the author sends over the documentary proofs of revealed religion, while still professing himself a believer in it, give us a significant token of what we may ourselves expect from the prevalence of such speculations in this country. We may hope, indeed, that our English common sense will be found proof against not a little of this nonsense; and an influence much above that will, as we earnestly trust, be vouchsafed to us. But the tendency of things on which we have to reckon, and which it will behove us to oppose ceaselessly and to the utmost, is that which seems to aim at showing how small a residuum of anything really Christian may be retained, and a man be still entitled to call himself a Christian. The effect of this licence in Germany has been, as we have shown, so destructive of everything that may be honestly called Christianity, that the rush now is in the direction of a servile Puseyism, as a half-way house, we fear, towards a still more servile Romanism. An utter contempt of the past has thus prepared the way for a base surrender to it. Chevalier Bunsen looks on with amazement, and would call the renegades from their course, not

seeing that it has been precisely such teaching as his that has put them on this false track, and that every utterance he makes acts upon them only as a stronger impetus Romeward. We hope to be more than ever vigilant as to what is doing among ourselves in this way. Sound and honest criticism we shall be prepared to welcome, come whence it may; but we shall spare no pains to expose the pretentious, the hollow, and the mischievous.

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ART. IX.—*Papers relative to Disturbances in China.*  
Presented to Parliament. 1857.

THE question which has been put to issue by the Dissolution of Parliament is, substantially, whether the Government of this country is to be conducted henceforth by the present Ministers, or is to be transferred to a combination of parties whose distinguishing characteristics, if installed in power, resting neither in their Chinese policy nor in their general principles of domestic legislation, would be marked simply by a difference of administrative ability. For while, on the one hand, it is generally agreed that the leaders of opposite parties in the House of Commons have long ceased to be actuated by any broad distinctions in their first principles of home government, it is clear, on the other, that whatever were the Administration now in power, it would have no alternative but to adopt the Eastern policy initiated by Sir John Bowring, and sanctioned by Lord Palmerston.

The latter of these considerations is very obvious. If Lord Palmerston's Government had unhappily withdrawn in consequence of the recent decision of the House of Commons, a new Administration must have been formed upon the principle either of adopting, as now inevitable, a line of policy which its members, nevertheless, professedly condemned, or of yielding to the insults and the perfidy of the Chinese Commissioner. In the former event, the only appreciable result would have been found in an increased difficulty of bringing the Chinese authorities to terms. In the latter, the massacre of our subjects in China, for which such a decision would be the signal, and the consequent extinction of our eastern trade, would have involved us, not in a renewal of the present isolated measures of retaliation, but in the prosecution of a deadly war.

If the necessity of this alternative were not too clear to call for any auxiliary illustration, such an illustration might fairly be drawn from an analysis of that grotesque quaternion—represented by Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Cobden—under whose momentary union Lord Palmerston's Government sustained an exceptional defeat. Now, it is well known that Lord John Russell was himself the organ, in the House of Commons, of the Government under which the Chinese war of 1840 and 1841 was instituted; and which, whether right or wrong in the adoption of that policy—and we firmly believe them to have been right—based their *casus belli* upon grounds of complaint virtually similar to those under which the present retaliation, on the part of our forces, has been taken. It will also be remembered that the war thus commenced by Lord Melbourne's Ministry was vehemently opposed by the leaders of the Conservative party up to the period of their accession to power in August, 1841, when they immediately were transformed into vigorous supporters of a belligerent policy. Lord Derby became Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, and assumed the immediate responsibility—not of sending out, in the recent words of Mr. Gladstone, 'a message of mercy and peace'—but of earnestly prosecuting hostilities. Lord Aberdeen, meanwhile, was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; nor did Sir James Graham fail to share the custody of the signet with those two Ministers. Mr. Gladstone, during the continuance of a war thus anticipating great commercial ends, was Vice President of the Board—we allude to the Board of Trade—as most directly interested in its prosecution. Mr. Disraeli, meanwhile, cordially voted with the Government. Finally, Mr. Herbert, as Secretary of the Admiralty, was himself the official organ for the direction of those naval operations which included the attack on Canton by the squadron of Sir William Parker.

Nor can it be alleged that this parallel is unjust, on the ground that we were then actually at war with China, and that it was the duty of a new Administration to maintain the honour of the country, however immoral they might profess to regard the original declaration of hostilities. For if the honour of the country were then involved in our withdrawal from a war alleged to be unjust, it would now be equally involved in a withdrawal from demands supported by military demonstration. Nor would the difficulty of obtaining terms, as arising from the implacability of the Chinese authorities, have been greater in the one instance than in the other. Two considerations are, therefore, obvious—the one, that the coalesced Opposition have not hesitated, in a closely parallel instance, to pursue military operations when in office which they



denounced as immoral when in opposition ; the other, that this inconsistency totally destroys the value of their opinions.

It is clear, therefore, that the question of the Chinese disturbances has, in reality, little or no practical concern with the issue which the Dissolution of Parliament is now submitting to the constituencies of the country. That issue virtually is,—by which of two great and rival parties is the Government of England to be maintained ? What those parties are is well known. We have an Administration resting rather on public opinion, than upon numerical support within the narrow arena of Parliament—which is pledged to progressive social improvement, but is ready to discountenance all rash innovation. On the other side, we have a combination constituted of two distinct parties, of which the one has been ostracised for its shortcomings in war, and the other for its electioneering corruptions.

Into the manner in which it is proposed to amalgamate a party led by the zealous defenders of the late Sir Robert Peel, with a party led by the malignant vituperator of that statesman, and differing from each other in every element of political character, we do not now propose to inquire. Indeed, the internal divisions of each of these two chief sections of the existing coalition are so vital as to render it very difficult to restore so much as the unity of each. The Peelite party in the House of Commons, for example, is represented by Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell. Of these four public men, Mr. Cardwell has become a convert to the Ministerial doctrines of finance, while Mr. Herbert has become an opponent of Parliamentary Reform. If we pass to the Conservative side of this Coalition camp, we find nearly equal distinctions of opinion between Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Walpole, Sir John Pakington, and Mr. Henley. It is clear that a party so constructed—and illustrating the familiar satire of Burke, ‘such a tessellated pavement ; here a bit of white, and there a bit of black’—could only exist, while clamouring for the necessity of ‘avowed principles,’ by consigning every subject of practical administration to the latitudinarianism of ‘open questions.’

The expediency of the recent Dissolution had been apparent during a considerable period before the decision of the late House of Commons upon the Chinese question. The gradual and progressive dislocation of parties within the House itself had begun to compromise the stability of Government—so far, at least, as that stability could at all depend upon a Parliamentary verdict—and, consequently, to render the progress of public business insecure. This Parliament, it will be remembered, was summoned by Lord Derby in 1852. It then recognised three

principal parties: these were, the Conservatives, who were in power—the Liberals, led by Lord John Russell—and the Liberal Conservatives, led by Sir James Graham and his friends. The two latter of these sections united in the same year to form a Government when the Conservative Ministry resigned. The Liberal Conservatives fell away in 1855, and re-established a third distinct element in the House. The subsequent division of the Liberals on questions of Finance—and that of the Conservatives on the question apparently of confidence in their own leaders—increased this dislocation at length in a degree wholly inconsistent with the first principles of party government.

When, therefore, a narrow majority of sixteen voices, in a House of Commons comprising 654 members, became finally at issue with the policy of the Executive on a pressing question of the hour, it became immediately obvious that the Government and the House could no longer co-exist. Which, therefore, should give way? It must have been foreseen from the moment that this collision was anticipated that, on the present occasion, the Legislature must yield; both because the unprecedented majorities\* which the same Ministry had commanded during the two previous Sessions had not ceased to indicate its possession of the general confidence of the House of Commons; and because that House had arrived at a vote upon a question of pressing importance, and which could not be acted upon without fatally dislocating the whole Eastern policy of the State, and without endangering the lives of those who had settled upon the Chinese coasts, on the faith of our jealous maintenance of stipulations which the Chinese authorities had repudiated.

Nothing can, in truth, be more strictly constitutional, in spite of all that has been asserted to the contrary, than the present antagonism between the Executive and the House of Commons, and the repudiation on the part of the former, pending an appeal to the country, of the vote at which the House arrived. It must be remembered, in the first place, that the balance of the Constitution—the Crown and the House of Lords—is already on the side of our Chinese policy. The case would have been somewhat different if Lord Derby had not solicited the verdict of the House of Lords on the same question with that on which Mr. Cobden obtained the decision of the House of Commons. We are perfectly ready to acknowledge the ascendancy of the latter body in the Legislature; but we know of no doctrine of our constitu-

\* These majorities were—on Mr. Disraeli's motion on the conduct of the war, 100; and on the Report of the Sebastopol Committee, 107, in the year 1855; and on the two corresponding questions of importance in 1856, these majorities were respectively 127 and 194. •

tional law, nor of any precedent equivalent to a doctrine, by which the House of Commons is to be invested with a despotic supremacy over the other estates of the realm. Since our polity is not republican, on what possible ground can we advocate an absolute predominance in one of its elements altogether inconsistent with the nature of a monarchical constitution?

An appeal, therefore, is made to the country, rather, as we have said, upon the respective claims of rival parties than upon the merits of the question immediately and ostensibly at issue. That appeal must largely turn upon the history of the last two years, during which the one has been in power, and the other—or rather the parties which compose this combination—has been in opposition. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the history of that period has presented a record of success such as no other two years have ever experienced. In February, 1855, when Lord Palmerston's Ministry acceded to power, England was in a condition of disaster and depression, of which she had known no parallel since the period of the great American war. We were then clinging to a forlorn attempt to besiege the greatest fortress of the greatest military empire of Europe, with a force reduced to eight thousand men. Those eight thousand men were enduring hardships and privations which inverted the common relation of besiegers and besieged, and were beyond all parallel in a besieging army. Their position called for immediate support and vast reinforcement.

Lord Palmerston's Government, therefore, found themselves, on their accession to power, committed to the prosecution of a gigantic war, wholly without so much as the military resources of peace. It must never be forgotten that, before the close of the same year, they had arrayed an army of 50,000 British troops before Sebastopol, independently of 20,000 Asiatics, maintained from our purse, equipped, disciplined, and commanded by our countrymen—that in the same period Sebastopol had fallen—that the Russian fleet, so long the menace of Turkey, had been sunk in the Euxine—and that, before the year 1855 had passed away, an honourable peace with every element of durability in its provisions was already a *fait accompli*.

Nor must we forget that although the policy of the war was generally supported by the Conservative party, by reason of its agricultural popularity, the leaders of that party—as well as those of the party which seceded from Lord Palmerston—lost heart in the contest. For not only was the national flag hauled down by Sir James Graham and his friends, but Mr. Disraeli himself declared, during the session of 1855, while

the war was at its height, that '*the future of this country was too terrible for his imagination to contemplate.*' We advert to this among other incidents, because it would be unjust to Mr. Gladstone and his friends to regard them as alone desirous of compromising the question on which we went to war with Russia. Similar sentiments did not fail to escape the Conservative leaders; and it will be remembered that, at the very time of Mr. Gladstone's secession from the cause of war, Mr. Disraeli openly charged Lord Palmerston with demanding '*too hard terms from Russia.*' Sincerely as we believe Mr. Gladstone to have been actuated by the most conscientious motives upon that question, it is only just towards his conduct that the public should remember that the Conservative leaders sounded the same note of alarm with himself and his friends. Auspicious omen for the future unanimity of the existing Coalition!

Thus far we have dealt with antecedents at home. We now diverge to the merits of the Chinese question, because, although we have expressed our confident belief that the decision of the House of Commons was given upon grounds wholly independent of the real merits of the case, it continues still to attract public attention.

In the first place, it must be observed that the terms of Mr. Cobden's motion designedly eliminated a considerable proportion of the alleged grievance from the question on which the late House of Commons was called upon to record its opinion. That motion runs, 'Without expressing an opinion as to the extent 'to which the Government of China may have afforded this 'country cause of complaint respecting the non-fulfilment of the 'Treaty of 1842,' &c. Now, if the House of Commons were to be called upon to record a decision entitled to the deference and respect of the country, that decision could only be founded upon the whole question. The speakers on the side of the resolution went out of their way to assert—and they asserted it in the most gratuitous manner—that their votes were founded upon the simple basis of the resolution itself, and upon no other considerations. These circumstances did not, of course, in any way affect the fact of a collision between the Ministry and the House. But it is not less certain that they did materially affect the applicability of this decision to the whole matter in dispute, and that the decision was, upon its very face, an *ex parte* verdict. In proceeding to an impartial consideration of the merits of a case in which the nicest technical distinctions were put forward by the

supporters of the motion, it is impossible to refrain from criticising Mr. Cobden's obvious indisposition to meet the question before him in its full and legitimate scope.

What, however, was the case gradually stated in the course of debate, and sheltered under this original evasion ?

Now, it is known that our commercial relations with China have been maintained under the Supplementary Treaty of 1843, concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger shortly after the original treaty which terminated hostilities. The actual ground of dispute arose from the boarding of the *Arrow* and the seizure of her crew, in alleged violation of two sections of that Treaty—under the fourteenth of which she claimed to be a British vessel ; and under the seventeenth, to be amenable, as such, only to the jurisdiction of the British Consul. Now, in such a dispute, there is both a legal and a moral question to be entertained ; and if we first review the legal considerations of the case—apart from their strictly moral bearings—we do so without any unwillingness to abide by the moral considerations at issue. But the Opposition have themselves laid so much stress upon legal technicalities that an omission upon this head might expose us to a charge of blinking their arguments.

An objection, then, was grounded by Lord Derby to our claim for exclusive jurisdiction in the Chinese ports over vessels legally entitled to carry the British flag, upon the assertion that 'it would be inconsistent with the independent rights of the Chinese Government to absolve these Chinese from allegiance to their 'natural sovereign.' As a distinction may be fairly drawn between 'absolution from allegiance' and 'exemption from jurisdiction,' it should be observed that the latter claim only was put forward by this country.\* Lord Derby appeared to forget that it was this very original independence of the Chinese Government which had enabled them to qualify their rights in the manner described ; and it was obviously irrelevant to argue upon preconceived theories of 'independence,' when the Treaty itself incontestably prescribed this very qualification of Chinese rights. It was, at any rate, clear that the Chinese had so qualified their independence.

All such qualifications of sovereignty have been invariably found necessary to an interchange of extensive commerce between European and Asiatic states ; and they had been conceded both to ourselves and to other European Powers by the Turkish and Persian Governments, in the character of 'capitulations,' long before the 'Supplementary Treaty' was in existence. It was shown also by Lord Clarendon that 'licences' to ships owned by persons not British-born, has obtained not only in Singapore,

but in our own dependencies of Gibraltar and Malta. So much for the intimacy with our Colonial relations of a statesman who has been twice Secretary of State for the Colonies !

The next argument was the 'Colonial Ordinance' under which our rights were asserted to be claimed, both by Lord Derby and Sir James Graham. It was contended by the former that this Colonial Ordinance, having never been confirmed by an Order in Council, was invalid. It was next maintained—by an amusing process of special pleading—that, even if it had been so confirmed, it contravened the then existing Treaty with China, and was on that ground also void. It was thirdly asserted, that we had been guilty of the grossest discourtesy in failing promptly to communicate the existence of this (illegal ?) Ordinance to the Chinese authorities. All these objections might, we should have thought, have led to the suggestion of a doubt in Lord Derby's mind, whether our rights had existed under this Colonial Ordinance at all ; and whether its contravention of the Treaty, while the right in question was not disputed by the Chinese themselves, did not point to the existence of a right under the Treaty.

It was finally asserted by Sir James Graham that the Colonial Ordinance was contrary to the Imperial statute, and therefore also invalid. But it was clear—as was afterwards stated by the Attorney-General—that the claim of the *Arrow* was not rested upon the Colonial Ordinance at all, but upon the Treaty. No sooner, however, was this proposition maintained, than the very Combination which had decried the Colonial Ordinance as being contrary to the Treaty, began to decry the proceedings of the British authorities under the Treaty, as being contrary to the Colonial Ordinance ! It is, moreover, the doctrine of every writer on international law who has touched upon the subject, that a Foreign Government, being already bound by a Treaty of their own, cannot evade its stipulations by any appeal to the Municipal law of the State with which they have concluded that Treaty. This well-known doctrine has also received, in its application to the present case, the sanction of Lord Derby's own Queen's Advocate.

The allegation of informality in the Colonial Ordinance being thus disposed of, there remained two other objections :—First, that the Chinese possessors of ships could not be invested under the Treaty with the right of exemption from Chinese jurisdiction. Secondly, that, even under the supposition that they could, the register or licence had in this instance expired.

With regard to the first of these questions, after a calm review of the arguments which Mr. Roundell Palmer opposed to the legal position stated by the Attorney-General on behalf of the

Government, the objections of the former speaker must, in our view, be discarded as altogether hypercritical and irrelevant.

Now, the title of the *Arrow* to the privileges of a British vessel rested upon the 17th Article of the Supplemental Treaty, which at once defined the nature of those privileges, and the class of ships by which they should be enjoyed. The Article in question provided that 'Every British schooner, cutter, lorchia, &c., shall have a sailing letter or register,' &c.; and the Attorney-General held that, in consequence, every such vessel possessing such a register must be British. To expose the alleged fallacy of this position, Mr. Palmer replied, that because every member of the House of Commons was required to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, it did not follow that every person taking those oaths must be a member of the House of Commons. Now, that a proposition and its converse are altogether different things, is a sufficiently obvious, but totally irrelevant, truism. It happened that the vessels thus designated in the 17th Article as 'British,' were exclusively *coasters*: these coasters could none of them be, in the original sense of the term, British vessels; and, therefore, if the Article had any meaning at all, it could only refer to vessels becoming British by this very registration. So far, therefore, as the Treaty was concerned, it was clear that the *Arrow*, in virtue of its registration, was a British vessel: and it is certain that the Chinese Commissioner himself understood the stipulation in no other sense.

The second objection of Mr. Roundell Palmer was scarcely more fortunate. It had here been the position of the Attorney-General, that a native Chinese, becoming a resident in Hong-kong, might, so long as he was resident there, become the owner of a vessel registered at Hong-kong, so that that vessel should be entitled to the privileges accorded by that Treaty. Mr. Palmer urged the absurdity of this position on the ground that, if existing, it must be reciprocal; and that as no Englishman resident in China would regard his vessel as withdrawn, in virtue of his domicile, from British and placed under Chinese jurisdiction, so the transfer of jurisdiction could not be acknowledged on the side of the Chinese owner at Hong-kong.

Mr. Palmer's method of argument by converse is certainly not felicitous. Now, in the first place, the stipulations specially interposing the jurisdiction of the British Consuls between British residents in China and the Chinese authorities, would obviously in themselves destroy this reciprocal action. But, even were it otherwise, the exemption of such a vessel from the jurisdiction of the natural sovereign of the owner did not proceed upon the fact of that owner's residence out of the dominions of his natural

sovereign, but upon the fact of the registration of his vessel by an authority distinct from that natural sovereign. This registration, therefore, was purely optional on the part of a Chinese owner; and the converse could only hold on the ludicrous supposition that every British resident in China would similarly prefer the Chinese to the British jurisdiction—a deduction which at once dissipates and destroys Mr. Roundell Palmer's whole position.

That this, moreover, was, in point of fact, the Municipal law of this country, was shown in the judgment of all the English judges, in the Exchequer Chamber, in the parallel instance referred to by the Attorney-General.

The only remaining legal question refers to the alleged expiration of the register of the *Arrow*. We do not propose here to follow the elaborate argument of Sir R. Bethell—which, indeed, no subsequent speaker in the debate was able to controvert—that, by the terms of the Merchant Shipping Act and other statutes, the *Arrow* held virtually not a colonial but an imperial register, and was consequently in possession of a perpetual licence. Conceding, however, that that register was strictly colonial, we find it asserted by Lord Wensleydale—the only lawyer, perhaps, in either House, to whom no one could impute the motives of a partisan—that ‘the licence of the *Arrow* had not really expired; for a period must be allowed, after its nominal expiration, for a vessel to return and renew that licence at the ‘port of registration.’ Any other view, indeed, would obviously contravene all our notions of natural justice. And in point of fact, it was shown that the *Arrow* had adopted measures to renew its register.

Here, then, we quit the legal question; and it is satisfactory to observe, before we enter on the moral considerations which are involved, that we were at least right in point of law.

We will here briefly trace the question as stated by Yeh. This functionary shifts his ground, indeed, with Protean versatility; but we will deal with his various positions in succession.

On this head it was maintained that there was good reason to suspect the trade in which the *Arrow* was engaged to be contraband—that when she was boarded, no foreigner was on board—and that the British ensign was not flying, and could not be; for it was not permissible to hoist the national ensign except at the moment of departure. Now, it appears that this vessel had, only five or six days previously, landed a cargo of rice through the legitimate channel of communication with the British Consul. No one certainly could suspect such a cargo to be contraband.



It was landed, moreover, in the prescribed manner, which in itself ensured to the Chinese officials full information regarding the character of the vessel. With regard to the absence of any foreigner, it is admitted that the master and two other British subjects came alongside the vessel while the Chinese officials were still on board, and communicated with them in the Chinese language, in spite of which these officials insisted on the seizure of the crew. Finally, with respect to the ensign, it is asserted that the vessel was about to sail, and consequently *ought* to have hoisted it. It is further deposed by Kennedy, Master of the *Arrow*, and Leach, Master of the *Dart*, that they each saw both ensign and blue-peter hauled down by a Chinese soldier; and the flying of the blue-peter corroborates the assertion that the vessel was on the verge of departure. Against this evidence Yeh brings that of a criminal already condemned to a death which he could only hope to escape by turning witness for his tyrant.

Defeated here, the Chinese Commissioner next tells a different story. The father of a pirate was said to be on board the *Arrow*. The complicity of the father in the alleged misdeeds of his alleged son was never pretended. Here, then, was no pretext at all. Accordingly, Yeh next asserts that he was seeking the pirate himself; and rests the identity of this pirate upon the possession of a red turban and the loss of a front tooth, which were observed from on board another vessel that met the *Arrow* as she was sailing up the Canton river. Surely this 'courteous' and accomplished Commissioner must be versed in the Reports of our Court of Queen's Bench, and have taken his story from an action for damages instituted, some eighty years ago, by the widow of a Gravesend shipowner, against an English sea-captain who had publicly declared that, while his vessel was off Stromboli, he had seen her husband flying rapidly through the air in company with the devil, and finally disappearing down the crater of the volcano—the husband having been identified by the buttons on his coat!

Dismissing all this prevarication, the British authorities demanded an apology for the past and an assurance for the future. These demands, it is incontestable, were refused; and they were such as no other Government, finally acknowledging itself to be in the wrong, would have dared to reject. Were we to acquiesce in a national insult which would have been a signal for a violation of the whole Treaty? It is acknowledged by the No-war party themselves that we should have made reprisals. We did make reprisals. The object of a reprisal was that of bringing the authorities to terms: for there could be no value in the abstract fact of reprisal. The reprisal failed in its object. We

next knocked down a fort or two—a step which the Opposition by no means appeared to condemn. We next fired a shot at the Government House. This also failed. What further measures should then be taken ?

Before these could be resolved on, the hostility of the Chinese authorities was developed in all their innate barbarity. An official declaration by Commissioner Yeh offered rewards stimulating the dregs of the Chinese population to a massacre of all the British residents. These rewards were to vary with the rank of the murdered Englishmen. Chinese bakers were authorized—even commanded—to poison the bread of the Europeans. Eleven men were murdered in one vessel. British lives were only to be saved at the cost of abandoning British settlements. These crimes necessitated, in our view, an immediate change of policy. We had contracted sacred obligations with our countrymen in China to maintain their commercial rights. Not simply those rights, but their social rights, the safety of their very lives, were compromised.

Here, then, we see the distinction between our relations with European and with Asiatic states. We desire, with either, to maintain those relations on the broad basis of truth, integrity, and humanity. And if any one of these characteristics had applied to the Chinese Commissioner, in the degree in which they apply to European Governments, our relations with China would not be what they now are. The Admiral demanded personal communication with Yeh. This also was refused ; and another means of a pacific settlement was thus repudiated by the Chinese. Such a demand could have been rejected by no European commander. There was no Minister at Peking—no channel of diplomatic representation and arrangement.

And if we had here stopped short—if we had endured the contempt of the Chinese—if we had put up with a reputation for cowardice leading to fresh murders of European settlers—if we had disregarded our obligations towards our own countrymen to reinstate them in their rights—what could we have gained by relying on the influence exerted by moderation in such a country as China ? How would such virtues, wise possibly in Europe, tell upon a Governor who had lately decapitated 70,000 men as a political demonstration ? To hold such a doctrine is surely no less than an outrage upon common sense. It is clear, therefore, that we had no resource but in further measures. What, then, should they be ?

Mr. Cobden has contrasted our measures, in this ultimate resort, with what the Americans would have pursued in a similar position. It was stated, however, by Lord Palmerston that the

United States' Commander, in the most closely parallel instance, in resenting a shot which the Chinese had fired upon one of his ship's boats, immediately destroyed the offending fort, and, after this summary retaliation, proceeded leisurely to demand explanations; and before the time had arrived at which they were to be forthcoming, renewed the work of desolation. Mr. Cobden, in his reply, did not dispute the accuracy of this description; and we may, therefore, at least be assured that our proceedings have been by much more measured than those of the American authorities.

What, however, independently of comparative moderation, is the positive judgment to be passed upon our final retaliation? It has been said, why spare Odessa and bombard Canton? So far as the relative expeditions against the two Empires are concerned, the answer is very obvious. We spared Odessa because Russia had a Sebastopol. We had made war on Russia because the existence of Turkey was threatened by her; and we attacked Sebastopol, and not Odessa, because Turkey was threatened from the one and not from the other. In this instance we are repelling no military attack upon an allied Power, but bringing a foreign Government to reason for misconduct. If we were to take any measures of retaliation against an Empire possessing no great military arsenal, where could we dissociate public and private property more clearly than at Canton? Our ships directed their fire, first, upon the public buildings: our ships at Odessa, indeed, did the same; but in Canton there was no such clear separation of those buildings from the rest of the city as to have rendered an exact limitation possible in the directing of a naval attack, even if the Admiral had resolved in no event to touch private property.

That such an argument should have been sustained by Sir James Graham, will have surprised all those who remember the character he assumed as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1854. He was specially responsible for our naval campaign in the Baltic during that year. The Aberdeen Government, which was then in power, distributed to the Peelite party all the offices connected with the war, and to the Whigs those which were connected with pacific administration. In his capacity of Naval Minister of War, Sir James Graham directed all those attacks against the Finnish sailors on the Baltic coast\* which were merely the infliction of so much wanton misery, and which

\* It may be observed that these attacks rested not simply on the responsibility of the naval officer in command. They were publicly approved by Sir J. Graham in the House of Commons, when no possible difficulty could have been occasioned by their repudiation.

Lord Palmerston, on his accession to nearly absolute power, in 1855, clearly repudiated. For those attacks were never allowed to be renewed after Sir James had quitted the Admiralty and Lord Palmerston had been appointed Premier. Is it, then, by such a statesman, and by his colleagues in war-administration, that this charge is to be preferred?

Acknowledging, then, that ulterior operations were inevitable, it can hardly be denied that the land attack at Canton was marked by circumstances of moderation towards the Chinese soldiers themselves, which are certainly without a parallel in the attacks authorized by Sir James Graham upon the unoffending Finnish sailors. It may be observed with satisfaction, that when the cowardly Chinese officers fled in boats, leaving their men to fare as they might, our forces not only ceased firing, but sent boats to their rescue.

It need hardly be repeated that the case of the *Arrow* was but the last of many violations of Treaty rights. There has been evinced a strong disposition to make the least of those earlier wrongs; and it has been said with truth, indeed, that only five or six outrages are brought forward in the Blue-book, headed 'Insults in China.' We confess to some surprise—although we did not regard these precedents as by any means essential to an establishment of the present case—that a greater number of instances have not been adduced; because we have ourselves heard, from private but unquestionable authority, that such a summary presents but a very small proportion of the outrages which British subjects and other Europeans have actually experienced. It must be remembered, however, that these Blue-books are necessarily prepared in extreme haste; and that many questions, which have not officially reached this country, may have arisen between the native and consular authorities in the Eastern seas. This, at least, is the only inference consistent with our own information.

The right of entry and settlement at Canton is one of those grievances which a long course of moderation and forbearance on our part has by no means tended to alleviate. Mr. Cobden himself conclusively showed that the ground on which the authorities had resisted a fulfilment of this undertaking—that of apprehended disturbances on the part of the Chinese—was untenable; and the plea was scarcely less ridiculous than would have been a refusal on the part of the Turkish Government to allow our troops to be quartered in Scutari, on similar grounds. If we ourselves, in violation of a treaty, had persisted in refusing to the Chinese the right of entry into Hong-kong, the Chinese Commissioner would probably have ejected every British

subject from the Celestial territory, if he had not more effectually disposed of them through the medium of a poisoning baker.

On the whole, then, we cannot understand upon what grounds of reason, moral or legal, the decision of the House of Commons was arrived at. It must be borne in mind, also, that the information which has at present reached us is necessarily more or less defective. In course of time we shall undoubtedly be in fuller possession of the proceedings which have finally brought about the present position of affairs in China.

In concluding this subject, two accusations yet call for observation. The one refers to the character of our merchants in China; the other to the personal honour of Sir John Bowring.

The charge, however, brought by Mr. Cobden against the English merchants may be dismissed with the remark that it not only contravened the authoritative statement of the American representative at Macao, but that it was a mere empty tirade, stated without a single particular, without a tittle of evidence, and without the slightest pretension to authority.

The accusation against Sir John Bowring, on the other hand, singularly ovines not only the malignity, but the strange want of logical perception with which the debate was maintained. Sir John was charged with deliberate deception on two distinct occasions. Upon the one, he is charged with duplicity for writing to Consul Parkes—‘The *Arrow* had no right to hoist the British flag; but the Chinese had no knowledge of the expiration of her licence.’ On the other, he is charged with falsehood for asserting to the Chinese that ‘the *Arrow* lawfully bore the British flag,’—thereby indicating that the vessel was entitled to protection. Now, it was at once replied by Lord Palmerston, that Sir John’s remark in the former instance applied simply to the fact that the ignorance of the Chinese officials upon the point in question evinced an intention to insult the British flag, and was therefore an important element in the question of reparation. With regard to the latter charge, the assertion that the vessel was entitled to protection was made on a distinct occasion; and in all probability when Sir John had discovered that, after all, the vessel was—for reasons which we have stated above—entitled to protection, even if her licence had nominally run out.

Yet, in spite of these clear and obvious considerations, Sir John Bowring is compared by Sir James Graham to an ‘attorney about to be struck off the rolls for falsehood;’ and his despatch is stigmatized by Lord Ellenborough and Mr. Cobden as ‘the most flagitious document they ever saw.’ It was the consistent tenour, moreover, of Sir James Graham’s argument, to throw the whole blame of the naval proceedings, in reference to the extent to which they

were carried, upon Sir John Bowring, in exclusion of Sir Michael Seymour, when it is notorious that Sir John was not present on the principal occasion in question—that he possessed no authority to direct the Admiral independently of that officer's own responsibility—and that much was done in reference to which Sir John's opinion was not, and could not be, taken. We quit the subject with unaffected disgust, as illustrating a compound of weakness and bad feeling which we never before encountered in the annals of political debate.

It ought, then, to be clearly understood, what is the nature and scope of the question on which the verdict of the people of England is now demanded. On this head, much misconception appears to prevail. In many of the addresses to the constituencies of this country, it has been asserted that we are about to elect a Septennial Parliament upon the single question of our Chinese policy, the issue of which may possibly be determined before that Parliament assembles, and to which it may only be required to record a retrospective sanction. Such an assertion is quite erroneous. The collision of the Executive and the Legislature upon a great question of immediate moment rendered their co-existence impossible: and so far, no doubt, the Chinese Question forms the definite ground of the present appeal. It will undoubtedly be the function of the New Parliament—if the existing dispute between the British authorities and the Chinese Commissioner should be still pending—to determine whether our military honour and our commercial interests are to be maintained or not. But the policy of the recent dissolution of Parliament has a far wider scope. Whether there were a Chinese Question at issue or not, the then existing collocation of parties in the House of Commons threatened to make all Government impossible. The vote of that House upon our Chinese policy simply manifested a general distribution of party opinion, casually directed to a special question.

It is singular to observe that those very candidates for the New Parliament who utter this complaint regarding its election for the next seven years upon a possibly retrospective question, are the very men who are loudest in denying the fact of a preconcerted combination against Lord Palmerston's Ministry. Now, it is clear that that Ministry could only retain office in virtue of a Dissolution; and that the definite ground of the Dissolution was chosen by the Opposition, not selected by the Government. If, then, the parties represented by Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone had not yet prepared themselves for an interchange of official relations, it is probable that they could not have been in a position to form a Coalition Government; and it is very clear that,

without their combination, no Government could have been formed in succession to that of Lord Palmerston. The Dissolution, therefore, became, by the confession of these very candidates, less the alternative of a Ministerial crisis than the only expedient on which the business of the country could be conducted; and out of their own mouths are they answered.

Nor is it less striking to notice—whatever be the truth with which the assertion of a coalition is denied—how closely the addresses of the Peelite and Conservative leaders to their constituents approximate, not simply upon the Chinese Question, but upon the whole curriculum of our anticipated domestic policy. Sir James Graham's address to the borough of Carlisle appears designed to show how closely Liberalism may trench upon Conservative opinions; and that of Mr. Disraeli to the county of Buckingham to evince how nearly Conservatism may approach to Liberal opinions; until the differences of the two statesmen are narrowed to a single word: for while both exclaim alike for 'Peace' and 'Retrenchment,' the demand of Sir James Graham for 'Reform,' Mr. Disraeli promises 'social improvement.' We believe that the people of England will look forward with confidence to Lord Palmerston's Government for these three requisites—honourable peace, wise economy, and expedient reform. But we are equally certain that they will never record their votes either for disgraceful capitulation, for military defencelessness, or—for a militia franchise.

We have efficiently consulted—as a nation represented by its Government—the obligations at once of good faith towards our countrymen in the East, and of humanity towards the Chinese. We have despatched military forces for the maintenance of our national rights; and we have sent out a Plenipotentiary in a spirit of honourable conciliation. The civilized world, at least, will accept this evidence that the enforcement of our just demands is tempered by a policy of forbearance; and that we are ready to seek our rights by negotiation rather than by force.

# OUR EPILOGUE

ON

## AFFAIRS.

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NUMBER FIFTY—Half a century of times the *British Quarterly* has delivered its message to its readers on the appointed day :—and we see not why this first half century of appearances should not be followed, under Providence, by another—and still another.

The great events at home during the last thirteen years have been, the steady progress of Liberal Principles at the cost of Old Party Relationships, and the Law of Free-trade. The great events abroad have been the Revolution of 1848, the ascent of Napoleon III. to the throne of France, and the Russian war. At home, particular reforms have been much impeded; but a ground-work has been laid which ensures that more than has been aimed at will be realized. Abroad, English policy has been timid, selfish, servile, until the outbreak of the Russian war. In that struggle Government and people did their duty. Russia has received her lesson. Europe may breathe again. Only let the law of international policy be—‘hands-off,’ and the nations which deserve liberty will get it.

But the world is not at rest. Canton is in commotion. Lord Palmerston is upon his trial. For the nonce, Lord Derby has become very humane, Mr. Gladstone very religious, and Lord John Russell very liberal. But Lord Palmerston outvoted—what next? Yes—that is an awkward question. Should it not have been asked before? The combination which was potent to destroy, soon finds itself powerless to construct. Parliaments, like cats, are said to lose temper by age. It was time there should be a change.

Lord Palmerston is not, in our eyes, a model statesman; but on the whole, and for the present, he takes precedence of his rivals. The Chinese affair may not have been without fault; but the nation will not judge a government or a man by a single act. Lord John complains of ingratitude; but why should a people who are so mindful of the services of Lord Palmerston be unmindful of those of Lord John? Perhaps some of Lord John’s best friends could best answer that question. It is possible for a man so to remember his services, as to compel other persons to seem to forget them. Lord John has done much to deserve friends, but, unhappily, he has done nearly as much to convert them into enemies. ‘Our creed,’ says Lord Palmerston, ‘is, peace abroad, and progressive improvement at home.’ These last words admit of large interpretation, and we are not without hope that Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston may see their way together to a large explanation of them.



# OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

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## LITERATURE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.*, late Envoy to Persia, and Governor of Bombay. From Unpublished Letters and Journals. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. Smith, Elder, and Co. 2 vols.—The portrait prefixed to this memoir goes far to confirm all that the biographer says in praise of Sir John Malcolm. It is a magnificent head. Vigour of body and vigour of mind are present alike, and that combination of intellectual power with goodness which results in wisdom. Young Malcolm was a boy of fourteen when he joined his regiment in India, there to become one of the greatest of those statesmen and diplomatists who have administered and confirmed our Eastern rule. The combination and equipoise of various kinds of ability, in his case, was very remarkable. As Mr. Kaye observes:—

SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

‘I do not know an example, out of the regions of romance, in which so many remarkable qualities, generally supposed to be antagonistic, were combined in the same person. It is no small thing to cope with a tiger in the jungle; it is no small thing to draw up an elaborate state paper; it is no small thing to write the history of a nation; it is no small thing to conduct to a successful issue a difficult negotiation at a foreign court; it is no small thing to lead an army to victory; and I think it may with truth be said, that he who could do all these things with such brilliant success as Sir John Malcolm, was a very remarkable man in a very remarkable age.’—Vol. ii., p. 615.

The composition of works such as the *History of Persia* (alone sufficient to make a reputation) appears to have formed but an episode here and there among the activities of an indefatigable life. He was always busy, and always cheerful. The ordinary courage of the soldier was combined with a moral courage and a courtesy as conspicuous as invaluable, at a crisis like that of the Madras Mutiny. Absent, accidentally, from the great victory of Assaye, he embraced with eagerness the first opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field as well as in the council. In the battle of Mehidpoor he held the chief command, and won it by hard fighting rather than by strategy. In this, as in so many of our Indian engagements, formidable batteries were carried in headlong style, and at the point of the bayonet. After much delay, and some trying disappointments, which failed to touch his generous temperament with the slightest taint of envy, his long services were wisely honoured by the appointment to the Governor-

ship of Bombay. At the farewell banquet, the Duke of Wellington expressed himself as follows:—

#### WELLINGTON'S OPINION OF HIM.

'A nomination such as this operates throughout the whole Indian service. The youngest cadet sees in it an example he may imitate—a success he may attain. The good which the country derives from the excitement of such feelings is incalculable. It is now thirty years since I formed an intimate friendship with Sir John Malcolm; during that eventful period there has been no operation of consequence, no diplomatic measure, in which my friend has not borne a conspicuous part. Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life, during that period, would be the history of the glory of his country in India.'—Vol. ii., p. 491.

Sir John Malcolm was in Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and again at the coronation of Charles X. Mr. Kaye gives us some interesting extracts from his journal. During the interval between the two visits, his literary reputation had been made, and his writings had found their way into Germany, France, and Russia. Among other literary and scientific celebrities, he saw much of Humboldt, of whom he gives the following account:—

#### HUMBOLDT.

'There is no instance within my knowledge of a man of real science living so much in society as Humboldt, and to this he owes much. His rank and reputation enable him to command the best. He seeks and is sought by all minds of the first order. His manners are pleasing, and he has some wit and constant cheerfulness. He is as ready to mix in trifling as serious conversation. The consequence is, none are *gênés* with him; and he is not only in the constant exercise of his faculties, but in that collision with men of calibre which gives him an opportunity of proving every idea as it rises in his mind, and saves him from many of those dogmas to which insulated philosophers give birth, and which, even when convinced of their errors, they cannot bear to abandon. . . . He is quite strong enough to confess error, and he has that best symptom of a really great man—an insatiable thirst for information, grounded on the conviction that he, with all his talent and all his efforts, is only at the portico of knowledge. . . . In him there is no affectation of lightness; he never appears a philosopher condescending to his company, but is natural throughout, having learnt, no doubt, that what sapient fools call folly is often sense, and that, were it otherwise, the bow will never retain its elasticity which is never unbent. 'The man that is always wise is a fool.'

Mr. Kaye's biography is at once a contribution to the history of our policy and dominion in the East, and a worthy memorial of one of those wise and large-hearted men whose energy and principle have made England great.

*Giulio Branchi, the Story of a Tuscan, related by Himself, and translated from the Italian MS. by ALFRED ELWES.* Addey and Co.—This is the well-written and interesting story of a youth who, through many vicissitudes, including shipwreck and captivity among brigands, raised himself from rags and rag-picking in the streets of Leghorn to be a successful painter and the husband of a beautiful English girl. The part of the story referring to his life among the brigands of Sardinia is the best in the book. These gentry, after taking him prisoner, make him one of themselves, and he accom-

panies them on their predatory excursions. Here is an account of a fight with a rival band. Giulio's party have heard that their foes have secured a prize, and are returning home with a valuable supply of plunder; they therefore lie in wait, intending to fire on them as they pass:—

#### BATTLE BETWEEN BRIGANDS.

‘‘On them, lads,’ now screamed out the little chief, ‘and let not the mules escape!’

‘The latter injunction seemed scarce needed; every one had his eye upon them. As soon as we began pouring down the bank,—straggling, by order, as much as possible, to distract their fire,—shots whistled from the opposing troop, who stood manfully to receive our attack,—a grim bevy, fellows made desperate by their position, headed by a gigantic man, with an enormous mouth, from which large white teeth slightly protruded. I felt this must be ‘Il Lupo,’ the dreaded chief whose name I had so frequently heard mentioned, and whom I now for the second time encountered. He galloped hither and thither, encouraging his men, and apparently waiting to single out some one of our party worthy of his arm. I saw Jacopo draw near him, but I saw no more. I found myself attacked by a fellow on a black horse, who aimed a blow at my head with the butt-end of his gun; this I easily dodged; the piece was heavy—the missed stroke made him swerve—and before he could recover himself I had stabbed him in the side. At the same moment a ball tore away a piece of my jacket, grazing the skin of my shoulder, and I turned round to see whence the salute came. A ferocious-looking bandit, unhorsed, approached me running, and I stood upon my guard; he stumbled, and in trying to recover himself, ran a few paces past me; I did not lose the advantage, but, aiding him with a blow from my foot, struck my dagger into his neck with such force that I could not recover the weapon. I seized his stiletto, which he at that moment let fall, and hurried towards my comrades, who, mixed up with their adversaries, who were all dismounted, were fighting with a fierceness impossible to describe. Cries, yells, blows, groans, made the air around tremble; the earth shook with the stamp of many feet, and birds came fluttering around us in dread alarm. There is something very striking in the hand-to-hand fights, where both parties have equal courage and ferocity. The long knives glittering in the air; the clash of meeting weapons; the red stains following each successful blow; the panting breath; the starting eye; the sharp shriek, and deep, quivering groan,—are only some of their peculiar features. All these, and a score of minor ones, were visible here; but our adversaries began to yield. It was an unequal contest; ‘Il Lupo’ saw it, and called off his men. Such as could do so fled; everywhere, through the briars, down the precipitous bank towards the rivulet; up the rising ground which we ourselves had descended; these, however, were followed and cut down. Most escaped along the road they came; but there were some who heard the order for retreat and could not obey, such as writhed upon the ground in agony; they were all despatched,—a shocking sight, which I, thank Heaven, had no hand in. Their pockets, too, were rifled; everything that was found there of value was added to the general stock; and all anticipated heavy purses at sight of the baggage mules patiently standing apart, guarded by four of the troop.’—p. 111.

The episode with the young Marchioness De’ Tempi, though perhaps too true to Italian manners, does not add to the worth of the story, and were better omitted. In the course of the narrative, some spirited descriptions are introduced, illustrating Italian life and customs. Such is the account of the rush of the waters into the bed of the Arno; of the rustic wedding and the banquet among the vines; and of the triennial festival at Pisa, with its gaiety and illuminations.

*The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.*  
By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER, K.C.B., &c. &c. In  
4 vols. Vols. I. and II. Murray.—Sir W. Napier thus flings down the  
gauntlet on his first page:—

‘This shall be the story of a man who never tarnished his reputation by a shameful deed: of one who subdued distant nations by his valour, and then governed them so wisely, that English rule was revered and loved where before it had been feared and execrated. For thus nobly acting, the virulence of interested faction was loosed to do him wrong: honours were withheld, and efforts made to depreciate his exploits by successive Governments: nevertheless, his fame has been accepted by the British people as belonging to the glory of the nation.’

A just admiration of the genius of Sir Charles, and a keen sense of some unquestionable wrongs he suffered, give this book a certain air of antagonism and partizanship. But the warmth is pardonable. Hot is the Napier blood: silent endurance is impossible to any of the race; and loud as the complaint of Achilles ‘by the vastly-resounding sea’ is their outcry against injustice. When the details of a dispute are intricate or imperfectly known, our presumption should always be in favour of the man who has *done* something, as against the mere fault-finders. Now, the skill and the gallantry which distinguished the Indian career of Sir Charles are beyond all question. The result has justified him; and what justification could be more triumphant? It is certain that if he had followed the counsels of those who were subsequently the loudest in censure, his name would have been associated with disaster as shameful as the renown which now encircles it is glorious.

These two volumes carry us to the sixty-second year of his life. Very copious must be his remaining letters and papers, to fill up two more of the same size. The leading facts of the coming portion have been already related by the biographer in his history of Sir Charles Napier’s administration of Scinde. But there is still room for the account by Sir Charles himself, written on the spot, and in the midst of the difficulties he overcame. His letters are full of life, good sense, and humour. They constitute the greater part of the two volumes before us, and delightful reading they are. The book abounds in adventure—shifts its scene to the most distant quarters of the globe—is full of shrewd observation, racy remark, and suggestive reflections.

We see young Charles Napier, in his early days of military service, assiduous in the studies likely to advance him in his profession, temperate, indefatigable, foremost in every manly sport, but slow to form mess-room intimacies; disclosing only in long and constant letters to his mother his secret thoughts and hopes, and all the incidents of his daily life. A fine lesson this for those weak-headed striplings who fancy that they give proof of their manhood by despising a mother’s counsel and a mother’s tears.

When in his twenty-seventh year, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Corunna. He had led his regiment in advance of the line, expecting support, and hoping to capture a battery. But the men

were recalled : he found himself at last alone in a lane, wounded in the leg, and doubly perplexed by his shortsightedness and his ignorance of the locality. He fell in with four English privates, just as two parties of Frenchmen came up on either side. Forgetting his wound, he cried to the men to follow him, and they would cut their way through. The capture is thus related by himself:—

#### SIR CHARLES AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

‘The Frenchmen had halted, but now run on to us ; and just as my spring and about was made, the wounded leg failed, and I felt a stab in the back ; it gave me no pain, but felt cold, and threw me on my face. Turning to rise, I saw the man who had stabbed me making a second thrust ; whereupon, letting go my sabre, I caught his bayonet by the socket, turned the thrust, and raising myself by the exertion, grasped his firelock with both hands, thus in mortal struggle regaining my feet. His companions had now come up, and I heard the dying cries of the four men with me, who were all bayoneted instantly. We had been attacked from behind by men not before seen, as we stood with our backs to a doorway, out of which must have rushed several men, for we were all stabbed in an instant, before the two parties coming up the road reached us : they did so, however, just as my struggle with the man who had wounded me was begun. That was a contest for life ; and being the strongest, I forced him between myself and his comrades, who appeared to be the men whose lives I had saved when they pretended to be dead on our advance through the village. They struck me with their muskets clubbed, and bruised me much ; whereupon seeing no help near, and being overpowered by numbers, and in great pain from my wounded leg, I called out, *Je me rends !* remembering the expression correctly from an old story of a fat officer, whose name being James, called out *Jemmy round !* Finding they had no disposition to spare me, I kept hold of the musket, vigorously defending myself with the body of the little Italian who had first wounded me, but soon grew faint, or rather tired. At that moment, a tall, dark man came up, seized the end of the musket with his left hand, whirled his brass-hilted sabre round and struck me a powerful blow on the head, which was bare, for my cocked-hat had fallen off. Expecting the blow would finish me, I had stooped my head in hopes it might fall on my back, or at least on the thickest part of the head, and not on the left temple ; so far I succeeded, for it fell exactly on the top, cutting into the bone, but not through it. Fire sparkled from my eyes ; I fell on my knees, blinded, yet without quite losing my senses, and still holding on to the musket. Recovering in a moment, I regained my legs, and saw a florid, handsome young French drummer holding the arm of the dark Italian, who was in the act of repeating his blow. Quarter was then given ; but they tore my pantaloons in tearing my watch and purse from my pocket, and a little locket of hair which hung round my neck ; they snatched at everything ; but while this went on two of them were wounded, and the drummer, Guibert, ordered the dark man who had sabred me to take me to the rear. When we began to move, I resting on him, because hardly able to walk, I saw him look back over his shoulder to see if Guibert was gone ; and so did I, for his rascally face made me suspect him. Guibert’s back was towards us ; and he was walking off, and the Italian again drew his sword, which he had before sheathed. I called out to the drummer, ‘This rascal is going to kill me ! brave Frenchmen don’t kill prisoners !’ Guibert ran back, swore furiously at the Italian, shoved him away, almost down, and putting his arm round my waist, supported me himself : thus this generous Frenchman saved me twice, for the Italian was bent upon slaying.’—Vol. i., pp. 103—105.

When released, we find him next serving in Portugal, then in the Bermudas, then in America, and in 1814 studying hard in the Military College at Farnham. After some time spent in the Ionian Islands, he was appointed, in 1822, Military Resident in Cephalonia, where he com-

menced the construction of great public works, and a series of important social and political reforms. In the anxious times of 1839, when the ill-timed rigour of Government had driven the working classes to the verge of insurrection, he was entrusted with the military command of the northern districts. His sympathies were with the oppressed in all but that infuriated violence whereby the demagogues urged them to force a recognition of their claims. He describes the middle classes and the magistracy generally as far more ready than the military men to push things to extremity, and incur the risk of bloodshed. Accepting the Indian command, he out-generalled, vanquished, and captured those treacherous and formidable Ameers, who found, however, patrons in England as credulous and (to Englishmen) as inhuman as those who have just now made excuses for the atrocities of Yeh. Napier was accused of fighting to get the prize-money! Read the following description of this 'ruffian's' feelings after his great victory, written in his journal, August 21st, 1843:—

#### REFLECTIONS AFTER THE BATTLE OF MEEANEE.

'Yes! I will make this land happy if life is left me for a year; nay, if only for six months, they shall be sorry to lose the *Bahadoor Jung*. I shall then have no more Beloochees to kill. Battle! victory! Oh! spirit-stirring words in the bosom of society; but to me! Oh, God, how my heart rejects them! That dreadful work of blood, sickening even to look on: not one feeling of joy or exultation entered my head at Meeanee or Dubla; all was agony—I can use no better word. I was glad we won, because better it was to have Beloochees slain than Englishmen; and I well knew not one of us would be spared if they succeeded: to win was my work for the day, and the least bloody thing to be done! But with it came anxiety, pain of heart, disgust, and a longing never to have quitted Celbridge—to have passed my life in the '*round field*' and the '*devil's acre*,' and under the dear yew-trees on the terrace amongst the sparrows: these were the feelings which flushed in my head after the battles. Well, we are born for war in this good world, and will make it while men have teeth and women have tongues. But away with these feelings! let me go to work—let me sink in harness, if so God pleases; he who flinches from work, in battle or out of it, is a coward.'—Vol. ii., p. 421.

*Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, and the Court of Philip II.* By MARTHA WALKER FREER. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.—These two volumes form the third contribution of the authoress to our collection of royal biographies. They give us an interesting picture of the Court of Spain during the happiest period of the reign of Philip II.—that in which he shared the throne with his third wife, the 'good and gentle' Elizabeth, or, in Spanish parlance, Isabel de Valois. Miss Freer has spared no pains in consulting letters and documents both at Madrid and Paris; and, aided by these authorities, she supplies a complete refutation to the scandalous stories afloat as to the relations of the young Queen with her step-son, Don Carlos. Her alleged previous engagement to the son; the dark and revengeful character of the father; the fact of her death so soon after that of Don Carlos—all these circumstances have been enlisted in the service of romance, and certainly afford material highly susceptible of dramatic treatment. In the light of the letters now brought forward, however,

Philip appears as a husband, and in an aspect much more favourable than that in which we are accustomed to regard him. Stern and distant to all beside, to Elizabeth he was ever tender and considerate. It is pleasant to contemplate this one bright side of his character, and to witness his unwearied affection for this his most-loved wife. It is difficult to imagine the possibility of the Queen's withdrawing her affection from a husband so devoted to her—a King in the prime of life, of a noble presence, and possessed of many intellectual gifts—to bestow them on a rough, uncultivated prince, deformed in person, and subject to frequent attacks of insanity. That her influence over her step-son was great, there seems not a doubt: we are told that 'he 'always retired from the Queen's presence comforted and soothed; the 'tenderness of her womanly pity was grateful to him, whom all feared 'and betrayed.' 'He deemed her gentle, lovely, and wise,' says Brantôme; 'and in truth she was one of the brightest and most peerless princesses in the world.' She appears invariably to have conducted herself with great prudence; her pity and interest for the prince were always suitably expressed, and, on the testimony of De Fourquevaux, never offended the King her husband.

The daughter of the unscrupulous Catherine de Medici, Elizabeth, inherited much of her mother's talent for government, without any of her dissimulation. Had she lived, she would, no doubt, have become a prominent actor in political affairs.

Miss Freer supplies us with some new and interesting information regarding the meeting at Bayonne between the Queen of Spain, Charles IX., and Catherine de' Medici, in the summer of 1565. Catherine had long wished for an interview with her daughter, and, after much importunity, she had at length procured it; but she owed the concession to the expectation of her son-in-law, that some agreement would be entered into by the two Courts for the suppression of heresy. Such wishes, however, Catherine was not prepared to gratify. She shrank from allowing herself to be bound by a treaty with a foreign state; she wished to be left at liberty either to proclaim the Huguenots her dearest allies, or, if it suited her better, to proscribe them. In vague professions of orthodoxy, of friendship for the Catholic king, and determination to put down heresy, she was lavish enough, but would pledge herself to nothing. To the stern admonitions of Alva she listened with indifference, hoping, by her matchless powers of dissimulation, to bring the conference to an amicable termination without binding herself to any specific measures. For some time she avoided a general discussion on the subject; but being pressed by Elizabeth and Alva, she at last consented.

#### THE CONFERENCE AT BAYONNE.

'When the sounds of merriment were hushed in the town of Bayonne, the apartments of the Queen of Spain became the scene of a political conclave, on a grand scale, as Catherine had promised Alva. The individuals present were Charles IX., Catherine de' Medici, Elizabeth Queen of Spain, the Duke d'Anjou, the Duke of Alba, Don Juan Maurique, Alava, the Duke de Montpensier, the Constable de

Montmorency, the Marshal de Bourdillon, and the Cardinals de Bourbon, de Guise, and de Lorraine. At this conference, Catherine formally tendered to Alba, to convey to his royal master, an amplified note of the project for the proscription of heresy, and its upholders, from the realm of France, in accordance with that presented before the journey of the Spanish Court to the frontiers. There cannot remain a doubt that the most violent measures were then discussed for the destruction or the enforced recantation of the most eminent personages of the Protestant leagues in France and in the Low Countries, and for the more absolute development of the powers possessed by the tribunal of Les Chambres Ardentes in France, and of the Inquisition in the Netherlands and Spain; the latter country having been, with few exceptions, hitherto free from the brand of heresy. 'I send executioners to destroy heretics root and branch, and not ecclesiastics to convert them!' had been the exclamation of Philip II., when urged by Eboli, and some of the more moderate members of the cabinet, to try lenient measures towards the 'apostates of the Netherlands.' The Spanish Cabinet, therefore, was disposed to accept of no dubious measure for the repression of heresy; and Alba gave counsel in accordance to the King and his mother, and vehemently urged the latter to maintain and adhere to the wise propositions which she had submitted to his Catholic Majesty. Charles, however, was placed in different circumstances to Philip II. The realm of Spain was loyal and orthodox, and heresy had manifested itself only in a distant province of Philip's empire. In France, on the contrary, princes of the blood-royal had forsaken the religion of Rome; the very capital itself was infected with heresy; and in the South, provinces and districts, comprehending more than a fourth part of the realm, declared for the reformed faith. The echo of conflict between Roman Catholic and Protestant resounded in the presence-chamber of the sovereign; while the royal banner was unfurled at the van of both armies. Catherine, however, had recently formed projects for the prompt pacification of France without the intervention of Spanish arms. Her agents, at this period, were busied in sounding the inclinations of the Imperial, Papal, and English Cabinets, with a view to the recognition of the Calvinists as a body in the state. It was then stated to be the desire of the Queen that the privilege of public worship according to the reformed ritual, together with other various rights and liabilities, should be permanently settled by edict of Parliament. But, unhappily, the sincerity of the Queen's placable intent was trusted no longer after the interview of Bayonne. The one point above all others deprecated and dreaded by the Huguenots, was the union of the military force of the realms of France and Spain for their overthrow. Such an alliance they felt, humanly speaking, that no faith of theirs could survive; and that its issue must be the destruction of their creed, and the proscription of the leaders of their party. Rumours, therefore, of the frequent discussions holden between Catherine and Alba produced such excess of fear and distrust as led to the immediate organization of the enterprize of Meaux—a conspiracy which rendered oblivion and reconciliation impossible between the parties.—Vol. ii. p. 110.

Elizabeth appears to have taken a prominent part in these discussions, and excited the admiration of Alba, who thus writes to his master,—speaking of the Queen:—'I assure your Majesty that she has led this negotiation with a prudence, a discretion, and a courage which, although great was our previous opinion of her Majesty's capacity, has completely astounded us.' The praises of such a man attest sufficiently the ardour of her attachment to the Church of Rome. But the dictates of her religion could not extinguish the feelings of humanity. Her gentle heart deplored the atrocities of Alba; and she wept over the letter sent her by the wife of Egmont. But she was only too well aware that even her intercession would avail nothing, for the King had sworn not to interfere with the proceedings of his ruthless agent.

After many years of delicate health, still further impaired by the



incompetency of Court physicians, who appear to have been, to a man, of the Sangrado school, Elizabeth died at the early age of twenty-four. Philip never forgot her, and cherished with singular fondness her eldest child, the infanta Isabel. In his will, he commends this daughter to his son, the future King, in these words: 'Take care of your sister, so dearly beloved by me, for she was my joy and the very light of my eyes.'

The style of the book is easy and animated; it abounds in the details which enable us to realize the events narrated. It appears that the French Ambassadors were accustomed to transmit, for the gratification of Catherine, the most minute particulars concerning the dress, conversation, and daily life of her daughter; and Miss Freer has turned their gossiping tendenciez to excellent account.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches.* By THOMAS HOOD.—A portfolio of sketches by a son of our "lamented wit and poet, to whom his father has transmitted a legacy most precious and most rare—a singular measure of his own peculiar genius. Some of these miscellanies are grave, even tearfully sad; others light and merry, with what we have grown accustomed to regard as 'Hood's own' especial raciness and piquancy. There is to be found among them some most poetic prose, as well as some prosy poetry; for not all the verses that even poets write are poetry. A platitudinal on the death of the old year, reminding one not pleasantly of Tennyson, and two or three others, might be well spared. Not that these are altogether bad, but, as a certain learned judge lately remarked on some verses read in court,—'as good as the general run of modern poetry,' and so not good enough for our author. And here we have done with finding fault. In these pages seems still to live something of the spirit of our old and well-beloved Thomas Hood, with his warm, sensitive heart, so ready in sympathy with tears or laughter—so quick to turn the one into the other. We can scarcely wonder that the sadness should predominate, and that the tear oftener than the smile should visit the son who remembers such a father. There are some exquisite pieces, both in prose and verse, on the late war,—a worthy and a melancholy theme, wherefrom true poetry has sprung and is to spring, for it lies deep in the hearts of the people, who brood over their great losses and their gains, so pitifully disproportionate. That is a noble little piece which bears the title of 'The Boys of England;' a stately martial lyric takes its name from '1855;' and 'The Cry of the Brothers of England' is sad, yet heart-stirring;—but to name the pieces that have pleased us is almost to copy the index, for, with one or two exceptions, these sketches are all excellent. The gem of the book, to our mind, is 'The Gate-keeper of the City of Tombs.' The author describes himself as making friends with the old gate-keeper of one of the large cemeteries, about which he was fond of wandering. On this thread are strung his tales and his fancies, full of grace and tenderness. We have said no word of the fun—of Keziah Bennet and Marlborough House—mirth seasoned with salt. We commend the book to the gentle reader as containing only things pure, lovely, and of good report, and so worthy of perusal for its own

sake, as well as that of the memories with which the name upon the title-page stands associated.

*Beranger's Songs of the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration.* Translated into English Verse by ROBERT B. BROUGH. Addey & Co. —Mr. Brough succeeds in a kind of translation beset with peculiar difficulties. Not only has very idiomatic French to be rendered into racy English, but the jesting or familiar phrases of the one language into some corresponding expression common in the other. All the while, too, the chorus must be retained; perhaps, the measure; and certainly, the characteristics of the 'Song.' We hope that Mr. Brough will feel sufficiently encouraged to give us more of like quality. One of the most clear renderings is that of the 'Mort-Vivant,' where English phrases are collected and rhymed to answer to the French in a very dexterous way. The 'Judas' and the 'Marquis of Carabas' are free and spirited translations. The 'Prophecy of Nostradamus,' and the 'Address to M. de Chateaubriand,' are remarkable for fidelity, and preserve the original measure. As a combination of closeness in the rendering with felicitous freedom of expression, the 'Advice to the Belgians' is perhaps the best in the collection.

*Jessie Cameron.* By LADY RACHEL BUTLER. Blackwood and Sons.—A simple, touching Scottish story. The characters are mostly chosen from among the inhabitants of a Highland village. The authoress shows that she has known and sympathized with the Scottish peasantry, and understands their peculiar characteristics. The heroine, after loving and being loved (as she thinks), is deserted by her lover for a richer bride; and afterwards saves him, his wife and child, in Grace Darling fashion, from a flood that threatens to destroy them. Those readers who love abundant incident will find this story, though short, by no means deficient in that respect. It contains an affray with poachers, a hunt after an illicit still, a snow-storm among the hills, and the aforesaid inundation. For our own part, we enjoy most the quiet beauty of so much deep affection and unaffected resignation. The pictures of homely cottage life are full of interest and pathos.

*Memoirs of James Hutton; comprising the Annals of his Life, and Connection with the United Brethren.* By DANIEL BENHAM. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.—This is a kind of Moravian Blue-book. It contains a huge mass of letters and extracts from Moravian records, undivided into chapters, unprovided with a table of contents. The aspect of the pages is quite sufficient to repel the general reader. Those parts of the book in which he might naturally feel an interest—and there are several such—are scattered and overlaid among heaps of business detail, small affairs of diplomacy, disputes, and arrangements, of interest only to the curious searcher into the ecclesiastical history of the United Brethren. It is to be regretted that the story of so excellent a man should be so disadvantageously introduced. The table of proper names at the end of the volume is a little help, but very insufficient for those who desire to find their way in this wood, and to select the most important facts. With due pains the reader may gather from the volume a considerable amount of information as

to the relations of the Moravian body with the Church of England, and the spread of their communities on the Continent and in America. Hutton was an active and invaluable member of the communion, advocating their cause, in England especially, with zeal, discretion, and success. He appears to have been insufficiently pietistic for some who had the direction of their affairs. He would talk freely on secular subjects, and would become all things to all men to an extent which did not always comport with that well-meaning strait-lacedness which made an essential part of their religion. Much of the correspondence between him and Count Zinzendorf is incorporated in this Moravian chronicle. He addresses and speaks of the Count as 'Papa,' and signs himself 'Papa's own Jemmy.' Hutton saw much while in France of that apostle of the Churches of the desert, M. Court, who laboured so successfully to collect and reorganize the relics of French Protestantism after the persecutions and the emigration which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their friendship contributed not a little to the opening and the maintenance of much loving intercourse between the United Brethren and the Protestants of France.

The 'Directing Board of the Unity' appear to have regarded with distrust that cheerful freedom with which Hutton mingled among all classes of men; that very liberality, in fact, which did so much to remove the prejudices prevalent against the Moravians. He was recalled from Switzerland. His patience and forbearance under such petty and unreasonable vexations were admirably displayed. He pleaded the fact of his being an Englishman, and Englishmen were allowed all sorts of eccentricity. It does not impress us favourably, as regards the spirit of the Brethren at that time (the middle of the eighteenth century), to find that one of them has to defend what appears to us the exercise of genuine Christian charity, under the plea of that eccentricity which foreigners attribute to us as a national peculiarity. We give some extracts from a letter which Hutton found it necessary to write in his defence to the Directing Board,—a council possessed, it appears, of arbitrary powers, and quite unable to value a true man when they had one at their service:—

#### ALARMING ECCENTRICITIES OF A DEVOUT ENGLISHMAN.

'In the year 1756 I went to Lausanne, with a view of making acquaintance with the French studying there as candidates for the ministry of the Gospel. In order to be spared all possible uneasiness, I sought for a recommendation to the burgomaster, who was brother-in-law to Sr. La Tour, in Geneva. He was pleased with my conversation, and I told him at once that I was a Moravian brother. Through the kindness of the gentleman who happened to be visiting at his house, I became acquainted with several other persons, and was never backward in speaking whenever the conversation turned upon the Brethren. The war, and its probable consequences, in case the Protestant cause should be vanquished, were sometimes the subject of discourse; at other times, books and their contents. No one ever ventured to use unbecoming or ambiguous language in my presence: and as long as the conversation remained innocent, I freely took part in it, never pretending to expect that people should speak only on religious subjects on my account. The same was the case in Geneva, Berne, Basle, Aarau, Zurich, Winterthur, and Chur. Providence everywhere brought me into contact with people who took

delight in a social friendly intercourse with a Herrnhuter. Very often I had no hand in it, but things happened so without my seeking, and as if by chance, and thus my most endearing acquaintances were formed. The first occasion, both on their part and my own, was often very accidental; sometimes in the course of a walk, or at a meeting with tradespeople or noblemen, as the case might be. I often took a walk when I had leisure. I was social, friendly, and free from affectation. Any one with a human face was welcome with me; for such a being needs but to be seen to be saluted, yea, loved, by his fellow-creatures. This I have found to be the case everywhere. I am quite aware that such love does not strike root very deeply. Yet, people become very civil, and, in most cases, I have found them true friends. My manner and demeanour cannot well be regulated and determined by anything except attention to my own feelings, and to the leadings of my Saviour, and His Holy Spirit, whom He must and has granted unto me during my residence in Switzerland. My walks cannot be registered beforehand, so as to prevent my going forth, except according to a preconceived plan. For instance, in case of an accident happening to one of our brethren or sisters, in which something must be neglected if a first plan were insisted on. Such matters arrange themselves, so to speak; and, under the overruling providence of God, one thing leads to another. In England, my acquaintance with the late Archbishop, with Warburton, Dr. Sharpe, Kennicott, Stanton, Dr. Birch, Lord Botetourt, Southwell, Campbell, Upton, Phelps, Dr. Franklin, Lord Shelburne, Lord Strange, Lowther, and others, originated, in my former intercourse with them in our school-days, partly from an inward impulse and a general readiness to assist, and partly from a natural desire for social intercourse, which is quite innate in me, and to indulge which other Brethren have no time. I, for my part, have always had time for it, both in England and in Switzerland.

But what is the good which has resulted from this for our Saviour and His kingdom? In Lausanne, people lost the mean idea they had of the Brethren; and, moreover, did not molest me, but rather treated me with respect, and learned to honour the late Count Zinzendorf.

In Geneva, it almost became a mark of distinction to be a Moravian Brother—so, at least, the magistrates and tradespeople without reserve declared. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

In Basle, where, previously to my arrival, it was forbidden even to lodge a Moravian Brother, I was publicly known in every street as a Brother, and kept every day one, two, and even more meetings for the townspeople, and for people from the country, without the least molestation; and from that time all who have succeeded me have enjoyed rest and peace, although a Moravian Brother is well known to be always in the town.

In Aarau, our principal enemies have laid aside much of their animosity, chiefly in consequence of my intercourse with them. And yet, I had no other means of becoming acquainted with them but through conversations on the news of the war. Our enemies, as far as I could learn, discontinued their opposition. The same was the case at Zurich. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

If I had had to make previous arrangements and plans, or had been guided and tagged to a certain mode of action by a previous conference with my brethren, neither they nor I would ever have thought of such things, nor have imagined that anything of such a nature could ever have been possible for me to effect.

I have written the above in order to pacify those Brethren who are not sufficiently acquainted with my manner of proceeding, nor yet with the opportunities that presented themselves, nor with the effect produced. . . .

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But even should little or no good result, it is at any rate a great pleasure to myself to love others, and have intercourse with those who will converse with me. *Nihil humani a me alienum puto.* I consider nothing that is human foreign to me.

*Ladies of the Reformation. Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters, from the Period of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century* by the REV. JAMES ANDERSON. Blackie and Son.—The Gents are fond of distinguishing between Form and Content. The content of the present volume pleases us very well: not so the form. It is unwieldy and inconvenient in shape, and untasteful in its external ornamentation. The vignettes, however, of many towns and castles mentioned in the narratives are welcome additions to the text, and pleasant helps to imagination. The book contains sketches of the lives of the most notable women of the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain. We have notices of the wives of reformers, like Katharine von Bora, Anna Reinhard, and Idelette de Bures;—of the wives of reforming electors, such as Elizabeth wife of Joachim I. Elector of Brandenburg, and Sibylla of Cleves, wife of John Frederick, Elector of Saxony;—of queens who favoured the Reformation, like Marguerite de Valois and Jeanne D'Albret;—and of martyrs such as those noble Spanish ladies, Leanor de Cisneros, and Maria and Juana de Bohorques. The narratives are drawn up with care; the references to authorities are frequent; and each group of characters is preceded by a brief and serviceable historic introduction.

*The Foreign Sacred Lyre. Metrical Versions of Religious Poetry, from the German, French, and Italian, together with the Original Pieces.* By JOHN SHEPPARD, author of 'Thoughts on Devotion,' &c. &c. Jackson and Walford.—We are glad to be thus reminded that the energies of an old friend are unimpaired. His book is one of a kind always welcome to us, for it is written in the service of the Communion of Saints. In these pages, Klopstock and Michael Angelo, Lamartine and Filicaia, Guidi and Racine; Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and Vaudois, are lovingly assembled together, and unite in their adoration of the same Saviour. In the literary point of view, the execution is praiseworthy: in the devotional, the selection is judicious. The original is given on one page, the translation on the other;—an excellent plan, which, while it facilitates criticism, shows at the same time that Mr. Sheppard need not fear it. The book will form a right pleasant and profitable companion of Continental travel. There is a fine Hebraic grandeur about Klopstock's Spring Festival; but it is even surpassed by Lamartine's sublime Ode to the Saviour, and by his Address to Christians in Time of Trial. Many readers, too, will be glad to make acquaintance with the sonnets of Filicaia, of which Mr. Hallam speaks so highly. Mr. Sheppard has preserved the original measure of Klopstock's Hymn to the Redeemer, and gives us some successful English Alcaics,—scarcely appreciable, perhaps, by readers unfamiliar with Horace. In the last line of the fifth stanza, the second 'ten' should be omitted, as metrically superfluous, and as adding arbitrarily to the hyperbole in the original. Reading, 'With thy ten thousand times thousand tear-drops,' we have a correct concluding line,—two dactyls and a ditrochæus. We give

the conclusion of Lamartine's *Ode to the Saviour*, which Mr. Sheppard has rendered with equal fidelity and spirit :—

TO THE SAVIOUR.

' For me—whether thy glories dawn or fade,  
God of my cradle, shine Thou on my tomb.  
These failing eyes, the deeper frowns the gloom,  
Shall fix their warmer gaze on thy celestial aid.  
Nay, should thy temple, which the proud forsake,  
Be tottering, yet, O venerated shrine,  
Whence I have learn'd my all of hope Divine,  
I would embrace thy columns while they quake,  
And, when'd beneath their fall, my silent offering make.'

*The Panorama of History.* By MRS. SMYTH. Darton and Co.—A very useful and convenient substitute for the old-fashioned, inconvenient, and therefore well-nigh useless *chronological chart*, that could not be used unless strained and hung on a wall; and even then its contracted space made it very meagre, while the annoyance of having to rise from one's seat, and perhaps carry a candle in order to refer to it, made its practical service very slight indeed. A book, then, is in every way preferable to the old chart. Some such manual is indispensable to the zealous student of history, and this we can heartily recommend. It is pleasing in external form; it is convenient, in size and shape, for frequent reference; it is clearly printed; it is well arranged; and the matter of it seems to us, after a somewhat careful examination, accurate, comprehensive, and well expressed. There is, moreover, a quiet, unobtrusive piety about the book which is very agreeable to us—a recognition of the *hand of God* in connexion with the events it records, at once desirable and delightful. We ought, moreover, to add that it is marvellously cheap.

*French Literature.*—Two theses, by M. Boissier, on the comedies of Plautus and the tragedies of Attius, will interest the classical scholar. Historians and antiquarians may find variety of pabulum in treatises like those of M. Bourquelot, *Sur le Manuscrit intitulé Cartulaire de la Ville de Provins*; in M. Lepage's *Recherches sur l'Origine des premiers Temps de Nancy*; and in M. Barbe's investigation, *Du Lieu de Naissance de Godefroy de Bouillon*. The *Discours sur la Vie et les Ecrits du Duc de Saint-Simon*, by M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, is a prize essay written for the French Academy. The two volumes of M. Jouleau, *Etudes sur Colbert, ou Exposition du Systeme d'Economie politique suivi en France, de 1661 à 1683*, are reading for veteran political economists, for whom columns of figures and intricate statistical tables present no repulsive aspect. *Recueil des Ordonnances de la Principauté de Liège*, 1st vol.—This is a publication by the Belgian Government, entrusted to the competent hand of M. Polain, and one among the many praiseworthy efforts now making by the continental governments to collect and publish the records contained in their archives, for the service of history. The *Annales Algériennes* of M. Pelissier de Reynaud (3 vols.) is a work of great value, and now appears in a new edition, with revisions and addenda that make it

almost a new book. Life in South America is illustrated by the *Souvenirs de l'Amerique Espagnole* of Max Rodriguet, and the sketches of Costa Rica, by Dr. Wagner, an indefatigable traveller, and his companion, Dr. Scherzer.

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A R T.

*Pre-Raphaelitism; or, a Popular Enquiry into some newly-asserted Principles connected with the Philosophy, Poetry, Religion, and Revolution of Art.* By the Rev. EDWARD YOUNG, M.A. Longmans.—This is a clever book, attacking with considerable force that new school of art to which Mr. Ruskin has lent, of late, his powerful advocacy. The fight is a fair one. Mr. Young does not rail at his antagonist. By an admission as cordial, perhaps, as could be expected from an adversary, of Mr. Ruskin's great abilities, Mr. Young shakes hands before the contest. The exposure of the contradictions to be found in the eloquent pages of the Oxford Graduate is acute and unsparing. In fact, Mr. Ruskin is essentially a poet—an intense, impressionable nature. Those keen susceptibilities and that subtilty of thought which render his appreciation of art and of nature so admirable, are qualities which render him especially liable to change. Like all strong men, his strength is in some respects his weakness. Bravely and beautifully has he spoken out his thoughts, and made an epoch in the criticism of art. Of the spirit of his endeavour it is impossible to speak too highly. It has been (amidst all inconsistencies) his constant aim to win acknowledgment for the highest functions of art, to hallow it with the sense of consecration, to vindicate its divineness. In some of his examples we think him unfortunate; in some of his generalizations, too hasty and indiscriminate. Associating as he does all art with some moral purpose, a false style is to him a child of the devil—the true, a child of God. All his canons of taste are articles of faith. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the connoisseur in the mantle of the prophet should utter many a hard saying, and pronounce many a vehement denunciation. The enmity he has thus incurred is natural enough. He cannot suppose himself a martyr. Other men beside him have also made art a matter of conscience, and differ from him in their conclusions.

The words of Bacon, which Mr. Young has chosen for his motto, indicate very plainly his position:—‘The world being inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things.’ Such is the ground occupied alike by the lovers of Plato and the lovers of Bacon; in fact, by every idealist, as opposed to the Pre-Raphaelite and other theories, which say that art is merely imitative, and consists simply in a transcript,

Chinese or photographic in its fidelity, of nature as we find it. It is Aristotle who says that poetry is an imitative art. But the great dramatists of Greece are poets according to Bacon's definition, not according to Aristotle's. They create, and do not imitate. What could be more unlike the daily life of the Athenian than the figures and the scenes of his tragic stage—those measured processional movements of the chorus about the Thymele—that centre-piece of every scene—the iambics, the cothurnus, the masks, the music, the story itself, with its colossal Fate, working woe to demi-gods and kings? What more unlike actual life than the classic Unities? If the truth by which poetry is to be tested mean truth to the real life of to-day, what truth have the infernal and celestial scenes of Milton and of Dante, and where is the truth of the *Faery Queene*? Mr. Ruskin quotes Carlyle, who says that Poetry is nothing more than 'higher knowledge;' and that, for grown persons, 'the only genuine Romance is Reality.' But Mr. Carlyle is an idealist, if ever there was one. In his philosophy it is our flesh and blood which is the apparition—the phantom; and reality can only be predicated of that Mind (divine and human) of which matter is the product, outcome, or manifestation. When, therefore, Carlyle speaks of reality, he never means the mere actual, but that actual as it is seen by the light of that higher truth and knowledge which are in the seeing mind. Thus Wordsworth's *lucor*, to whom the primrose was but 'a yellow primrose,' and nothing more, did not see the reality, only the outside of the thing. Wordsworth, seeing beneath appearance—communicating, as it were, of his own soul to the flower, sees it truly—has the higher, because the inner, knowledge of it. When, therefore, Pre-Raffaelitism says that there should be no fantastic distortion or indolent neglect of the actual forms of nature—when it demands study, accuracy, and a thorough doing of all we do, it says what is right and true, but not altogether novel. But when (as a recent writer has remarked) it forgets that the eye is not a perfect organ, and must see many things obscurely, and lose many minutiae, it is untrue to actual nature. If our eyes were magnifying-glasses, then it would be right to paint pictures which required a microscope. When Pre-Raffaelitism demands that the mind shall never colour with its own hues the forms of matter—that we ought to choose ungraceful or ugly forms in preference to beautiful ones, when the choice is equally open, because they are more common—when it denies that the soul is greater than the world, and may combine therefrom, or create for its solace and delectation—then is it poverty-stricken, prosaic, materialistic, and debasing. A man who says, I will not select a face brutalized by debauchery, and rubicund with grog-blossoms, as a subject for my pencil, is surely not to be rebuked as a presumptuous mortal, wanting to improve God's handiwork, and too conceited to take nature as she is. The artist so rebuked might justly reply—God's work I will paint as faithfully as I can; but that nose, like half-a-dozen double-strawberries, is not God's handiwork, but the devil's. And the same is true of lesser degrees of distortion. The sighing after an ideal—a



belief that the creation travails towards some far-off deliverance—a longing for ‘the light that never was on land or sea,’ are the inalienable heritage of man. In fact, on the true principles of Pre-Raphaelitism, it is difficult to see what justification can be found for what Mr. Ruskin calls ‘imagination penetrative,’ and distinguishes as so essential to the highest poetry. That exercise of imagination must be rejected as ‘a throwing of man’s shadow on God’s work.’ Yet Wordsworth abounds in such impersonations or idealizations of natural objects, informing them with his own feelings, and making them speak his language. And in spite of his theory, he has given us an idealized, and not the actual country life of Westmoreland; and in verse, moreover, which rustics do *not* talk. If mere imitation stands so high, Mr. Ruskin should not regard the grainer’s work as the pitiable, soul-deadening process he describes it. But he speaks at some times as slightly, as at others highly, of laborious imitative finish. In the *Modern Painters* Mr. Ruskin has allowed Imagination a certain prerogative of selection and discretion which he would now seem to deny it.

We must refer the reader to Mr. Young’s book for a fair reply to one of Mr. Ruskin’s most fallacious dicta—that the characteristic of modern civilization is the denial of Christ. He confounds religion itself with the mere artistic manifestation of it. It is somewhat amusing to see Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin attributing a deep religiousness to your Abbot Samson, and others, because they never talked about religion, and declaring the reticence of our generation a proof that we have scarcely any religion at all. It must never be forgotten that religious art may become an easy substitute for religious life, and that it is much easier for a man to put his religion into a window than into his conduct. Heartily as we admire the true nobleness of the Middle Age, we do not sigh, as Mr. Ruskin would seem to do, for the times when religion, in the hands of the magistrate, lent her sanction to every form of oppression, and the ‘simple faith’ of our forefathers was held in awe by the executioner.

*Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.* 1856. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co.—There are those who think that Mr. Ruskin, having succeeded in bringing great numbers to an admiration of the once-neglected Turner, is now himself shifting his ground, and depreciating the idol he has set up. These ‘Notes’ certainly contain a large amount of censure mingled with praise, but not enough, we think, to justify such a suspicion. A certain class of large ideal landscapes were criticised unfavourably by Mr. Ruskin, even in the first volume of the *Modern Painters*. He reminds us of this fact, and repeats his objections. It is well to bear in mind that his worship is not without discrimination. Some of those pictures which most puzzled and provoked the public by their frantic incoherence and obscurity, were painted, he acknowledges, in the decline of Turner’s genius. Such a painting as ‘Undine Giving the Ring,’ Mr. Ruskin places in the same relation to Tudier’s other works with that occupied by *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* to the earlier novels

of Scott. At the same time, the Pre-Raphaelite tendency has, we think, grown upon him so far as to place him in antagonism to certain true and noble sayings in his own early works. He cannot occupy the extreme of the Pre-Raphaelite position without falling into manifold self-contradiction. In these very 'Notes' he does not consistently maintain the position that art is purely descriptive, not didactic. Finding fault with the 'Decline of the Carthaginian Empire,' he blames Turner for working in this picture only for show, and painfully 'striving to set forth something that was not in his heart, and could never get there.' Here the admission is made that an artist ought to set forth in a picture, or that he may,—what is in his heart. But it is of the very essence of Pre-Raphaelitism (if its professed discovery be more than a truism) to deny this, and to say, the painter has no business to put into his picture what he *thinks*, but only what he *sees*. He is to receive and accurately to represent the forms and hues of nature—that is all. If Pre-Raphaelitism simply censured (as Mr. Ruskin justly does) the conventional idealism of such mountains as Turner painted overlooking the Garden of the Hesperides, no reasonable opposition could be made. But the real dispute turns about such questions as these:—Is there no medium possible between a conventional idealism which distorts nature, and bare, daguerreotype matter-of-fact? Is the common-place to be enthroned because we have dethroned the fantastical? Has art only to tell men what it sees, but in no way what the artist feels concerning what he sees? Can the imagination banish at pleasure some discordant elements which are found occasionally to mar the harmony of a natural scene? There was a time when Mr. Ruskin would have allowed that faculty such a privilege. It may be questioned whether Turner's ideal dragon, which Mr. Ruskin praises so highly as an imaginative apprehension of possible truth, be not totally inadmissible on Pre-Raphaelite principles. What business had Turner with idealizing—fancying what dragons *might* be?—his sole business was with material fact. The principles of Pre-Raphaelitism applied to literature, condemn utterly such a fanciful interpretation as Mr. Ruskin very ingeniously thrusts upon the picture of 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus.' His business was with the picture, and not with such fine-drawn analogies and allegorical conceits about it as the following:—

#### TURNER AND ULYSSES.

'He (Turner) had been himself shut-up by one-eyed people, in a cave 'darkened with laurels' (getting no good, but only evil, from all the fame of the great of long ago)—he had seen his companions eaten in the cave by the one-eyed people—(many a painter of good promise had fallen by Turner's side in those early toils of his); at last, when his own time had like to have come, he thrust the rugged pine-trunk—all ablaze (rough nature, and the light of it)—into the faces of the one-eyed people, left them tearing their hair as the cloud-banks—got out of the cave in a humble way, under a sheep's belly—(helped by the lowliness and gentleness of nature, as well as by her ruggedness and flame)—and got away to open sea as the dawn broke over the Enchanted Island.'—p. 45.

The cast of mind which rejoices in subtle fancies such as these can

never be really at home in a theory of bald and superficial literalism—cannot stop short at the outward and the material—must ever, in spite of itself, seek beneath the sign the thing signified.

In these Notes, Mr. Ruskin refers the works of Turner to four periods. During the first (1800—1820) he laboured as the imitator, though never as the mere copyist, of the masters he most admired. In the second period (1820—1835) he produced compositions or ideal pieces, working on the principles which he had discovered during his studentship. The third period (1835—1845)—the decennium of his greatness—was devoted to the reproduction, as far as possible, of the simple impressions he received from nature, ‘associating them with his own deepest feelings.’ Is not this last clause treasonable in the eyes of Pre-Raphaelitism? If not, the Pre-Raphaelite controversy (a few pedantries, archaisms, and affectations excepted) is, after all, a dispute about words, to our thinking.

But enough of such matters. Here is an eloquent passage from Mr. Ruskin’s remarks on that glorious picture, ‘The Fighting Temeraire’:—

#### THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.

‘The painting of the *Temeraire* was received with a general feeling of sympathy. No abusive voice, as far as I remember, was ever raised against it. And the feeling was just; for of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape, depends on adjuncts of ruin; but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and what ever witness it may have borne to the courage or the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel; nor less her organized perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character, of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb, or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to or diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honour or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full, bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the sea aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war-ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped, steep in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-cloud of human souls at rest,—surely, for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts—some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters?

‘Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage-garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor’s child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old *Temeraire*.’—p. 79.

*The Early Flemish Painters: Notices of their Lives and Works.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. John Murray.—The materials for a history of early Flemish art lie widely scattered, and were long hidden. But documents recently brought to light—such as had not been used up for cartridges, or rotted from neglect—have enabled the authors to give a certain completeness, as they have certainly imparted much interest, to the work before us. The book is well illustrated by outline engravings of some of the principal pictures discussed, so that the reader is not tantalized, as in many works on art, by descriptions he cannot realize, and criticisms he cannot test.

The early art of Flanders, though very commonly employed on religious subjects, was by no means the affair of the clergy. It was from early times in the hands of great corporations, and grew up with the municipal freedom and commercial prosperity of the Netherlands. The magnificence of the Dukes of Burgundy furnished constant employment to the goldsmiths, the jewellers, the decorators, and the painters of Bruges. Among the retainers of the Dukes, the goldsmith and the painter, though classed in the language of the time as 'varlets,' took honourable place, and were sometimes served by their own domestics in livery. The sideboards of plate, the cups and chains of exquisite workmanship, the mantles gorgeous with cloth of gold and brilliant with precious stones, were the visible exchequer of the Burgundian Dukes. Tapestry, pictures, jewellery, constituted their payments, their presents, and their bribes. Flemish art ministered to the display of the *Noblesse* and the great merchants, as well as to the services of religion. Painting was from early times under that secular patronage in Flanders, which it found, at Florence, only in later times, under the Medici. Hence, in great measure, the predominant realism of the Flemish school. Their colouring is often fine, their rendering of material forms faithful; but their tendency is towards the matter-of-fact. They most frequently lack grace, tenderness, ideality, enthusiasm. But against these general characteristics must be set certain exceptional instances, as the reader of this book will find. The position of the painter in a great man's household was more likely to nourish a masculine, practical view of art, than an ascetic, contemplative ideal, such as springs from the secluded enthusiasm of the cloister.

Fresco-painting could only flourish under the sun of southern Italy. In Lombardy and Venice the canvas was far more frequently employed. Among the fogs of the Netherlands, painters were driven to seek some medium which would resist more effectually the influence of damp. Hence those improvements and discoveries in oil-painting which have immortalized John Van Eyck. Our authors appear to have collected for us all that can be ascertained about him and his brother Hubert. The brethren are compared as follows:—

JOHN AND HUBERT VAN EYCK.

'The character of Hubert was probably influenced by association in the feuds of the warlike communes, fostered by men whose hands were always ready to

grasp the sword in search of vengeance or redress. Considerable difference exists in the incidents of the lives of the two brothers. Whilst John Van Eyck led the life of courts and followed princes, Hubert's name is not remembered or recorded in the lists of 'varlets' or of courtiers. His style of painting bears the stamp of a free and independent mind. It may not be ideal, but it has the nobleness and vigour of a proud, unbending nature. Hubert was the painter of the 'commune,' John the painter of the court. Hubert shows in his works far more virile talents than his brother, and was a master in the use of the medium which his brother is said to have discovered. Nor can it be concealed that, amidst the numerous artists whose pictures show the study of the school, many preferred the rich and powerful talent of Hubert to the softer models of his brother. Petrus Cristus was one of the first to carry to Cologne the fruits of Hubert's teaching. Hugo Van der Goes followed the same school, whilst Justus of Ghent took to Italy the fruits of his early labours under the same master. The brothers Van der Meire exhibit some signs of the same inspiration, mingled with others derived apparently from the old school of Melchior Broederlain.—p. 31.

The Flemish artists sometimes carry to excess the minuteness of their finish, as though they had counted the very hairs of a beard, in a manner truly Pre-Raphaelite. They are apt to fall below even actual forms in grace and elegance; destitute of that ideal elevation which distinguished the Italians. Even Antonello da Messina does not altogether overcome the realist tendencies derived from John Van Eyck, though he approaches the Bellini; from whom it is but a step to the works of Giorgione and Titian—the triumph of colour. The intercourse between the artists of Venice and of Flanders was close and constant during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Both those states were centres of maritime and commercial greatness, and the schools of both eminent for their colourists. The Flemish painters are fond of introducing the decorations of Gothic architecture; they love a background opening on a distant landscape—sometimes so prominent as to distract attention from the chief figures—and they are prone to heavy and excessive ornamentation, seduced, perhaps, by that magnificence in dress for which the Burgundian court and the great burghers were so famous. The early religious school of Cologne was extinguished by the progress of Flemish art, which diffused itself throughout the Rhineland and Germany. The Flemish school was left behind, in its turn, by that of Italy, where the study of linear perspective, neglected in the North, was carried to such perfection. The Flemings were not fond of scenes in mid air, and figures standing upon clouds. They would paint the Annunciation rather than the Assumption or the Coronation of the Virgin; and their treatment was such as to remind the spectator of dear home. The Virgin sits in a Flemish chamber, and through the open window are seen in perspective the steeples and the streets of Ghent.

## S C I E N C E.

THE Council of the Royal Society have at length submitted their proposals for the advancement of physical science to the consideration of Government. They recommend the establishment of classes in metropolitan and provincial schools where the elements of natural philosophy may be taught with the aid of Government grants. They would encourage the formation of public museums and libraries in the provinces, and distribute duplicate specimens of objects from the British Museum. Provincial lectures should be instituted in towns which are willing to share in the expense. National publications bearing on science to be more extensively circulated. Parliamentary grants for useful discoveries, and as rewards of eminent scientific services, to be allowed or augmented. Some Board to be constituted which might advise Government on the prosecution of scientific researches, and on the measures necessary for the more general diffusion of physical knowledge amongst the nation at large. And in order to provide pecuniary means for executing these suggestions, the Council propose that a certain portion of the fees obtained from the granters of patents should be appropriated.

That old and well-worn question of erect vision from inverted images on the retina has lately been revived by Mr. W. D. Cooley, in the columns of the *Athenæum*. The notable feature in the controversy is, that it has roused the petulance of Sir David Brewster—never a difficult matter, we regret to say—who writes all the way from Nice to repudiate the ‘exploded opinions’ to which Mr. Cooley has attached his name. The illustrious philosopher treats the phenomenon as a necessary consequence of the law of ‘visible direction,’ established by himself several years ago—namely, that whatever may be the angle of an entering ray, it is seen in a direction *perpendicular* to that part of the retina on which it falls. Each ray being thus referred back to its source, as it were, the object will be seen in its natural position—erect—and not reversed, as its image really appears on the back of the eye. And this, says Sir David, is simply a physical law, ‘and has nothing to do with ‘sensoriums’ and ‘decussation of the optic nerves,’ or ‘nervous and cerebral systems,’ the ‘fancies to which men appeal when they either will not or cannot ‘submit to the patient investigation of physical truth.’ On the other hand, Mr. G. H. Lewes is called up by the same *vexata quæstio*; and he asserts that the phenomenon is purely psychological. It cannot, he says, be explained either on optical or anatomical principles. It is not the retinal image we see: we only perceive the change effected in our ‘sensational centres.’ Now, it is curious to observe how partiality for a favourite species of philosophy can determine the views we may take of any particular question. Sir David, the physicist, seems to settle the mystery upon physical principles by alleging the law of visible direction, without considering that this law requires as much explanation as the fact of erect vision itself. Why is it that,

instead of accepting the image imprinted on the retina as a finality, the mind projects it outwardly, feeling its way along the luminous lines, as it were, until it has referred the picture within the eye to some distant object without? Or, putting the question in a less fanciful form, why is it that the inverted representation upon the retina is conveyed or notified to the mind as an erect one, since the mind has nothing upon which to base its conclusions but the topsyturvy picture at the back of the eye? On the other hand, Mr. Lewes seems to treat the retina as lightly as Sir David does deferentially. It is clear, however, that we *do* see the retinal image so far as the perceptive faculties can be said to see at all. It is from this image that the mind receives its information. It is impossible, therefore, we think, to resolve the question either into one of pure physics or pure psychology. It is certainly not the retina which sees, as Sir David's views would seem to imply, nor can we look to the mind, 'without reference to the sensory apparatus,' for an explanation, as Mr. Lewes appears to require.

Whilst alluding to the subject of vision, we may mention that attention has been called to the possibility of detecting the last impression made upon the retina of a dying person; and it is supposed by some that light may thus be thrown upon many cases of murder, as the image of the assassin may happen to be the latest object perceived.

Lady Franklin has resolved to despatch an Expedition in search of further information respecting her gallant husband and his companions in disaster. If good wishes can ensure a successful attempt and a safe return, the adventurers have nothing to fear.

*Researches on Colour-Blindness. With a Supplement on the Danger attending the Present System of Railway and Marine Coloured Signals.* By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1855.—There are many persons who cannot distinguish between certain colours; there are still more who cannot discriminate with nicety between different shades of the same colour; and there have been some who could scarcely see any difference between colours at all. The term Daltonism has been applied to this peculiarity of vision, from the fact that the celebrated expositor of the atomic theory was deficient in his perception of hues—he held that his scarlet doctor's gown at Oxford was similar in tint to the grass in the fields; and on one occasion he is reported to have gone to meeting with a brown stocking on one foot and a white one on the other. The expression *chromato-pseudopsis* has, however, been substituted by the advocates of Greek phraseology. But, whatever title we may select, the manifestations of this peculiarity are very striking. Sometimes we meet with men who are insensible to a particular colour—say red. Hence, blood and tar would present no notable difference to their eyes. A gentleman has been known to write part of a letter with black ink and finish it, unsuspectingly, with red. There have been sportsmen who could not tell whether a companion was attired in a red coat or in the ordinary garb of civil life. A milliner has been observed to mend a lady's black silk dress with crimson; and a tailor at Ply-

mouth sewed patches of the same brilliant dye upon the elbows of a dark blue coat. A person who had just lost a relative, shocked his friends by sealing his black-edged letters with red wax; and an upholsterer's apprentice, when sent out to procure some sable cloth for a coffin, gravely returned with a quantity of scarlet.

Or again, one hue may be simply confounded with another. To mistake red for green, or green for red, is one of the most popular species of colour-heresy. Some boys have found it impossible to make due havoc amongst the cherries—at least on a scale comparable with the depredations of their companions—because they could not readily distinguish between the tint of the leaves and the fruit; and the same sad disability has also crippled their operations whilst foraging amongst the strawberry beds. An engineer once bought some red cloth under the impression that it was green baize; and a surgeon who wanted a pair of brown pantaloons, nearly arrayed himself in the vesture of spring, having already, on a previous occasion, ordered a garment as sanguinary in its hue as if he were on the point of starting for the wars. An amateur artist has been known to cover his trees with an eruption of red foliage, and to crown his billows with light pink crests. Our first acquaintance with the fact of colour-blindness arose out of a contest with a playfellow, who affirmed that a door, which was of a vivid green, was as red as a soldier's coat.

The cause of this peculiarity is not properly understood. Physiological research has not afforded any decided clue to the physical conditions on which it depends. Dalton thought that the humours of the eye might perhaps be slightly tinged, and that the light would, consequently, be modified, as if it had passed through a window of stained glass. But a post-mortem examination showed that in his case there was no foundation for this view. Dr. Wilson ably reviews the various theories which have been propounded, and concludes that the retina is probably the seat of the affection, and that its diminished susceptibility to certain luminous impressions may be the true explanation.

It is manifest, however, that these oddities of vision may be productive of much inconvenience. There are occupations in which the eyes must be in a state of reasonable orthodoxy, or very annoying consequences may ensue. A bookbinder had an apprentice who ran him into frequent scrapes with his customers, by binding volumes in all sorts of unexpected hues. An artist had a pupil whom he was compelled to resign, because, amongst other chromatic pranks, when copying a picture, he made the roses blue; he flushed his skies with a rich crimson; and a horse which figured in the landscape, and ought to have a modest brown, was dyed a bluish-green. A tailor's foreman applied for medical advice on the ground that he must give up his situation unless something could be done for his eyes; and many a haberdasher's youth has been obliged to retire from coloured life, and take refuge in the safe but sombre duties of a mourning establishment. Of all the cases, however, from which unpleasant results might be apprehended, there are none more important than those wherein human life is dependent upon the



accurate perception of hues, as in reference to the signal-flags on railways and the tinted lamps on steam-vessels. Suppose that the man whose business it is to hoist a danger-flag at a station should be so far colour-blind as to confound red with green, and, consequently, should begin to waive the safety-signal in place of the alarm-flag when a train approaches? Or, suppose that the engine-man of the coming train should be incapable of distinguishing the two tints? Happily the inquiries of our author have drawn such attention to this point, that a company would now be deemed very culpable if it neglected to institute a proper examination amongst its servants; but as the suggestion was only of recent date, and as the peculiarity is often so subtle that it may escape the consciousness of the individual himself, we may well shudder at the thought that thousands of lives have frequently been staked upon the chance sufficiency of an official's sight. It will be seen, therefore, that Dr. Wilson's researches have involved something more than a theoretical question. He has conferred a boon of no mean value on society by his laborious investigations, and the light he has thrown on the subject will doubtless prove of great practical use, and possibly may be the means of saving numerous lives. Higher praise the author will not require.

*Records of Longevity: with an Introductory Discourse on Vital Statistics.* By THOMAS BAILEY, Author of 'Annals of Nottinghamshire,' &c. London: Darton & Co., 1857.—In China it is common to erect an arch or public monument, or, at least, to do something handsome to the memory of persons who contrive to live to the age of a hundred. Mr. Bailey seems to have undertaken this work in a similar spirit of admiration. Arranged in alphabetical order, we have notices of a vast number of people who have attained the honours of longevity, the larger part of them being men and women who rounded a full century. This Record is preceded by an Essay on Vital Statistics, in which the author sets forth some interesting facts, and offers his own conclusions from the data he has collected. He maintains that human life might be enlarged to three times its present *average* duration. He asserts, what few will dispute, that temperance, industry, and exercise are the grand supports of health; and that without these no modern Methuselahs can be produced. He shows that senility is much more largely enjoyed by women than men, for, according to the population returns of 1821, there were 191 centenarian females in Great Britain, to set off against 100 centenarian males; and in 1841 there died 81 females at the age of a hundred and upwards, whilst not more than 29 men of similar antiquity were interred. Mr. Bailey also enters at some length into the subject of diet, and fortifies himself by numerous quotations from Sir John Sinclair, Abernethy, and other sanitary authorities. The Dictionary of Patriarchs contains much pleasant information, though, of course, a considerable number of his men are briefly chronicled, having left little behind them but their names, age, and place of abode. Mr. Bailey does not write very tersely or easily; but the volume is one of those useful laborious productions which reflect great credit upon the industry of the compiler: and if it be borne

in mind that evidence of age is generally very vague, it will doubtless serve as a repository of facts, from which the philosophers of life may draw much valuable material.

*The Five Gateways of Knowledge.* By GEORGE WILSON, M.D. F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.—‘This famous ‘town of Mansoul,’ says Bunyan, ‘had five gates in at which to come, ‘out of which to go, and these were made likewise answerable to the ‘walls—to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor ‘forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the ‘gates were these—Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and ‘Peel-gate.’ Much has been written respecting the portals of sensation, so quaintly described by the author of the *Holy War*; but we know of no pleasanter treatise on the subject, so far as it goes, than the charming little volume now published by Professor Wilson. It is brief—far too brief—and therefore necessarily limited in its design. It does not purport to lay down a series of physiological facts, enunciated in scientific terms; but it is an eloquent and fanciful dissertation upon the senses, not merely in their corporeal uses, but also as the ministers of the intellect, and the agents in the development and gratification of the æsthetic capacities. For instance, after a general description of the ear and its functions, in conveying the voices of the outer world to the audience chamber of the brain, the author compares its mental influences with those of the eye. The blind suffer to a much less extent than the deaf. The former are comparatively cheerful, and infinitely more companionable; the latter are generally sad and reserved, sometimes sour and suspicious. •In the one case, the intellect may not be seriously crippled; in the other, the stoppage of the auditory gate seems to imprison the mind more rigorously, and occasionally cuts it off from the external creation to such a degree that it appears to shrivel up within its shell. Milton, in his blindness, is a memorable illustration of unabated power and lofty serenity of soul. Beethoven, in his deafness, is a mournful example of the gloom and waywardness of temper which may exist when the highways of sound are closed. Then, hearing has its æsthetical aspects also. Of these, Dr. Wilson mentions three:—First, it works upon the passions and emotions more readily and more subtly than any of its sister-senses. Everything is forgotten in music but the sound itself; and whilst many require considerable cultivation to enable them to use their eyes as sources of refined enjoyment, the ear of the humblest is generally accessible, without tuition, to the delights of harmony. Secondly, it is because of the peculiar ethereality of music that we fancy creatures of a higher stamp employ it in their celestial ministrations. Thirdly, the ear is the organ which will receive the first intimation of a new existence; for it is to this organ that the sound of the archangel’s trumpet and the tumult of the resurrection-day will be addressed. From this illustration of Dr. Wilson’s work the reader will easily perceive that there is much room for fanciful inferences and poetical suggestions. But at the same time it must be

admitted that the æsthetic functions of the various organs cannot always be sharply defined, still less can they be closely compared. There is no weighing-machine at the gates of sensation, to enable us to ascertain the exact gravity of all that passes. Each one of the three positions we have quoted would need some limitation, if a man were disposed to uphold the claims of the other organs. The partisan of the eye would soon find arguments in favour of that noble functionary, and perhaps as plausible ones as could be adduced by him who upheld the cause of the ear. He might ask, for instance, whether the sounds of the judgment-day could equal the sublime spectacles which will be presented to the sight when the firmament is shrivelling like a parchment scroll, when the skies are raining stars, and when the Son of Man returns to the planet from which he was basely expelled, surrounded by his legions of 'helmed cherubim and sworded seraphim?' But the region of æsthetics is a region full of mists and fantasy. Dr. Wilson's excursions in that domain will afford his readers exquisite delight. There is so much that is striking in thought, ingenious in surmise, graceful in imagery, and vigorous in language, in this captivating production, that we are certain it will be admired wherever it is read.

*The Chemistry of Food and Diet; with a Chapter on Food-Adulterations, including Constituents of the Human Body, Digestive and Secretive Organs, and the Physiological Principles of Diet.* The Treatise on 'Food and Diet' being a Translation of 'Lehre der Nahrungs-Mittel für das Volk,' by Professor MOLESCHOTT. By EDWARD BRONNER, M.D. The Chapter on 'Food-Adulterations,' by JOHN SCOFFERN, M.B. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1856.—This work is at once philosophical and practical. It will be interesting to the physiologist and useful to the intelligent housewife, good for the master in the parlour, and good, so far as it can be comprehended, for the cook in the kitchen. The first section explains the scientific uses of food in the production of blood, and the processes of nutrition. The second book is devoted to an examination of the various articles of diet, under the three divisions of solids, liquids, and condiments. Their alimentary value is appraised, and the mischievous properties of such as are subject to abuse occasionally indicated. The third book is intended as a guide to the regulation of diet: childhood requires its peculiar nutriment, youth and age demand certain variations in their fare. The author, therefore, inquires what is most appropriate to these stages of existence, as well as to summer and winter, to health and disease, to women, artisans, and literary labourers.

The last department of the work is occupied by a treatise on the adulterations in some of the most popular articles of food. This topic—one of such hideous interest from the bearing it has upon our daily digestion, as well as from the frightful moral obliquity it has disclosed—is illustrated by Dr. Scoffern's own experience, and constitutes a worthy supplement to Professor Moleschott's treatise. The high authority of the latter distinguished chemist will be a sufficient recom-

mendation of the book; though it touches upon many points—as, for example, the use of fermented liquors, varieties of diet, &c.—respecting which much physiological litigation exists. One feature in this work ought not certainly to be overlooked: it is marred by an enormous number of errata. Upwards of sixty are noted at the commencement, accompanied by a tranquil request that the reader ‘will correct them in the margin.’ But these are by no means all; and though it is clear that most of them are mere press-errors, we cannot but regret that the character of the work should be impaired by such symptoms of negligence.

*Mediæval Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century.* By F. D. MAURICE, M.A. (Encyclopædia Metropolitana.) Griffin and Co., London and Glasgow.—This sketch of mediæval philosophy is a clever one, abundant in translated extracts, connected by passages of narrative, explanation, and reflection. In a modest preface, Mr. Maurice declines to claim for his work any merit beyond that of conveying a hint of what might be done, rather than actual accomplishment. Mr. Maurice cannot write, even hastily, and (in one sense) superficially, without dropping by the way some wise remarks, without stimulating thought, and imparting a living interest to subjects proverbially dry. But he does not consult his reputation by writing so much and so rapidly. He is sometimes apt, we think, to form his opinion by one quick, intuitive glance, and then to view all the subsequent or collateral facts which present themselves in the light of that preconception. The confidence with which he tells us what the mediæval doctors were thinking, were trying to accomplish, and how they were sometimes unconsciously travelling in one road, when they thought themselves in another, is calculated to awaken suspicion. The desire to see all the true and good which is discernible in the perplexities and mistakes of bygone thinkers, is a right spirit and a praiseworthy—nay, more, essential to the understanding of their systems. But this important qualification is not to supersede the most patient and impartial inquiry. And we think that Mr. Maurice does sometimes suppose he has understood a man by the mere act of imagining himself in his place, and making him talk as he thinks he would have spoken himself in such circumstances. It is one thing to be able to put some of a man's thoughts into clear and forcible language, and another to have gone round about him, carefully estimated his whole position, and then to give us the complete result. Mr. Maurice repudiates, with honest indignation, the charge of juggling with words. We believe him to be perfectly sincere in such denial. We think too highly of his spirit and his motives to suppose him wittingly sophistical, whether from vanity or from hatred. But his mind is remarkable for a very peculiar kind of subtilty, which at first sight, or to an unfriendly critic, does look very like sophistry. He is disposed to presume, at the first glance, that the common acceptation of a word is more likely to be the wrong one than the right. To rescue us from the tyranny of a one-sided use of any particular term, he will invest it with a sense

quite different—apparently opposed, perhaps. This procedure puzzles people; it throws an air of paradox and of uncertainty over what he says. The reader is not sure of the meaning the author attaches to words that look, on the page, plain and simple enough. It seems as though a mind so ingenious might, without any crookedness of purpose, make anything out of anything, and then feel itself injured by the popular surprise. It is a part of his idiosyncrasy to see beneath the surface of facts and doctrines something very different from that which they appear to contain. Is a creed severe? Mr. Maurice will show you that in that seeming severity there lies the most expansive love, and that the most charitable can use most appropriately those awful words. Mr. Maurice will show how some champion of ecclesiastical domination was, in reality, the friend of liberty. He will exhibit to you in the theist, the man who has entangled himself unawares in pantheism; and in the religion of the seeming pantheist, a truer and a deeper theism. In one instance and in another, there is truth in such disclosures. But the constancy with which this paradoxical kind of interpretation is repeated, on almost every subject, brings conviction at last of an intellectual peculiarity, and makes us read his historic judgments with caution. We make allowance for the impatience, the over-refinement, or the caprice of an ingenious writer, whose abilities we acknowledge, whose large sympathies and elevated purpose we admire.

An example, in part, of what we mean will be found in what Mr. Maurice has here said concerning John Scotus Erigena. He breaks a lance with M. Guizot, who has selected Erigena, in his *Lectures on the History of Civilization in France*, as the representative of the philosophical, as opposed to the theological, tendency of his time. M. Guizot has certainly fallen into an anachronism, and antedated the influence of Neoplatonism. On this point the victory of Mr. Maurice over him is easy and decisive. Mr. Maurice is correct, also, in reminding us that the system of Dionysius Areopagita was formed from the theological rather than the philosophical branch of Neoplatonism,—belongs more to the high-priest Proclus, than to Plotinus the metaphysician. But this fact does not prevent the system of Dionysius from being, in spirit, more pantheistic and pagan than truly Christian. In spite of its Christian terminology and its ecclesiastical functionaries, its substance and heart consists in the idea of a necessary pantheistic process of emanation from, and of return into, the super-essential One. Its view of sin is merely negative: evil is a defect, a coming-short; in other words, the system takes the pagan view of sin, as deficient being, and not the Christian view, which regards it as a self-asserting antagonism against the Divine Goodness. Now, the system of Erigena was founded on the writings of Dionysius. John Scotus is far more profound,—at once less hierarchical and more philosophic than the Greek; but the Neoplatonist principle is still there, and is by him developed yet farther. M. Guizot is right, then, in declaring his doctrines philosophical rather than theological—in the ecclesiastical sense. But Erigena did not stand in any *avowed* opposi-

tion to the church, and was probably himself unconscious how incompatible was his pantheistic theory with the Christian religion. He is *extra-eclesiastical* rather than *anti-eclesiastical*,—intrinsicly, *without*, rather than consciously *against*, the Church.

In fact, there is one consideration of which both M. Guizot and Mr. Maurice seem for the moment to have lost sight, and on this ground we venture to interfere as a kind of umpire between two combatants, both of them in part right and in part wrong. The Neoplatonists were, in effect, baptized by the Middle Age. Only through them did the Middle Age know Plato. So imbued were some of the Fathers with Platonism, that subsequent times could not banish the Neoplatonists altogether from the Christian pale. Hence it came to pass that Erigena might be philosophic and pantheistic in his principle (as M. Guizot says he was); and yet believe himself, in spite of his Neoplatonism, a good churchman, as says Mr. Maurice. We rejoice, as much as Mr. Maurice himself, in the humility and the devotion of some passages he cites from Erigena. We have as much hope and charity for him, and, we believe, even more;—for we retain that hope in connexion with a more unfavourable view than Mr. Maurice seems inclined to take of the amount of mischievous error in his theory. Our explanation of his anomalous position is this. We believe that Erigena inherited Origen's idea, that the Gnostic, or intellectual Christian, may receive philosophical illumination from the Word, so as to attain a view of Christianity much deeper and broader than the popular one. Erigena conceived that the higher, esoteric theosophy was much nearer to Neoplatonism than to the common belief. On many important points, therefore, his philosophical Christianity sides unhesitatingly with the pagan theory, and not with the Christian. Thus he reduces creation to a necessary process within the depths of the divine nature. The incarnation, as a revelation of the Divine character, is insignificant, almost Docetic, in his system; for he denies that the Son could ever reveal the Infinite Father in a finite form. For redemption he substitutes a reduction of all things to their primordial causes. His great object is to provide for escape, not from spiritual death to spiritual life, but from matter to the idea—from the fallen actual to the metaphysical (rather than the moral) archetype. In his theory, it was as necessary for his own sake as for ours, that the Word should manifest himself for a time on the earth. He would translate 'Christ came into the world to save sinners,' somewhat thus—'The Word—the repertory of 'ideal causes—found it necessary to enter among the effects of those 'causes, because those effects were drifting into distance from the causes, 'and so liable to perish; a result which would have been fatal to the 'causes themselves; for take away the effect, and what becomes of the 'cause? The Word prepared the way, for the reduction of the universe 'to its primordial causes, by assuming manhood, because man is the '*microcosm*, and contains in himself the elements of the whole universe 'of things.' Curiously enough, in combination with a conception of sin, as mere defect, Erigena holds also a view of it so positive as to make it

the cause of the distinction of sex. Such an incongruity could only occur in a time when celibacy and Platonism were extolled together.

We think that the extent of Erigena's heresy about a future state has been much exaggerated. His theory admits of the future punishment of the wicked by illusions of their own creating—to them, fearfully real. He has no less than eight degrees of ascent for the blessed; five *to* God, and three *into* God. However wrong in opposing Christianity and philosophy to each other, M. Guizot is right in declaring the pagan conception to involve the reduction of all personality into the One; while the Christian religion maintains as emphatically, on the other side (in opposition to pantheism), that personality cannot be put off, and that individual retribution is sure. What Mr. Maurice says (p. 53) about mystical absorption is nothing to the purpose, and was only written, we think, in the heat of his contest with M. Guizot. For he must be aware that the final absorption or self loss in God, however strong and almost pantheistic the language of some of the mystics about it, was always confined to the blessed. In conjunction with this doctrine, all the Roman Catholic mystics have held strongly the belief of the separate existence and punishment of the wicked. There is no likeness beyond that of sound between this *moral* self-annihilation in the vision of God, and that *cosmical process*, and necessary relapse of the manifold into the One, of which Neoplatonism speaks. Our space forbids us to give citations or to go farther into these questions; but we think that if Mr. Maurice would again consult and re-consider his John Scotus, he will see reason to modify some of his expressions. His history of Mediæval Philosophy is, as a whole, well fitted for its purpose, and will give to many students that acquaintance with the scholastic cast of thought and expression which copious extracts and suggestive general remarks are best adapted to convey.

*Memoir of John Dalton, and History of the Atomic Theory up to his Time.* By ROBERT ANGUS SMITH. Baillière.—The Memoir of Dr. Dalton, which occupies the first fifty pages of this volume, gives us within its moderate space a very satisfactory portrait of the man, his early struggles, his perseverance, his quiet ways, his simple, sturdy strength. Unlike Davy, so enthusiastic, poetical, and accomplished, Dalton read little, and discouraged reading. 'I could carry all the books I ever read upon my back,' he used to say. This calm concentration of a vigorous mind on its own track of thought led to great things. In practical importance, in speedy recognition and facility of application, there is, perhaps, no other theory in science to be compared with the Atomic. So necessary is such a theory to explain the familiar facts of chemistry, that we may be almost as confident of its truth as though we had seen with our eyes those atoms from which it takes its name. The history of the approaches made by science to this great doctrine of 'equivalent proportion,' possesses great interest. Dr. Smith has extended his researches over a very wide range of reading, and collected the opinions of the ancients concerning matter, from the early times of Greece to the days of Lucretius; and thence, through the alchemy of the Middle Ages, down to the inquiries of the Higginses,

of Richter, Fischer, and others. Without denying the merit of his predecessors, Dr. Smith vindicates the original discovery for Dalton with success. The following passage indicates the result:—

DR. DALTON AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

‘It seems to me, then, that what happened historically, happened also intellectually. Dr. Dalton had included his predecessors in his more extensive system. He had gone to the summit of the hill; and when coming down, found that they had been making good progress upwards. Higgins had gone at once to the top, as it appears to me, but took no heed to make the needful observations when he was up, or found the prospect entirely obscured. We are compelled to put reciprocal proportion in a secondary position, as it seems to me it cannot be called a law, but one of the consequences of a law; and the evidence brought to support it, otherwise than empirically, presupposes some of the principles on which the general laws depend.

‘It was by a careful mechanical juxtaposition of parts that Dalton carried out his idea; it is eminently mechanical, and it is remarkable that all progressive views on that subject have been so. *He introduced proportional weight into the theory, and found it to agree with facts.* His is, therefore, the quantitative atomic theory. In this complete form no one seems to take from him the honour. The total is so entirely his, that the disputed parts can be held only as a fealty.’—p. 240.

As we follow the author in his highly interesting inquiries, it is not a little curious to find that our old friend Lucretius, whom we used to admire only for his fine lines and beautiful descriptions, was not, in one respect, so far wrong after all. His arguments against the infinite divisibility of matter are right in their aim, and we are taught by modern science to believe (somewhat after his supposition) in certain indivisible parts or particles of matter—

‘pollentia simplicitate,  
Unde neque avelli quidquam neque diminui jam  
Concedit natura, reservans semina rebus.’

It is not that modern science endorses for a moment the scepticism of the Roman poet concerning design and a designer, but simply that Dalton has shown us how the chemical combination of various kinds of substance, taking place as it does in certain proportions, and those only, points indisputably to the atomic constitution of matter. Dr. Smith's book will be read with equal pleasure by the man of science, already familiar with the theory itself, and by those to whom it is interesting, on general grounds, to trace the progress of scientific opinion, and the thoughts of men in different ages, about that material universe surrounding them. The author has not failed to point out how remarkably, at certain epochs—as at Alexandria, among some of the alchemists, and with the theosophists of the sixteenth century—the religious and scientific provinces pass into each other, sometimes to the detriment of both; for from such alliance has arisen, more than once, a pantheistic religion, and a superstitious science.

*Natural Philosophy for Schools.* By DIONYSIUS LARDNER, D.C.L. Walton and Maberly.—This will be a very convenient class-book for junior students in private school. It is intended to convey, in clear and precise terms, general notions of all the principal divisions of physical science, illustrated largely by diagrams. These diagram



exhibit the forms and arrangement of apparatus, and the manner of performing the most important experiments. The teacher is supposed to be in possession of the author's Hand-books of the different subjects, so as to be capable of furnishing further information when required. Dr. Lardner's powers of simplification are extraordinary, and qualify him, in an eminent degree, for service in this form.

*Of Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease.* By SIR JOHN FORBES, M.D. John Churchill.—In this volume, of not more than about two hundred lightly printed pages, Sir John Forbes, 'physician to the Queen's Household,' aims to show that nature has much more to do with the cure of disease than is generally supposed either by laymen or by the profession, and that art accomplishes much less in that way than is commonly imagined. Sir John, it appears, began his professional life with an impression of this nature, and the practice of half a century has tended to deepen, rather than to efface, this impression. The book is designed, moreover, not merely for the profession, but for intelligent readers generally. We deem it enough to indicate the purport of the volume; we do not attempt to subject it to scientific criticism.

*Silver-shell; or, the Adventures of an Oyster.* By CHARLES WILLIAMS. 12mo. Ward and Lock.—The life of an oyster—what more monotonous? An oyster in love—what more ridiculous? But here is a treatise on the oyster, full of science, relating to that animal; and all so pleasantly given, that a child of seven years old may be expected to feel the spell of attraction from the beginning of the book to the end of it, and so come to know more curious things about oysters than papa or mamma have ever supposed could belong to the nature and experiences of such creatures.

*Logic in its Application to Language.* By R. G. LATHAM.—In this book Dr. Latham transfers his researches into language from the region of philology proper into that of logic. The sciences of grammar and logic may be well termed kindred. It is not easy to draw the line of distinct separation between them. In the collection of treatises known as the *Organon* of Aristotle—that his 'Categories' is a grammatical rather than a logical work, and the same thing might be affirmed of the former part of the treatise, *De Interpretatione*. Among writers on logic, some approach their subject on the side of metaphysics; and taking the wider, and, as we deem it, the more correct view of the science as conversant about the formal laws of thought, find it advisable to premise some discussion about the operations of mind involved in the exercise of thought. But inasmuch as the matter, whatever it is, about which logic is conversant is presented to us in the form of language, it is evident that grammatical or philological disquisitions present a conterminous region also, from which the transition becomes easy into the domain of logic.

No one who is acquainted with the writings of Dr. Latham will be surprised to find that a logical treatise emanating from him should assume the form of grammatical rather than of metaphysical discussion. To use his own account, the work is more correctly to be

considered as 'an exposition of that amount of grammar and philology which applies to logic.' The learned author avows himself as belonging to those 'who hold that, in strict language, logic begins 'with the syllogism, and that the structure of single, unconnected propositions is no portion of that science—that science deals less with 'propositions themselves than with the relations which, under certain 'circumstances, and with certain combinations, they bear to each 'other.'

The writer's avowed object, in the issue of this work, is to effect an improvement in school education. He is anxious 'to get certain so-called points of logic studied as early as the elements of grammar.' There can be no doubt that our youth would be greatly benefited by such a discipline. A good beginning has been made in the admirable little grammars of Dr. Thring, the present Head Master of Uppingham Grammar School. By the upper classes of our grammar and other schools we think that this book of Dr. Latham's will be found of considerable service. It contains a very complete summary of what is usually denominated the Aristotelian logic, and may be read with advantage by more advanced students. Both its excellences and its defects may be referred to the fondness for subtle and minute analysis so characteristic of its author. The writer's evident anxiety is to leave nothing unexplained that admits of explanation.

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#### THEOLOGY.

*The Logic of Christian Faith.* By S. E. DOVE. 8vo.—The title of this work but faintly indicates its object, for Mr. Dove 'means thereby, 'not a discussion of the doctrines of the Christian faith, but a discussion 'of its logical defences; the object being to remove the difficulties 'that are supposed to derive their power from systems of Philosophy.' We cannot say that this object is consistently carried out, since he does not discuss the logical defences of the Christian Revelation, nor refute the philosophical objections brought against Revelation itself.

The sole inquiry of the book relates to the primary fact of the existence of a God, and Revelation is only introduced at its close, as forming a necessary and conclusive part of the Theistic argument. He would therefore have defined his object more exactly had he styled it a discussion of the logical defences of Theism. His dissertation, in fact, is an examination of the methods and laws of evidence which determine mankind to the belief of a One God from the data of their consciousness and experience. Consequently, it is an attempt to fix an organon in the broad realms of Theistic inquiry, such as Bacon fixed for Scientific inquiry,—which shall assign the limits, measure the values, and show the consenting harmony of the different kinds and branches of Theistic evidence. In so far as the object is purely abstract, it suits the reflective tendencies of Mr. Dove's mind. The leaf is dissolved by chemicals in order to show the exquisite fibrous

tissues which form its framework. The body is stripped of its superincumbent flesh to show the osseous structure which upholds it. So in this work all systems of natural theology, all proofs of the Being of a God, are emptied of their matter, purged by the solvent of logic, to exhibit in their purity the necessary form of thought upon which they are constructed.

We are pleased to acknowledge that the object of his work is simple, original, and grand; but we are compelled to own, that the work in itself, in so far as it might be viewed in relation to its explicit object, is an utter failure. While Mr. Dove's taste and training fit him in many respects for the sublime and comprehensive task he has conceived and undertaken, his capacity falls short of his ambition, and the depth of his fall is measured by the height he would have climbed.

It would be unworthy of our office and unfair to Mr. Dove, whose undoubted power challenges the regard of his critics, if we were to make this assertion without substantiating it by sufficient proof. We shall therefore, as briefly as possible, state and criticise some of the leading doctrines of his work. He startles us in the very first sentence he writes, by announcing—'That an argument which may be held as a satisfactory proof of the existence of God, must be either the demonstration of a theorem or the solution of a problem.' If the existence of such a Being is doubtful, it is the former; but if absolutely certain, it is the latter.

Now, a problem indicates something to be done; but if at the commencement of an argument to prove the existence of a God, you assume that his existence is absolutely certain, what remains to be done? The question is foreclosed, and all further argument is superfluous.

Further: if you solve a problem, how can you prove that the solution is satisfactory, save by demonstration? for Mr. Dove does not confine that word to mathematical proof, but expressly uses it in the broad sense of satisfactory proof; and adds the following sentence, which we cannot comprehend: 'As opposed to solution, demonstration means the deductive process of proof. The deduction of a particular case from a more general principle.' Is solution, then, the inductive process? And does he mean that the Theistic argument can only be an influence from *à posteriori* evidence? Yet the whole tenor of his book is an emphatic denial of this supposition.

These obvious blunders would have been avoided if Mr. Dove had expressed his meaning firmly and clearly, nor been decoyed into the mists of verbiage by the sounding charm of the technical phrases—solution and demonstration.

Simple thoughts are ever most logically true where most naturally expressed; when we describe them accurately, as they arise and shine in the light of consciousness, and do not attempt to fix and stretch them upon logical forms. Their very essence and shape are lost by such rude manipulations, as insects lose their life and living form when impaled in a cabinet. Mr. Dove's meaning is thus explained

afterwards, though at the expense of another contradiction. 'A solution,' he says, 'is not to prove the existence of God.' Consequently those first tumid sentences which puzzled us are erroneous, for they affirmed that an argument to prove the existence of a God must be the solution of a problem; 'but it is our endeavour to trace in our own minds, and in language, if possible, all the various steps of thought by which we are supposed to know, and actually do believe that existence. 'Here,' he adds, 'we start with two facts—first, that we exist; and second, that God exists.' A false start, then, he exclaims, and an impossible one, for you start from two places at the same time; you may start from the first port, but the second is the goal you are to reach. Then the problem to be solved will be this,—given, the human mind, with the belief of God as one of its deepest and inextinguishable beliefs, to trace the origin of this belief, to show its validity, and hence to prove the certainty of God's existence, for certainty can have no meaning save in relation to the assurance and necessity of our faith in the fact.

Most cordially do we sympathize with Mr. Dove's fear lest the fact of God's existence should seem to be perilled upon any human demonstration; but this fear cannot be obviated by vainly assuming the fact. We also maintain with him that it may be impossible for the intellect to apprehend and define the subtle processes by which the belief of God is generated within itself. The failure, therefore, of any demonstration which sought to unfold these processes, and connect the resultant belief with its primary data, cannot affect its authority. We believe that we see the sun, though we cannot trace and describe the physical and mental processes involved in vision; and we smile when told that this confession of ignorance exposes the folly of our belief. We remain certain that we see it, though it baffles philosophers to tell us how. So may it be with our belief in the Divine existence. The very depth and intimacy of that belief may preclude a full exposition of the evidences upon which it rests, and which would justify it to the logical judgment. But those evidences are felt in their irrefutable and awful strength, though our logic may never be able to compute them, nor our language to express them.

This, however, is the very problem which Mr. Dove has set himself to solve—to solve what he confesses may be insoluble. Given, the belief of God, to trace the different sources of its origination in the human soul; he discovers three—these are three constituent elements, which combine to prove our belief of an Infinite and All-Perfect God: or, to use his own words, 'The problem may assume three forms, yet these forms, though logically separated in the intellect, are in fact only the separate portions of one and the same major problem. They all meet in man, not merely in their separate form, but as united into the distinct elements of a more general question that involves them all.' These three forms of the problem give us the *à priori*, the *à posteriori*, and the *intuitional* or composite argument. There are three books devoted respectively to these arguments. 'The *à priori* argument,' he says, 'may be described as a philosophical attempt to prove that the Divine

'existence is a logical necessity to the human reason. As an argument 'purely rational, this argument is only the statement or enunciation of 'a necessary form of thought.' It reveals no fact of existence; but if a single fact is assumed, it determines the relations in which, according to the constitution of the mind, we are bound to conceive it.

It will be necessary to suppose some fact, drawn from our experience, in order to illustrate, or even to apprehend, this form or law of thought, since all the formative laws of the understanding are only evolved in consciousness by the quickening contrast of objective fact. That law may be afterwards stated in a blank formula, but the very words of the formula will yet imply some actual knowledge, nor could they be understood without it; for example, the axiom, things equal to the same thing are equal to one another, implies a knowledge of things, and can only be illustrated by a reference to straight lines, or other specific objects. \*

Mr. Dove himself confesses that this argument is worthless alone, and that it cannot by any possibility form an independent proof of the Divine existence; and here he is doubtless correct, for in every such argument there will be found an illicit assumption of existence, —as when Clarke assumes, because space is distinguished from nothing, or rather our idea of space is distinguished from our idea of nothing, which is a simple negation of all thought, and therefore unthinkable—that it is either a quality or a substance. But Mr. Dove's definition proves more than is acknowledged by this confession, and shows most conclusively that the *à priori* argument is no argument at all. We can attach no meaning to the words—that an argument purely rational is the statement of a necessary form of thought. How can a statement of a category, or law, or belief of the mind, be styled an argument, least of all an argument *purely rational*? We know the several meanings in which the word argument is vaguely used, but this is a new, inappropriate, and unintelligible meaning to ascribe to it. Who would dream of calling the axioms of geometry, arguments? The *à priori* laws of thought or belief control and necessitate arguments. They are the *mens infusa per artus* which bind their parts into a vital unity, and animate them with convincing force. Mr. Dove's definition is thus convicted to be as *felo de se*, for instead of showing what sort of an argument the *à priori* argument may be, it shows that it is none whatever.

It may be asked why Mr. Dove has given this misnomer to his first section, and expended such useless toil in its amplification; and the answer will discover another mistake of Mr. Dove's, in framing an imaginary comparison between the *à priori* argument and mathematics. There is no objective reality in the science of geometry. It is a science of abstractions. And yet, when realized in the mixed sciences, it yields the most irrefragable conclusions. Like system and certainty, Mr. Dove's fancies might be given to Theistic evidences by the *à priori* argument, if it were rightly applied. But in cherishing this delusion, Mr. Dove has strangely misconceived the nature of mathematical certainty. The certainty given to the mixed sciences by the use of

mathematical formulæ, arises from the conformity of objects in nature with the assumed definitions of geometry. But the certainty of the *à priori* laws of belief lies in the predetermined constitution of the mind, and is the fundamental basis on which even geometry itself, with all other knowledge, rests. Ere Mr. Dove could have dreamt of making this comparison, it is plain that he had lost sight of his own definition of the *à priori* argument, and imagined it to be, in truth, an abstract argument—a scheme of ratiocination, which, when applied to objective realities, would clasp them in its inexorable process. This confusion makes a fearful chaos of the chapter, and it arises from the source we have alluded to. It is needful to assume objective facts in order to exhibit the mental law; and Mr. Dove thinks this reference to experience similar to the application of mathematics to natural science.

We differ, however, from Mr. Dove on more essential points than the signification of the word argument. The axioms he has laid down are every one of them open to discussion, and should be presented to us at the conclusion of an argument rather than the commencement. For example, the first, 'that all contingent existence must depend upon, and be derived from, necessary existence,' is the very dogma controverted so fiercely by positive philosophers, who affirm that we only know contingent, or phenomenal existence, and know it as arising from, and dependent upon, contingent existence. The more cautious Spinoza only laid down as his axiom, what is incontrovertible,—'that every thing which is, is in itself, or in some other thing;' but he did not postulate, at first, that anything *must* be in itself. Again, the second axiom, 'if there be finite, there must be infinite space,' is a revival of Cousin's doctrine—that the ideas of the finite and infinite are equally real, because they mutually suggest each other. But Sir William Hamilton insists that, though all contradictions imply each other in thought, the reality of the one contradiction, so far from guaranteeing the reality of the other, is nothing else than its negation.

The third is a combination of the two former, and consequently involves the errors of both. Thus does the *à priori* argument dwindle into sublime nothingness under Mr. Dove's treatment.

His second book, however, is the most preposterous in its aim, and we are happy to add, the most feeble in its execution: for, will it be credited? the aim of this book is to upset the great argument of design, which, however, he has established all the more firmly from the ridiculous failure of his crazy Quixotic purpose.

The following is one of the doctrines propounded in this book:—That we cannot discern mind in nature unless we have previously conveyed mind into nature. We do not pretend to explain this proposition. He says of theologians:—'They introduce illicitly and unconsciously the idea of mind into nature—an idea which has no place in the field of objectivity. They start with the latent idea of God, and, in fact, use the arguments from nature, not as the sources of the theological idea, but as the confirmatory proofs that the belief they already entertain is the correct one.' This may be

true or untrue, we do not care which, for it is incomprehensible. Theologians, indeed, bring *mind* to the study of nature; they do not infuse their mind through nature, but understand through it the manifestations of a mind in nature infinitely greater than their own. Has Mr. Dove considered that the reasoning he has adopted would justify us in saying that he illicitly and unconsciously introduces the idea of mind into his conception of his friends?—an idea which has no place in their objective existence. We would remind him of the principles of the good Scotch philosophy, which he ought to have learnt better ere writing on these subjects,—that mind is not an immediate object of sense or consciousness, that even his own thoughts are only signs of a thinking principle or mind; and, as Reid says, ‘A man comes to know his own natural talents, that is, his own intelligence, skill, design, &c., just as he knows another man’s, by the effect they produce when there is occasion to put them to exercise.’ It is only from certain signs or indications in the effect we infer wisdom or other intellectual or moral qualities in the cause, no matter whether that cause be ourselves, other finite minds, or the universal mind. We have wondered—when we read in this work that we may have a science of the marks of design, but cannot argue from them to the cause of their production, and affirm that it is a self-conscious, self-determining mind—if Mr. Dove has applied this rule to the explication of his own consciousness, and is yet in doubt as to his own existence, or to the case of his friends, and doubts whether their conduct be a continuous scrawl of hieroglyphical marks, as to the proper cause of which he is yet sadly perplexed?

Mr. Dove, however, consents to say there is proof of an efficient constructive power in nature. We are happy to tell him that we can form no notion of such a power without mind, and are sincerely sorry that he cannot determine whether this designing power is animate or inanimate, conscious or unconscious.

The third book is altogether of higher merit than the two former. He has introduced into it some of Kant’s profoundest speculations concerning our moral consciousness, and the evidence it affords of an infinitely holy God. We cannot accept all the premises laid down by Kant, though we have arrived at the same conclusions by a different method. The entire question is too vast and too recondite to be discussed here. We do commend, however, this portion of Mr. Dove’s work to all who are anxious to know why we are moved and awed by the fact of God’s existence, mainly through our moral nature; and we accept the vigorous eloquence of this book as an atonement for the slovenly, barbaric composition of other parts of the volume.

Mr. Dove has encumbered these three central books by other three, two upon Scepticism and Pantheism, which are introductory, and another upon Revelation, which is final. We scarcely dare trust ourselves to speak of them; they contain the most objectionable propositions of the book, such as that science does attain to the knowledge of ‘noumena,’ or absolute causes; that Idealism would be irrefutable if there were only one human being in the world; that Pantheism is

a mode of viewing the universe which might be entertained by a single individual, if existing alone, and having no intercourse with other beings or fellow-creatures—that Revelation alone ‘substantiates a real existence objective to, and independent of, our own thoughts and consciousness,’ &c. &c. We surrender them without mercy to those who may choose to make an inquisition onslaught upon them. They are confused in thought, and ragged in style. They serve no purpose in the world save as wrapper-paper to the more valuable books they enclose, and seem to be inserted within the covers of the volume, instead of covering it as loose sheets outside, merely in order to provoke the irritability of the critic who esteems his time too precious to be wasted, and his taste too sensitive to be insulted, without inflicting a tremendous retribution; which, however, we forego in grateful remembrance of Mr. Dove’s labours in another field of research, where he has won high honours, and will, we hope, soon get higher.

*Ages of Christendom before the Reformation.* By JOHN STOUGHTON. 8vo. Jackson and Walford.—This volume contains the Congregational Lecture for 1855, and it is a work highly creditable to its author. We are disposed to think that it is a volume which will be more read than any one of the series to which it belongs, not because the subject has been treated superficially, for such is not the case, but from the intelligence with which the author has struck out the plan on which he proceeds, and the care and judgment evinced in the selection of the materials with which it is filled up and illustrated. The aim of Mr. Stoughton has been to describe the great revolutions in Church history, exhibiting some feature characteristic of each of those changes, and pointing out the influence of each upon elements common to the whole. The subject is vast, and no sensible man could hope to treat it well after this manner except as the result of much thought and much reading. The author has brought both of these qualifications to his task; and we know not where to find, within so brief a space, so intelligent a clue to the labyrinth of Church history before the Reformation. We know something of the ground thus traversed, and something of the difficulties which have to be surmounted by any man who would make it in any considerable degree attractive and popular.

‘After the revelation of the Divine ideal of truth and order,’ says Mr. Stoughton, ‘there are four main classes into which the facts of history may be grouped:—first, theological processes and conclusions; secondly, ecclesiastical institutes and proceedings; thirdly, spiritual life and experience; and fourthly, various complications of these with the political and secular world without. To point out some of the principal relations in which these classes of events stand to each other—to give such a broad reading of Church history as to show that in its multifarious details there is the working out of a great epic unity—to indicate how, amidst changes in theology and polity, spiritual religion, though modified, has not perished, and to trace some of the causes which have produced these changes—such is our task.’—*Introduction*, xiii., xiv.

Christendom before the Reformation is described in this volume as consisting of five ages, or revolutions. The first gives us Christianity



in its 'ideal' state, as it was taught by Christ and the Apostles, and in its 'realized' state, as seen in the condition of the early Christians to the close of the first century. The second age, extending from 100 to 325, is marked as the age of 'innovation.' The third age, including the interval from 325 to 787, is designated the age of 'development,' which is followed by the age of 'traditionalism,' extending to 1215; and then comes the age of 'agitation and reaction,' which issued in the Reformation. Of course, in a single volume of less than five hundred pages, and not closely printed, little more could be done than to show that this conception of Church history is one warranted by facts. And this is done. The style of the volume is for the most part grave and manly, and at the same time clear and simple. It is the fruit of much more labour, in many ways, than persons who have not tried their hand on such subjects will readily understand. We quote the following passage as a specimen of the author's style, and of his mode of looking at his subject. It relates to the time when things may be said to have nearly reached their worst—the latter end of the eighth century:—

'Looking at the application of the Christianity of the age as a whole, with its corruptions and its truths, to the races which God had brought down on Western Europe to cover it as with a new stratum of social life, we see, amidst much to deplore, much in which to rejoice. Seeds fell into the soil, and became germs of precious after harvests. The Germany of to-day gathers fruit out of the toils of Boniface; Switzerland from those of Gall; England from those of Augustine. The monastery became a mission-house for the surrounding heathendom, and a homestead amidst barbarous wilds. Schools, episcopal and monastic, opened their doors for man and boy. The church preserved relics of art; priests cultivated literature, framed laws, and promoted civilization. Enough was preserved of the Gospel to humanize the savage, to subjugate passion, to conquer lust, to stifle revenge, to inspire forbearance, to make the drunkard temperate and the robber just, to crush kings who knew no power but their own will, and to put an end to the despotism of pagan priesthoods who rioted amidst incantations and blood. Enough, too, was preserved in the name and history of the Son of God to make men feel something of the worth of humanity, through the knowledge of its redemption; to raise the soul out of a death in sin to a life in righteousness; to lift it up to the Father in Heaven, and to show its pardon through His mercy. Enough was preserved and communicated in the proclamation of eternal life through Christ, to give moral bravery to the heart, amidst sorrows and woes such as that age knew, but ours does not; and to shed a serene hope over mortals who felt, amidst the social strife, as if the very world itself was cracking and gaping under their feet.

'We have no space for details, else we might paint lives and labours, holy and beautiful. One individual of that age—as late as the eighth century—is known to all, and dear to Englishmen—the monk of Jarrow. The Christianity which produced the Venerable Bede had not lost all its life.'—pp. 231-233.

*Precursors of Knox: Memoirs of Patrick Hamilton.* By the Rev. PETER LORIMER. 8vo. Constable.—Professor Lorimer is entitled to our best thanks for what he has here done, and we rejoice to learn that more fruit of the same kind may be expected from him. Patrick Hamilton was the first preacher and martyr of the Scottish Reformation; Alexander Alane, or Alesius, was its first academic theologian; and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, was its first poet. This volume is occupied with the life of the martyr, and is to be followed by lives of the theologian and the poet. This

deeply interesting narrative is not a mere compilation, but is derived largely from original sources. It is not always sufficiently remembered that the men who complete revolutions owe nearly all their efficiency to the men who prepared the way for them. Even historians are often only partially sensible to this fact, and fail in consequence to do justice to the precursors of the men whose names become prominently associated with great changes. There was a Wycliffe before there was a Latimer; a Huss before there was a Luther; and a Patrick Hamilton before there was a Knox. Christian-hearted men, thrown upon evil times, and found brave and honest to the death, should be accounted among a nation's treasures, and their names should be preserved as such. Go on, Professor Lorimer; it is a good work you are doing, and may it be given you to do what you have promised as you have done what is before us.

*Systematic Theology.* By RALPH WARDLAW, D.D. Edited by JAMES R. CAMPBELL, M.A. Vol. II. Svo. Black.—In this second volume of Dr. Wardlaw's course of lectures on Systematic Theology, the subjects treated are, the Doctrine of the Trinity, the Sonship of Christ, the Primitive State of Man, Original Sin, the Mediatorial Offices of Christ, Election, Final Perseverance, and Justification. On all these topics, the views generally known as those of the author are expounded with great clearness and ability. Some of the most valuable portions of the course consist of criticisms on the opinions which have been avowed on these subjects by able theologians, and which are deemed open in some respects to exceptions. The student of theology should read these pages and reflect on them; and the work cannot be too earnestly commended to the attention of the intelligent layman who is desirous of mastering the rational and scriptural grounds of evangelical truth.

*Christ and Other Masters: an Historical Inquiry into some of the Chief Parallelisms and Contrasts between Christianity and the Religious Systems of the Ancient World, with a Special Reference to Prevailing Difficulties and Objections.* Part II. India. By CHARLES HARDWICK, M.A. Macmillan & Co.—The work to which Mr. Hardwick has committed himself is the same in substance with that of Mr. Maurice in his *Religions of the World*. But, except in general purpose, there is scarcely anything in common between the two performances. Mr. Maurice's volume is very obscure, and needs to be read and re-read, and we had almost said translated, in order to its being understood. Mr. Hardwick's composition, on the contrary, is remarkable for its clearness—it is not his fault if you miss his meaning. Mr. Maurice, again, gives you scarcely any authority for his statements; Mr. Hardwick directs you carefully to the sources whence he has derived his material. Mr. Maurice is inclined to overrate the points of affinity between the truths and tendencies of Christianity and those of false religions. Mr. Hardwick is more discriminating in this particular; and, while large and philosophical in his thinking, attributes more to Christ, and less to 'other masters.'

This volume consists of four chapters, which treat first, of the

'Varieties of Religious Thought among the Hindus;' of the 'Apparent Correspondence between Hinduism and Revealed Religion;' of the 'Real Correspondence between Hinduism and Revealed Religion;' and of the 'Contrasts in the General Development of Hinduism and Revealed Religion.' On all these topics Mr. Hardwick furnishes valuable information, and his thoughts are those of a sound Christian philosophy. Systematic theology must no longer ignore this field. There is no section included in it that should be more interesting or instructive than that which might be termed *Comparative Theology*, meaning by those terms a view of the Christian religion in its relation, whether in the way of likeness or contrast, to all other forms of religion.

*Memoirs of the Rev. William Alexander.* By his Son, JOHN ALEXANDER, Minister of Princes' Street Chapel, Norwich. 12mo. Hamilton.—The subject of this memoir was a man of a class much less difficult to meet with half a century since than at present. The record of his labours as a humble and most earnest evangelist, in small towns and upland villages, is full of interest even for the stranger, who knew nothing of the man, or of the localities whence his presence was once familiar to multitudes. But to those who have had some acquaintance with the history of Congregational Nonconformity during the last fifty years in the county of Lancaster, the narrative must have a special charm. The son, too, has done this work of filial piety in the spirit of the father—in a simple, unpretending, and natural manner, quite befitting the purpose of such a story.

*The Pastor's Prayer for the People's Weal.* By JAMES SPENCE, D.D. 12mo. Nisbet.—This is a brief and practical exposition of Paul's prayer for the Church at Ephesus. The sentiments of the book are judicious, devout, and scriptural, and are all expressed with a chaste simplicity and clearness. The book is in all respects a most fitting book to come as a present from the Christian pastor to his flock. The spiritual thoughtfulness which pervades it reminds us of the calm and serious piety belonging not so much we fear to our time as to the past.

*On God's Government of Man: in Ten Lectures.* By JOHN HOWARD HINTON, M.A. Houlston.—These lectures are such as were to have been expected from the pen of Mr. Hinton—clear, logical, and comprehensive, but rigidly precluding what does not belong to the subject. On no subject is it of more importance just now that religious men, and especially religious teachers, should have distinct and just conceptions than of 'God's Government of Man.' Of late this subject has been overlaid with clouds of mysticism, and as the result of this obscurity, the atonement, justification, the work of the Spirit, all are obscure. With the great substance of Mr. Hinton's views we cordially concur, and greatly do we admire the distinctness and exactness with which they are presented. We have marvelled, however, at some things to be found in the volume—as the ignoring of the natural argument for theism; and of the doctrine of the self-retributive power of the Divine laws. It is, no doubt, true that speculations in these directions are

often pushed beyond their due limits, but we are persuaded there is a grand reality in the first doctrine, and a terrible reality in the second.

*Religion in Earnest—Tales Illustrative of Christian Life in Germany.* Translated from the German by Mrs. STANLEY CARR. Edinburgh: Shepherd. London: Hamilton.—Mrs. Carr is an English lady long resident in Germany, and an intelligent and close observer of German life, especially in its more thoughtful and religious aspects. What Germany is as the home of professors, and scholars, and state functionaries, we know pretty well at this distance; but of the life below, life among the people proper, we know very little. These tales will furnish knowledge of this kind to minds desirous of possessing it. They are deeply interesting in substance, and admirably translated.

*Quiet Hours.* By JOHN PULSFORD. 12mo. Nisbet.—This is a remarkable book. It is unique in its printing and in its binding, and there is a ring in its substance which reminds us of the pith and weight by which not a little of our old English authorship has been characterized. The thought and feeling are truly and deeply scriptural and Christian. But there is a strength in both which is not a little refreshing in these days of so much formal and conventional authorship. Give it as a present, reader, where you wish to induce a Christian thoughtfulness, a reverence of sacred truth, and all things sacred. You feel that it is a strong hand that comes upon you as you read these pages.

*George Mogridge: his Life, Character, and Writings.* By the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS.—George Mogridge, better known to myriads in both hemispheres as ‘Old Humphry,’ wrote many books, lived a life eminently useful, and died a death eminently Christian. Mr. Williams has given himself to his task in the right spirit, and has produced a volume of much interest, and rich in suggestion of the best kind. Those who have known Mr. Mogridge through his writings will find in this volume that there was something more worth knowing to be learnt concerning him. There is something unique in the subject—it is a study with which the intelligence as well as the piety of the reader will be interested.

*The Divine Life. A Book of Facts and Histories.* By the Rev. EDWARD KENNEDY, M.A. Tract Society.—This book could not be well described as ‘half-hours with the best authors,’ but it might be very aptly described as half-hours with the best men. The book says a little about many who, beyond all reasonable controversy, have been among ‘the excellent of the earth.’ The effect is before us—the men were such, what made them so? This spiritual life came from the same spiritual truths, the great catholic truths which such men have never failed to avow. We commend the book—especially to the busy, who must read by bits and snatches.

*Letters on the Grounds and Objects of Religious Knowledge.* By EDWARD R. BEARD, D.D. 2 vols. Whitfield.—These letters are addressed to a young man in a state of indecision with regard to religion. On many points they are well adapted to assist such a mind; but as

Dr. Beard is a Unitarian, he does not, of course, in our view, go to the root of the matter. It is due to Dr. Beard, however, to say that, as a Unitarian, he is far from sympathising with the destructive criticism of the more 'advanced' school in his own denomination. In fact, he attaches ideas to scriptural language which, in our view, have as much claim to orthodoxy as a good deal which passes under that name. The style of the work is simple and appropriate, and whatever exception may be taken to some of its parts, it gives the result of much reading and reflection.

*Helps to Truth-seekers.* By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER.—This work is of kindred purpose with the preceding, but it deals with the phases of infidelity in their common, more than in their higher and philosophical, forms. The book abounds in just and sensible observations. On some points—the atonement, for example—it lacks the power of moral analysis which is necessary to dispose of the objections cited. Few young men, however, of the class for whom the work is intended, could read it without advantage.

*Inspiration a Reality.* By the Rev. JOSIAH B. LOWE, A.B. 12mo. Longman.—This volume is further entitled, 'A Vindication of the 'Plenary Inspiration and Infallible Authority of Holy Scripture, in 'reply to a book lately published by the Rev. J. Macnaught, entitled, 'The Doctrine of Inspiration.' It is almost uniformly a great disadvantage to any book that it should take the shape of a reply to some other book. Such a work becomes almost necessarily an irregular and fragmentary performance, and is rarely satisfactory or pleasant reading. But the fact that such a book as that which bears the name of Mr. Macnaught should have come from a clergyman of the Church of England, has caused some stir in his neighbourhood, and many will probably read a direct reply to his volume who would not be induced to read, what we should ourselves prefer, a calm and independent treatise on the subject. Mr. Lowe has not Mr. Macnaught's literary culture, but through the greater part of the volume he has clearly the advantage of his opponent on the questions at issue. Mr. Macnaught's want of knowledge, want of caution, want of logic, want of fairness, or want of reverence, is exposed more or less in almost every page. Mr. Lowe's book will no doubt be useful, though it is not exactly the book which was needed, even as a reply to Mr. Macnaught.

Never, we think, did a dispute develop itself so suddenly into some of the worst vices of controversy as this dispute concerning inspiration. Already, it is not safe to believe more than a very small fraction of what is asserted in relation to it in some quarters. The fact is symptomatic. The feeling has been a pent-up feeling, wanting vent, and is now finding it. At the same time, the subject is one demanding so much care and candour in the handling, that the men most competent to deal with it, will be the least disposed to commit themselves to discussion respecting it where discussion promises to be little else than an endless wrangle.

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